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# WORKS

OF

## Sir JAMES M. LeMOINE, F. R. S. C.

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### ENGLISH

|  |      |
|--|------|
| LEGENDARY LORE OF THE LOWER St. LAWRENCE, (1 vol. in-32)             | 1862 |
| MAPLE LEAVES, (1st Series) (1 vol. in-80)                            | 1863 |
| “ “ (2nd Series) (1 vol. in-80)                                      | 1864 |
| “ “ (3rd Series) (1 vol. in-80)                                      | 1865 |
| THE TOURISTS NOTE BOOK, (1 vol. in-64) by Cosmopolite                | 1870 |
| THE SWORD OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MONTGOMERY, (A memoir) (1 vol. in-64) | 1870 |
| TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO  | 1872 |
| MAPLE LEAVES, (4th Series)   | 1873 |
| QUEBEC, PAST & PRESENT   | 1876 |
| THE TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK, (second edition)                            | 1876 |
| CHRONICLES OF THE St. LAWRENCE, (1 vol. in-80)                       | 1878 |
| HISTORICAL NOTES ON QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS                          | 1879 |
| THE SCOT IN NEW FRANCE, a Lecture before L. & H. Society             | 1880 |
| PICTURESQUE QUEBEC, (1 vol. in-80) 551 pages                         | 1882 |
| A CYCLOPEDIA OF QUEBEC HISTORY :                                     |      |
| HISTORICAL NOTES ON ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC                               | 1889 |
| EXPLORATIONS IN EASTERN LATITUDES, by Jonathan Oldbuck, F. G. S. Q.  |      |
| MAPLE LEAVES, (5th Series)   | 1889 |
| “ “ (6th Series)—History—Essays—Scenery—Sport                        | 1894 |
| THE LEGENDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE                                      | 1898 |

### FRENCH

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| LES OISEAUX DU CANADA. (2 vol. in-80)  | 1860         |
| ASPECT MILITAIRE ET SOCIAL DE QUEBEC PENDANT L'INSURRECTION DE                             | 1857 et 1898 |
| ETUDE SUR SIR WALTRER SCOTT, poète, romancier, historien                                   | 1862         |
| NAVIGATEURS ARCTIQUES—Franklin—M'Clure—Kane—McClintok                                      | 1862         |
| LES PECHERIES DU CANADA, (1 vol. in-80)  | 1863         |
| MEMOIRE DE MONTCALM, VENGE, (1 vol. in-32)   | 1865         |
| L'ALBUM CANADIEN   | 1870         |
| L'ALBUM DU TOURISTE  | 1873         |
| CONFERENCE SUR L'ORNITHOLOGIE lue devant l'Institut Canadien Q. ébec                       | 1874         |
| NOTES HISTORIQUES SUR LES RUES DE QUEBEC   | 1876         |
| TABEAU SYNOPTIQUE DES OISEAUX DU CANADA, à l'usage des écoles                              | 1877         |
| MONOGRAPHIES ET ESQUISSES, 500 pages   | 1885         |
| CHASSE ET PECHE, 300 pages   | 1887         |
| CONFERENCES LUES DEVANT LA SOCIÉTÉ ROYALE DU CANADA 1882-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-90-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8. |              |

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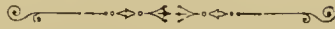
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*Bookstore.*  
Buade St., Quebec.



# The Legends of the St. Lawrence

(From *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, 4th July, 1898.)



The following well-merited notices of Sir James M. LeMoine *à propos* of the approaching issue of his new "Legends of the St. Lawrence," appears in Saturday's *Montreal Gazette*:—"There is one writer to whom—apart from his own ample contribution to our literature, both French and English—our poets and romancists of either speech are deeply and avowedly indebted. Not they only. Read the prefaces of Parkman and you will know how highly he valued the aid and suggestions of Sir James Macpherson LeMoine. To us English readers Sir James LeMoine has been for thirty years and more a guide, trusted and revered, to all that is most romantic, most noteworthy in the story of the old *regime* and the new. Who that has visited Quebec with curiosity unsated as to the *vie intime* of that grand old fortress, has not found refreshment and satisfaction at the perennial springs of Sillery! Never were springs of knowledge entrusted by Providence to guardian more generous, more hospitable. 'Through Dr. Bourinot's good offices', says our most famous novelist, Gilbert Parker, 'I came to know Mr. LeMoine, of Quebec, the gifted antiquarian, and President of the Royal Society of Canada. M. LeMoine placed in my hands certain historical facts suggestive of romance.' Thus to Sir James and Mr. Fairchild's splendid collection of *Canadiana* the world owes a debt of which 'The Seats of the Mighty' must ever remind it. Whereof anon." (*Montreal Gazette*, July 2, 1888.)

"The foregoing titles indicate the author's purpose to make his new book embrace all the most striking phases of Canadian history, scenery, archaeology, sport, romance and folklore. The influence of tradition—Norman or Breton—is in these sketches found in combination with the effects of intercourse with people of extra-French origin—sometimes suggesting an inherited reminiscence of the German garrisons of the Revolutionary epoch. However, that be, these are just such stories as for a quarter of a millennium have been told and listened to around Canadian firesides—presented to no less appreciative story lovers with all the author's long familiar allurements."



# MAPLE LEAVES (5th Series)

EXPLORATIONS IN EASTERN LATITUDES.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

---

(From the **AMERICAN ANGLER**, 10th August, 1889.)

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"This last volume of the indefatigable historian of Canada cannot be estimated by any ordinary literary standard. It is a compendium of "history, legends, scenery and sport," more like M. Hallock's "Fishing Tourist" than perhaps any other book which has yet appeared, but of heavier calibre and replete with information of rare historical value which it has been possible to obtain only through personal travel and a carefully selected library. It describes a great many localities which the angler has not yet become familiar with, such as the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Prince Edward Island, Seal Rocks, Bird Islands, &c, and we cannot do our readers a more agreeable service than to reproduce in the columns of the *American Angler* hereafter whole passages and pages from this volume, which we shall lay out to do perhaps next week. Mr. LeMoine has dedicated it to Geo.-M. Fairchild, jr., of New-York, for several years Vice-President of the Canadian Club of New-York and President of the Oritani Club, a gentleman superlatively well known among the better class of sportsmen."

---

(From **FOREST AND STREAM**, Aug. 22nd. 1889.)

*MAPLE LEAVES,—5th. Series.*

THE EXPLORATIONS OF JONATHAN OLDBUCK, F. G. S. Q., IN EASTERN LATITUDES.

Canadian History, Legends, Scenery, Sport. By J.-M. LeMoine, Quebec, 1889.

This volume is just what the author professes it was his aim to give his readers, a familiar itinerary of travel by sea and land, cove-

ring a score of years and over the most picturesque portion of the Province of Quebec. And if one were privileged, in truth, to choose a travelling companion in Canada, what a rare satisfaction it would be to go in company with this historian, antiquary, botanist, ornithologist, sportsman, angler, wit and story teller, whose erudition, versatility and broad sympathies are shown in the noble list of volumes already given to Canadian literature, and now newly demonstrated in this volume just from the press. Wild flowers of the woods and fields and the dust of musty historical manuscripts, one might think, would not appeal to the same tastes ; yet the LeMoine who has written a book on the "Wild Flowers of Quebec" is the same LeMoine whose antiquarian note book has supplied the material for volumes of history.

And very much as an ardent botanist searches out and brings to the notice of the world rare plants and blossoms, has the author in this book collected the flowers of historical and legendary lore. One is surprised, too, in turning over the pages, to notice how on every hand the sportsman tourist, guided by such a friendly companion, would find associations of interest to him, because touching on his favorite pursuits. Even the geographical names become in LeMoine's hands keys to stores of anecdotes and reminiscences of Canadian hunters and fishermen. Thus of *Ruisseau de l'Ours* he writes : "What gave it its sporting name? I have a faint remembrance of a bear story, more than two hundred years old, in which the local nimrod, Seigneur Giffard, while lying *perdu* for wild geese—one spring—on the sedgy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighborhood, mayhap in quest of the seigniorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent bruin was lapping the crystal draught of the Ruisseau. To substitute in his long duck gun slugs for goose shot was the affair of an instant for this sporting Laird, and, lo ! bruin's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go !"

Again, of Hunter River the story is told that it received its name in commemoration of the fate of an English officer, who, having become lost in the woods while hunting, did not appear when his appointed wedding day came, and returning at last, to find another favored suitor in his place, betook himself again to the woods, where he was found on the banks of this river dead.

No tourist in the Dominion can afford to omit giving this book a place in his satchel, where it will be at hand for constant reference.

Lt.-Col. Hunter Duvar, the author of "Osiris" and other poems, thus holds forth, in the *Charlottetown Examiner* of 24th August, 1889 :

"One of the pleasantest books published in Canada for some time is " the Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., in Eastern Latitudes," Oldbuck being the distinguished antiquary, J.-M. LeMoine, of Spencer Grange, Sillery, Q., past president of the Royal Society of Canada, and honorary member of several societies, Canadian and foreign. If we mistake not, Spencer Grange is itself a centre of historical associations, although the details have escaped us. At all events, it is known as a Mecca to literary men.

As might be anticipated from the title, the book is a cheery *mélange* of history, legend, description of scenery and sport. The scenes explored are Quebec proper, Montmorenci, the Good Ste. Anne, Fort Jacques Cartier, the Saguenay district, Montmagny, Rimouski, Prince Edward Island and the Magdalens, all well known localities, but seldom so agreeably described.

Mr. LeMoine is old enough to remember having seen, when a small boy, the patriot or rebel (opinions differ which) Papineau. " The great statesman, " he says, " being pressed for time, could not stop even to receive addresses ; it was therefore decided by the dominie of the school (St. Thomas) that an address, brief but gushing, should be delivered to the liberator, as the carriage rolled past the school on its way to Kamouraska. To the tallest boy was allotted the envied honor. He, as well as his comrades, had been suitably drilled for the nonce in court etiquette ; all the " hopefuls " were to stand in line on the roadside, and when in presence of the carriage the tallest boy was to advance three steps, right foot first, take off his cap and deliver in a loud, measured voice this patriotic salutation or address : " Honor and glory to the brave and generous defender of our rights ? hurrah !! hurrah !!! hurrah !!! So it was done. The three hurrahs were given with deafening cheers, all hats off. The defender of our rights gracefully bowed to us. As the tallest of the boys was your humble servant, the entry in this old diary may be relied on."

Of P. E. Island, Oldbuck says : " Flowing streams, woods and fertile plains," such indeed would be an appropriate motto for this green, sunny and populous little kingdom." Mr. LeMoine's visit was of some years back, when, as he says, the Khedive Hodgson was

preparing to abdicate, but even then he, as an intelligent stranger could not fail to note the advantages that Confederation opened to the Island.

By the way, we have the authority of the Antiquary for saying that the real name of Rustico is Racicot, so called from a fort on Roland's Point, named after M. Racicot, a Frenchman who returned to France when the Island passed into the hands of the British. Our author also relates the legend that gave name to Hunter River, but with more romantic details than the popular version. He does not, however, mention, — although so well authenticated by eye-witnesses (!)—the spectre-ship and light on Tryon bar.

The book is embellished with a view of Spencer Grange, in the foreground of which we recognize portraits of the author and his famous St. Bernard's dog "Wolfe", as also of two graceful female figures peeping among the flowers, one of whom may be Mary McIntyre, but the other cannot well be Miss Grizzel Oldbuck. Of all Mr. LeMoine's many works, in English and French on Canadian topics, these "Explorations" seem to us the most pleasantly adapted for holiday reading.

DUVAR.

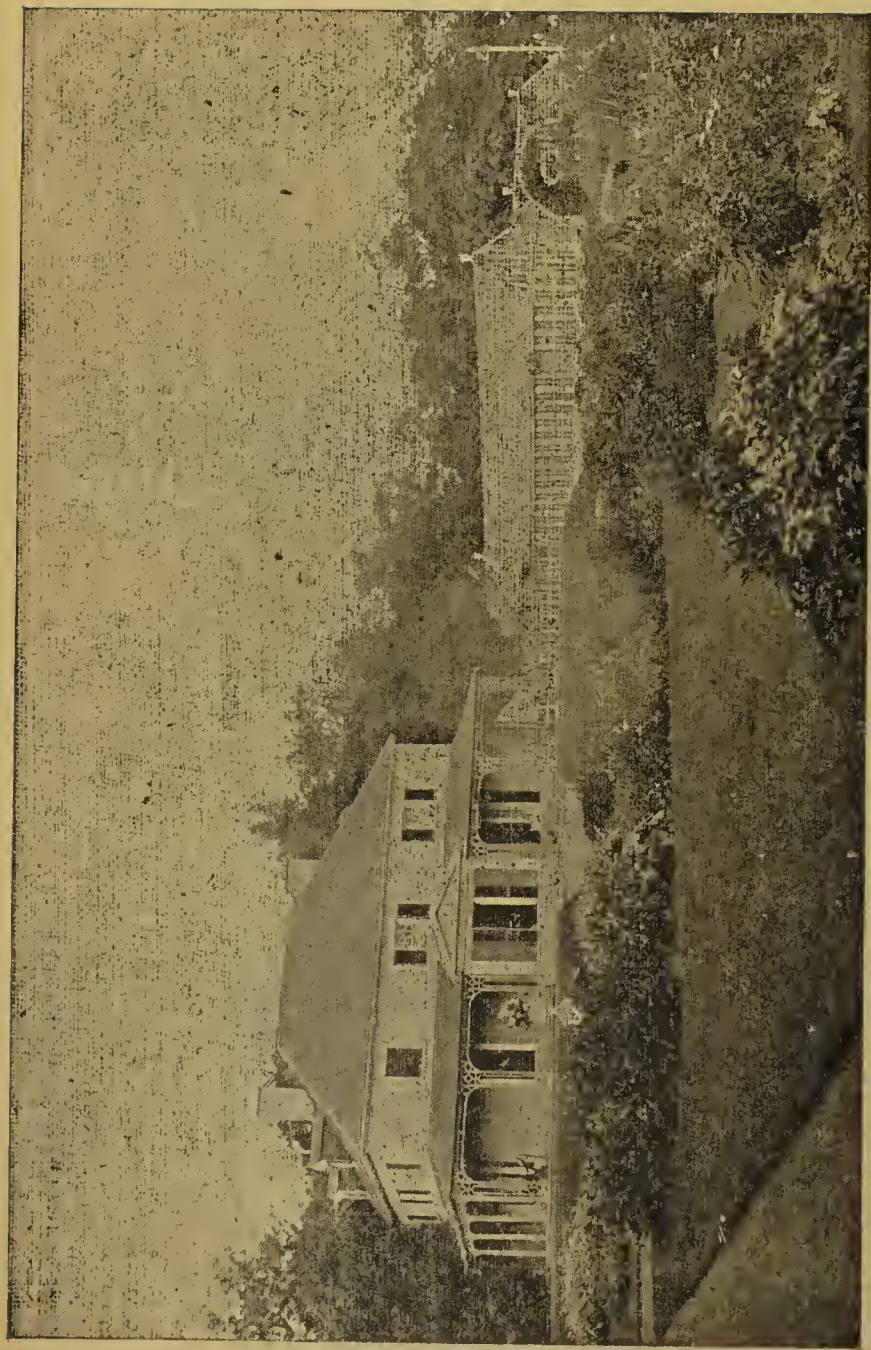
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

*Examiner*, 24th August, 1889.









SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY, NEAR QUEBEC.

The Manor of Sir James McPherson LeMoine.

SEA SIDE SERIES

LEGENDS-HISTORY-SCENERY-SPORT

---

THE  
**LEGENDS** of the **ST. LAWRENCE**

---

Told during a cruise of the yacht **HIRONDELLE**

From Montreal to Gaspé

BY

SIR JAMES McPHERSON LeMOINE, F. R. S. C.

QUEBEC

C. E. HOLIWELL, Publisher, 17 Buade Street

PRINTED BY "LA COMPAGNIE D'IMPRIMERIE DE QUEBEC"

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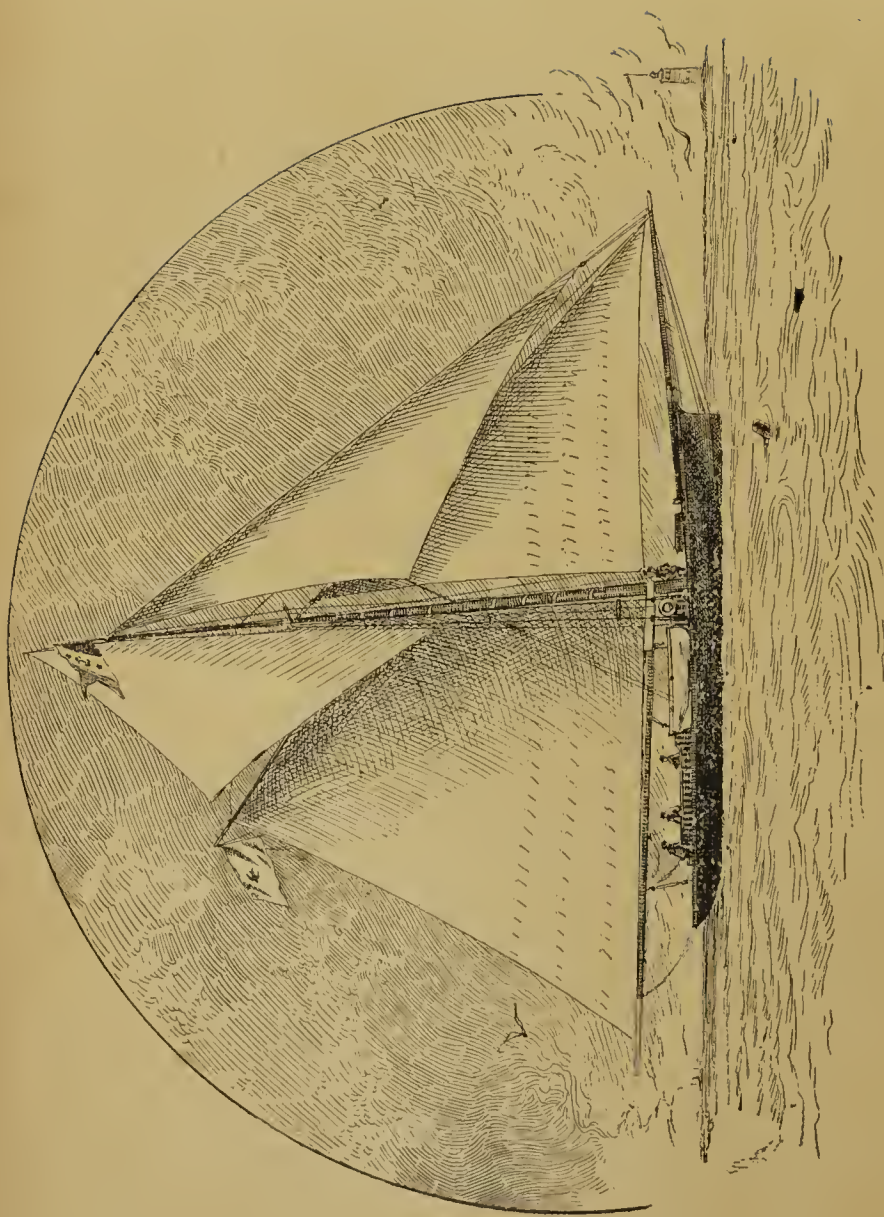
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Entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the year 1898, by SIR  
JAMES M. LEMOINE, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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**THE YATCH HIRONDELLE**  
Leaving Montreal Harbour for Gaspé.

THE  
CRUISE OF THE YATCH "HIRONDELLE"

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

|                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| THE COMMODORE.....             | J. U. G.                                   |
| MAC OF THE ISLES.....          | Sagaman, Navigator.                        |
| JONATHAN OLFBUCK.....          | Antiquary, Naturalist, Discoverer.         |
| THE LAIRD OF RAVENSCLYFFE..... | Poet, Sportsman.                           |
| CARLETON.....                  | Sailing Master—Old Mariner.                |
| JEAN LAVOIE.....               | Steward, Chef-de cuisine, Weather-prophet. |
| NAPOLÉON MATURIN.....          | Able-bodied seaman.                        |
| PIERRO.....                    | Cabin Boy.                                 |
| FOX.....                       | A Sillery Collie.                          |

---

SCENE :—*Sometimes on board the HIRONDELLE*  
*Sometimes on Shore.*

TO  
JOHN READE, F. R. S. C.  
AUTHOR OF THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN,  
POET, HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST,  
IN MEMORY OF A FRIENDSHIP OF A LIFE-TIME.  
THE AUTHOR.

Spencer Grange,

Quebec, July, 1898.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

## PAGES.

### CHAP. I.

- Historic Montreal.—Cadieux. The *Coureur de bois*.—  
The *Patriotes* of 1837.—Rose Latulippe.—Midnight  
Mass of the Phantom-Priest.—Sorel.—The St. Maurice  
Forges Apparitions. The Wreck of the Julie Plante. 1-55

### CHAP. II.

- Three-Rivers. — *Deschambault*. — *Portneuf*.—*Baron Robi-  
neau* and his fierce hounds.—*Pointe-aux-Trembles*, its  
historic memories.—The Legend of the St. Augustin  
draught Horse.—The Devil outwitted. The Hirondelle  
at Quebec..... 56-83

### CHAP. III.

- Quebec. —“SONGS OF OLD CANADA”: Donna Sol and Madlle  
Clementine.—Florio..... 84-100

### CHAP. IV.

- SUNNY MEMORIES.—Sir Etienne P. Taché, A. D. C., to the  
Queen.—William Randal Patton.—Baron Oliva.—  
Daniel McPherson, U. E. L.—Rcvd Curé Beaubien.  
A Day Dream. The Seal Islands.—Their Game.—  
Their Legends. Crane Island. The Goose Island  
Legend.—Madlle de Granville..... 101-140

### CHAP. V.

- The Legend of the French Dead at Charlottetown, P. Ed.  
Island. The Light of Try on Bar.—The Sable Island  
Ghost.—The Revière Ouelle Porpoise Legend.—The  
Magie Fiddlar..... 141-160

CHAP. VI.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Rivière-du-Loup.—Cacouannà.—Bic.— <i>L'Islet au Massacre</i> .<br>—Its Legend..... | 161-173 |
|--|---------|

CHAP. VII.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Rimouski.—Cape Chatte.—Devil's Point.—Griffin's Cove.<br>—Cock Cove.—Mont Sainte-Anne.—Its Shrine and<br>Legend..... | 174-176 |
|--|---------|

CHAP. VIII.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| The <i>Braillard de la Magdeleine</i> .—Percé Rock.—The Boat<br>with the Red Spot.—The Legend of the Great Lorette<br>Serpent..... | 177-192 |
|--|---------|

CHAP. IX.

|                 |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| Beaumanoir..... | 193-197 |
|-----------------|---------|

CHAP. X.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Gaspe Basin.—Morpheus' Domain.—Bobbing for Mackerel<br>—Lt. Governor Cox..... | 198-203 |
|---|---------|



# INTRODUCTION



The popular legends now presented to the patrons of *Maple Leaves*, were collected during pleasant yatch excursions on the lower St. Lawrence, more especially in the course of a cruise from Montreal to Gaspé.

They are in a measure calculated to complete a programme, set forth by the author, several years back—embracing glimpses of Canadian history, scenery, archæology and sport, previously given to the public, under the title of *Maple Leaves*.

A leading feature, in the majority of these simple narratives, relates to the agency of the Prince of Darkness in the sublunary affairs of this planet.

Is it to be credited in this form to the peculiar legendary lore of Normandy, Brittany, &c., seemingly the cradle of some of these legends? or is the flavor, in some cases, indicative of German origin?

Were some of the traditions handed down more than a hundred years ago at Canadian fire-sides, on long winter nights, with becoming German phlegm, to the French peasantry by General Burgoyne's Hessians and Brunswickers cantonned in the parishes of the lower St. Lawrence when they returned to Canada, at the close of the war of American Independence! *Qu'en Sabe?*

The solution of this intricate problem is reserved for Canadian antiquaries.

In concluding this volume recalling most delightful outings on our noble river, a pleasant part remains to be fulfilled. Special thanks are due and tendered to the fellow travellers, on the *Hirondelle*, for their contributions to the legendary log of the yatch, as well as to absent literary friends whose sympathetic advice and help were never wanting:

John Reade, F. R. S. C.

George Martin, author of "*Marguerite*" and other poems.

William Douw Lighthall, author of "*The Young Seigneur*"; "*Thoughts, Moods and Ideals*".

William McLennan author of "*Songs of Old Canada*".

Lieut. Col. Hunter—Duvar, author of "*Roberval*"; *Emigration of the Faries*, &c.

George M. Falrechild, jr. author of "*Rod and Gun*", *History of Quebec Carnival*, &c.

J. U. Gregory author of "*En racontant*".

Arthur G. Doughty, Essayist and Poet.

THE AUTHOR OF MAPLE LEAVES.

Spencer Grange, July 1898.



# THE LEGENDS

— OF THE —

## ST. LAWRENCE



“Heave the anchor short!  
Raise the mainsail and jib. Steer forth  
O little white-hulled sloop, now speed  
On really deep waters.”

WALT WHITMAN

### Chap. I

#### HISTORIC MONTREAL.

CADIEUX, THE *coursur de bois*—THE *Patriotes* OF 1837—ROSE  
LATULIPPE—MIDNIGHT MASS OF THE PHANTOM-PRIEST — THE  
ST. MAURICE FORGES APPARITION.



Port of Montreal, August, 189—.

On a bright august afternoon, in the year of grace 189—the yatch *Hirondelle*, lay with furled sails, in the Montreal Harbor opposite Ste Helen’s Island, with hawser moored to the quay; the craft, had an ample outfit for a month’s cruise, at least, in the lower St. Lawrence. The commodore, J. U. G., had that day ordered an early dinner, so as to afford his antiquarian, and sporting friends, his guests on board, time to go and *reconnoître* the highways and by-ways of the great city of Montreal, ere’ they set sail at sunset for Sorel to

land some members of the jolly party in time for the opening of the shooting season—1st September.

One of the guests was an old, but still robust Montreal Barrister, Monsieur Viger, who prided himself on being the *doyen* of the *chasseurs* of the Sorel Islands; the other, was a raw Scotch youth, fresh from Glasgow, brimful of old world conceits and prejudices against Canadá and Canadians.

A very notable inmate of the *Hirondelle* at this moment, by his bustling activity was Pierro, the cabin-boy, who also held the responsible position of head waiter, *gillie* and secretary to the sporting commodore.

Dinner closed with a health to the Royal Family.—Pierro having removed the cloth, spread on the table, a large map of the City and Harbor of Montreal. In the midst of a brisk conversation that ensued Jonathan Oldbuck, the antiquary's sharp voice was heard in reply to a question put by Mac of the Isles as to the origin of a Montreal or Ottawa lament current from time immemorial, under the name of *Complainte de Cadieux*—Cadieux's Dirge.

The aforesaid Cadieux, it would appear, was described as a venturesome *Voyageur*—a *Coureur de bois*, a poet to boot. Was his lament founded on fact, on merely one of the numerous popular legends? Had Cadieux as Mac of the Isles pointedly and practically put it, ever existed?

That was the question.

—Well, gentlemen replied the antiquary, I can only relate to you this tale of woe, as it appears in that sacred repository of Canadian lore, &c., the *Maple Leaves*. At a nod from the antiquary, Pierro drew from a locker, a green despatch box, with heavy

brass-clasps. It bore the letters A. C. for *Arcana Canadiana* in gold, printed on the lid.

The precious box, with two shelves of volumes on Canadian history and sport, under which were hung a Winchester rifle, a shot gun and an anoroid barometer, —were the most noticeable pieces of furniture in the commodore's cabin, whilst Fox, a handsome black collie, lay coiled up under the table, &c.

Evidently the *Hirondelle*, with her merry crew, was bent on sport as well as on collecting legendary lore, in the contemplated cruise from Montreal to Gaspé. Jonathan Oldbuck having raised the cover of the green box, dived down into its depths and among a bundle of documents — some worm-eaten and dry-as-dust — others quite fresh and modern, snatched an antique parchment and read from it as follows :

“ Amongst the numerous stories or songs which old *Voyageurs* and *Northwesters* were in the habit of relating, or singing a few years ago, after the toil of the day was over, and when the aroma of the weed rose in circles round the camp-fire, few had a wider range of celebrity than one generally known as the “*Complainte de Cadieux* ;” it portrayed in simple but vivid language the singular fate of an educated and roving Frenchman, of the name of Cadieux, on the banks of the Ottawa River, close to *Portage du Fort*. But I fancy I hear an inquisitive lady friend ask : “ Who was Cadieux ? What brought him out to Canada ? Was it to escape a *lettre de cachet*, or was he a *blasé*, Court *roué*, or a disappointed lover, seeking oblivion or concealment in the fastnesses of a Canadian forest, like the old Hermit of the Island of St. Bernabé ? ” Lady fair, I cannot say ; I can only translate for you the history of the solitary tomb,



which you can visit any day you like, near *Portage du Fort*, as Dr. Taché has related it.

Evidently, Cadieux must have united to bravery, and to a romantic mind, a poetical genius : he finds his place amongst that resolute band of intelligent pioneers, the Marsollets, the Coutures, the Nicolets, &c., who were sometimes employed by government, sometimes by the missionaries, to interpret the various Indian dialects. Dr. Taché, to whom we are indebted for the narrative of Cadieux in his *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, tells us that he himself had frequently, in the course of his extended travels in the back-woods of Canada, heard detached, stanzas of this mysterious wail of suffering and death, but until recently, the singular tradition, as embodied in poetry, had, as a whole, constantly eluded his grasp. Nor was he alone in his efforts to rescue it from oblivion ; an old and indefatigable searcher of the past, the venerable Abbé Ferland, had diligently set to work, making enquiry in every quarter, writing even to the Red River settlement for information. To the pleasing writer of *Les Forestiers et Voyageurs*, was reserved the satisfaction of graphically recording the old tradition. Audubon himself, when he discovered the magnificent eagle to which he gave the name of the Bird of Washington, did not experience keener pleasure than Dr. Taché on receiving from the lips of his old Indian guide Morache, the whole *complainte* or song of Cadieux.

“ In ascending,” says he, “ the great River Ottawa, one has to stop at the rock of the high mountain, situated in the middle of the *portage* of the seven *chutes*, at the foot of the island of the *Grand Calumet* : it is there that lies Cadieux’s tomb, surrounded to this day by a



wooden railing. Each time the Company's canoes pass the little rock, an old *voyageur* relates to his younger companions the fate of the brave interpreter.

“Cadieux was a roving interpreter, who had married a young Algonquin girl : he generally spent the summer hunting, and in winter he would purchase furs for the traders. After a winter thus passed by Cadieux at the *portage*, where he and other families had their wigwams, it had been decided in May to wait for other Indian tribes who had furs for sale, and then all were to come down to Montreal. Profound peace existed in the settlement, when one day a young Indian, who had been roaming about, close to the rapids lower down than the *portage*, rushed back out of breath, and shouted amongst the affrighted occupants of the huts : Nattaoué ! Nattaoué !! The Iroquois ! the Iroquois !!

“There was in reality at that moment, lower than the rapids of the Seven Falls, a party of Iroquois warriors, waiting to pounce upon the canoes, who generally descended at that season loaded with furs : one only chance of escape remained, that was to attempt to take the canoes through the rapids ; a hopeless project, it had ever been considered. This was not all : it would be necessary to station some parties in the woods in order, by firing, to draw off the attention of the Iroquois from the desperate attempt which would be made to go through the rapids and prevent pursuit. Cadieux, being the ablest and most resolute of the tribe, choose a young Algonquin warrior to accompany him in this perilous service : it was settled at once that should the interpreter and his comrade have succeeded to inveigle the Iroquois in

the woods, they would try a circuitous route, and attempt to join their own friends who were to send after them, if they were too long absent.

“Preparations being made for a start, it was agreed that Cadieux and the Algonquin warrior, well armed, would go towards the Iroquois encampment, and that the sign for the canoes to break cover, and start on their fearful race, would be the firing of their guns. Soon the report of a fire-arm was heard in the distance; it was followed by three or four others in quick succession ; on went the frail birch canoes, amidst the foam and rocks, flying like sea birds, over the boiling caldron ; it was a race for dear life, the extraordinary and superhuman skill of the red-skins alone, under Providence, saving them from death in a thousand shapes.”

“ ‘I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids,’ said Cadieux’s wife, a pious woman, ‘but the form of a *tall lady in white* hovering over the canoes, and showing us the way.’ They had invoked Ste. Anne, the patron saint of the mariner.

“The canoes escaped and safely arrived at the Lake of Two Mountains ; but Cadieux and his devoted follower, what had become of them ? This was ascertained some time after by the party sent to their rescue, and from the Iroquois themselves.

“Cadieux had quietly watched for the Iroquois at the *portage*, placing himself about an acre from his colleague. Allowing the Iroquois scout to penetrate to the centre of the *portage*, he waited for the death yell of one of them, shot by his helpmate, and then fired with unerring aim : the war whoop resounded, and the Iroquois fancying that they were attacked by a large party

of the enemy, separated and charged in different directions. It is supposed that the young Algonquin fell here in attempting to join Cadieux, as was agreed on. For three days the blood-thirsty aborigines scoured the woods to find out traces of the encampment, never thinking for a moment that the enemy had been foolhardy enough to attempt descending through the the rapids. For three days and nights they searched for Cadieux, and these were sleepless nights for the white man ! Foiled in their object, they retraced their steps and returned to their canoes. Several days had elapsed, and as no tidings of Cadieux came, a party was formed and sent to scour the woods ; traces of the Iroquois were unmistakeable, and indications also of the presence of Cadieux in the vicinity. At the *Portage des Sept Chûtes*, they noticed a small hut of branches which, apparently, had been abandoned ; they passed it without much search and continued their route, thinking that perhaps Cadieux might have been compelled to ascend the Ottawa and take refuge with the Indians of the island. Two days later—it was the thirteenth day after the skirmish—they noticed, with surprise, on their return, on repassing what had previously appeared to them an abandoned hut, a small cross. It stood at the head of a fresh grave, on the surface ; in it, was deposited the corpse, still fresh, of Cadieux, half covered with green branches. His hands were clasped over his chest, on which rested a large sheet of birch bark. The general opinion was, on reading the writing scribbled on the bark, and from other circumstances, that exhaustion, hunger, and anxiety had produced on the unfortunate interpreter that kind of mental excitement, or hallucination which the French Canadians call *la folie des bois*, one of its peculiarities being, the propen-

sity its victims have in the woods of walking, unintentionally, in a circle and without making any progress. Cadieux had, doubtless, lived on wild fruit, never daring to light a fire, for fear of betraying his place of concealment to his merciless foes. He had grown weaker and weaker daily ; when the relief party had passed the hut two days previously, he had recognized them as friends, but the sudden joy at the prospect of a speedy deliverance was so great that it made him speechless and inanimate ; that when they passed him, seeing the last hope vanish, and feeling his strength fail, he had scribbled his adieux to the living, and then prepared his last resting place ; this done, and the cross erected, he laid himself down to sleep the long sleep, of death, covering his body as best he could with spruce boughs. Cadieux was a *voyageur*, a poet, and a warrior. What he had written on the bark was his dirge, his funeral chant. Before lying himself down to rest, he, whose imagination revelled in nature's grand scenery, and who could write *songs for voyageurs*, feeling a return of the sacred fire, embodied in verse his own dirge.

"This *chaunt*, by its simplicity, is very attractive ; it is much in the style of the old Norman ballads imported in the colony by the first settlers. The dying bard addresses himself to the objects which surround him, telling them of his regret for quitting life ; then, physical pain wrings from him a groan of anguish, which is followed by a sorrowful thought at the loss of those nearest and dearest to his heart. He then next expresses his apprehension on witnessing smoke rise from his hut not far distant ; then tells of the intense joy he experienced on recognizing the features of friends in the party sent out to rescue him ; of his utter inability to shout out where he was, and of the



pang which their final departure cost him. Cadieux next sees a wolf and a raven prowling round his emaciated frame ; the ardor of the hunter, and of the backwoodsman fires his eye for a second, he threatens to shoot one ; to the other he cries, avaunt ! go and feast on the bodies of the Iroquois I have slain near by. He next charges the song sparrow (the Rossignol) to tell his wife and his “ well-beloved children,” ; then winds up by an invocation to the Virgin Mary. The piece of bark on which Cadieux’s death’s song was written was brought to the post of the Lake of Two Mountains. The *voyageurs* have set it to a plaintive melody, well suited to a lay intended to portray the arduous life of a hunter and Indian warrior. It runs thus :—

“ Petit rocher de la Haute montagne,  
Je viens finir ici cette campagne !  
Ah ! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs ;  
En languissant je vais bientôt mourrir.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,  
Quand vous chantez, me rattachent à la vie :  
Ah ! si j’avais des ailes comme vous,  
Je s’rais heureux avant qu’il fut deux jours !

Seul en ces bois, que j’ai eu de soucis !  
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis ;  
Je demandais : Hélas ! sont-ils noyés ?  
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués ?

Un de ces jours que m’étant éloigné,  
En revenant je vis une fumée ;  
Je me suis dit : Ah ! grand Dieu, qu’est ceci ?  
Les Iroquois m’ont pris mon logis ?

Je me suis mis un peu à l'embassade,  
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade ;  
Alors je vis trois visages français,  
M'ont mis le cœur d'une trop grande joie !

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête ;  
Je tombe . . . . . Hélas ! à partir ils s'apprêtent ;  
Je reste seul . . . . . Pas un qui me console,  
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désolé !

Un loup hurlant vient près de ma cabane,  
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane ;  
Je lui ai dit : " Retire-toi d'ici ;  
Car, par ma foi, je percerai ton habit ! "

Un noir corbeau, volant à l'aventure,  
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture ;  
Je lui ai dit : " Mangeur de chaire humaine,  
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne ; "

" Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,  
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois ;  
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os ;  
Va t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos !

" Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse,  
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse,  
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,  
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi !

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne,  
Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes !  
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah ! m'abandonnez pas,  
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras ! "

The lament was much relished, though opinions were divided as to the authenticity of the gruesome narrative. All however, concurred in pronouncing it worthy



of figuring in the legendary chronicles, now being gathered in.

Just as it was being returned to the green box, a well known, and welcome voice hailed the yacht from the quay.

It was Wilfrid Chateauclair, the renowned Montreal antiquary, coming to pay a call to the commodore, and to fulfil a promise previously made, to show the Commodore's guests round Montreal. Greetings having been exchanged, preparations were made for a stroll through the city, under the guidance of the Montreal antiquary.

—"Châteaunclair", exclaimed the Comodore, "here is a shipful of sportsmen on the hunt for the annals of romance and old traditions. What have you about here in the way of *Lions Rampant*, Golden Dogs, or historical tales of any description ?

—"Why", replied Châteaunclair, "you are in a very prolific country, the Kingdom of Hochelaga, which Jacques Cartier when he came here in 1535, (landing about where you are doing), described as "the most beautiful of soils and the finest of plains". the home of the beaver, the porcupine and the deer, perhaps too, once, of the Buffalo. We had even demons inhabiting our forests, as *Père Vimont* tells us, but the thunder of *Maisonneuve's* cannon scared them away. Then we have a bronze dog on our *Maisonneuve* statue, *la Chienne Pilote*, celebrated for nosing around the little fort every morning for bare-legged Iroquois.

As yet you are not in the city, but in the harbor. Look across St. Mary's current at St. Helen's Island, considered by Champlain so fair that he named it after

his young wife Hélène Boullé. Thither, on the night after the capitulation of Montreal, in 1760, the Marquis de Lévis withdrew the remnant of the French army, and burnt his flags to prevent their surrender on the morrow. The island was one of the possessions of the LeMoynes, Barons of Longueuil, whose turreted castle stood, until its burning at the end of the eighteenth century, on the opposite shore, on the very site of that enormous parish church of Longueuil which you see over there.

Away above the Island, and beyond Victoria Bridge, you may faintly descry La Prairie where the brisk battle with Schuyler took place in 1691.

But come, let us continue our stroll about the old town. Look over there at the Custom House. Remark its triangular form, for it was once a point of land made by the Little River St. Pierre, and the St-Lawrence. Read the two tablets on its face and you will comprehend the interest of the locality. The first runs : " Near this spot, on the eighteenth of May, 1642, landed the Founders of Montreal, commanded by Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve : their first proceeding was a religious service ". The second : " This site was selected and named in 1611 " La Place Royale," by Samuel de Champlain, the Founder of Canada."

The very broad street adjoining derives its breadth from the River St. Pierre which runs beneath its surface, and its name Foundling street (*Rue de l'Enfant Trouvé*), comes from the discovery by Madame d'Youville, in the Spring of 1747, of an infant on the bank of the stream, partly covered by the ice, and having a dirk sticking in its breast. The sight so moved her that she established the now vast foundling hospital of the Grey Nunnery.

Passing along the little square which I have had renamed “La Place Royale” and on which the early “drawing and quartering” of felons was done, we come to St. Paul street, and a short irregular lane leading back from it between handsome stone warehouses. This lane originally led to “Maisonneuve’s House” and was daily trod by him. The house was the first Manor-house of the gentlemen of the Seminary, *Seigneurs* of Montreal, and there, as Governor, Maisonneuve had quarters.

A few steps eastward along St. Paul street, another building bears tablets marking the site of the house of the heroic Charles LeMoyne, where his famous sons, d’Iberville, Bienville, the founders of New Orleans, and the first Baron of Longueuil, were born. Of founders of cities, Montreal, in fact, can boast the homes of a remarkable number. Come on now to the Place’ d’Armes ; Hebert’s Maisonneuve stands in the centre raised on his granite pedestal, grave and powerful. Notice the four historical figures of the base, LeMoyne, Mademoiselle Mance, the chivalrous Closse, and the Iroquois warrior ; and the *bas-reliefs* of events in the early history of Montreal. In the same locality Maisonneuve killed the Indian chief. Here also the Iroquois shot Jean St. Père, the first notary of Montreal, and cut off his head, which then addressed and reproached them. This square is the place where the French army laid down its arms in 1760, marching in, division by division, from the east, where the English were drawn up with cannon on the west side. What a happy commentary on the event, that a statue to Maisonneuve now stands here erected by joint subscriptions of the two races ! Under the asphalt of Notre Dame street, adjoining, sleeps the wily Huron

chief Kondiaronk or The Rat, who caused so much trouble between the French and Iroquois, and over whose grave was written "CI-GIT LE RAT, CHEF HURON."

Under the south-east corner is where Du Luth once resided. At the south-west is the quaint old Seminary of St. Sulpice, bearing its date "1710" over the tall, narrow central door way, and prominently displaying its curious old clock with four bells.

Westward now along Notre Dame street, past the home of La Mothe Cadillac, founder of Detroit ; past the gateway of the Congregation, with its Louis XIV votive chapel of Notre Dame de Victoire ; built, as its tablet tells us, in 1711, in memory of the destruction of the fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker, down the Gulf ; past St. Jean Baptiste street, with its excellently preserved specimen of a Louis XIV Merchant's house ; past St. Gabriel street, the former haunt of the fur-traders of the North-West Company ; along Ste. Thérèse, St. Vincent and St. Amable streets, on which most of what is left of the houses of the French period are seen ; and across Jacques Cartier Square, the site of the Chateau de Vaudreuil and its gardens ; until we arrive at the Chateau de Ramezay. This immense, rambling old stone cottage is the only considerable building of French times in Montreal, except the Seminary of St. Sulpice. It was erected in 1705 as a family mansion, and social headquarters by Claude de Ramezay, who had just been appointed Governor of Montreal. He was the father of the Ramezay who commanded at Quebec immediately after Montcalm's death, and who surrendered it. In his time its *parloir*, its tapestried *salons*, its great vaulted kitchen and bakery, with their grilled windows, were in their prime,



and it was the scene of many an historic gathering. In 1745, his children sold it to the *Compagnie des Indes*. After the conquest it became Government house. In 1775, the Americans marched unto the town, and the Chateau became the headquarters of General Wooster and doubtless also of the ill-fated Montgomery, and here in 1776, under Colonel Benedict Arnold, the Commissioners of Congress, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carrolton and Samuel Chase held counsel.

Six days later, Lord Elgin, after signing the Rebellion Losses Bill, was pelted by the indignant Mob, as he emerged by the north door to reach his carriage, after which incident the Chateau came to be used, as a residence of the Governors.

Walk in. All are welcome. It is now our historical museum. This chamber on the right is the Council Room ; adjoining are the two *salons* with a mighty chimney between ; Ah ! how many of the gay, the beautiful, the wise, the brave have dined, danced and chatted here, — the Ramsays, Charlevoix, Levis, Vaudreuil, Montcalm, Arnold and Montgomery, Franklin and Carroll, Haldimand, Dorchester, Brock, de Salaberry et *alii* ! Go down and pass rapidly through the vaulted chambers below with their eight-foot thick wall. Then up the gray stairway through the Court Hall, decked with historical engravings, and into the Portrait Gallery.

Here are hung a rich collection of rare oils, and engravings of noted personages in Canadian history, beginning with the pictures of Jacques-Cartier, and continuing with Champlain, Talon, Bienville, Imbert Dorchester, Louis XV, George III, the different Jesuit martyrs, and about two hundred others, in handsome,

and striking array. . It is, I trust, a pardonable pride of mine to have taken no small part in the organization of this result.

You who dote on Canadian romance will linger with approving eye, among these antique halls, their memories and their contents.

Shall we now try a drive around the slopes and crest of Mount Royal Park ? ”

The party having thoroughly enjoyed their historic ramble under the intelligent guidance of Chateauclair, thanked the Montreal antiquary, for imparting so much interesting information to them ; bidding him good bye at the quay, they hastened on board the *Hirondelle*. The yacht spreading her white canvas to the breeze, left her moorings and was soon steering for Sorel. Mr. Viger and the Scotch youth were pacing the deck in a musing mood, whilst the rest of the party had retired below to enjoy a rubber of whist, leaving the sailing—master in charge.

—“ Ah ! Mr. Sawney, said Mr. Viger, how placid is the course of our great river to-night ; how still everything around us ! I remember one night, when I was a young man, passing in this vicinity, for we are nearing Sorel, which I think I shall never forget. Have you ever read, Mr. Sawney, an account of the troubles of Canada, in 1837-8 ? ”

—“ Well, no, I cannot say I have,” replied the young traveller. “ Pray tell me about this eventful night you allude to. Had it anything to do with the troubles ? ”

“ It had, young man, it had most assuredly much to do with those times, happily gone by and forgotten.



On the 23rd November, 1837, I was leading a party of “*sans-culottes*—” such we were styled by our enemies.

“*Sans-culottes !*” quickly replied Sawney, “ what ! highlanders, bare-legged highlanders, fighting under you to overthrow the Queen’s Government in Canada ! Well, now, I knew that thousands had gone over to France a few centuries back to help the French in their battles against England, where their capacious stomachs earned for them the epithet of *sacs à vin et mangeurs de moutons*, but I certainly can scarcely credit that they had helped the descendants of Frenchmen to fight Englishmen.”

—“ Nor did they, Mr. Sawney, ” replied Mr. Viger, “ the *patriotes* of those days were called “*sans-culottes*,” a term borrowed from the French revolution. It is not likely soldiers or *patriotes* would take the field on the 23rd November, that is during a Canadian winter, trouserless. We wore comfortable white blanket-coats, which could not easily be distinguished from the snow, blue or red caps like the Canadian peasantry,—but let me now proceed. On this eventful 23rd November I had arrived from Montreal, bearing despatches to our general ; I knew thoroughly the plans of the enemy ; the steamer *St. George* was to embark at Montreal a body of troops commanded by Colonel Gore at 12 noon ; they arrived at Sorel at 10 p. m. that night ; I had several hours in advance of them ; I knew their destination, it was St. Denis ; the poor devils, I pitied them ; the English soldiers of those days, we Canadians did not like, but we respected them ; they had a duty to do, and they did it as they always do—grumbled considerably, but fought well ; those we abhorred were the Volunteers of those times—those amongst our own

countrymen who furnished information to the Tory government of the day ; we had no mercy, no quarter for them ; it was excusable for English soldiers not to know the abuses and frightful misrule the country had been laboring under, and which doubtless would have been perpetuated much longer but for the rebellion of 1837, but how could any of our countrymen plead ignorance ?—and you will see in looking over the names of those who bore arms that in Upper Canada, they were England's own, William Lyon McKenzie, Dr. Rolph, Mathews, Lount, &c., that the most conspicuous in Lower Canada, except Papineau, bore English, Swiss, or foreign names. Well then on that identical 23rd November I hurried ahead on horseback, under a pelting rain, and gave in my despatches ; our men were miserably armed ; every old fowling-piece was brought in requisition—every hay-fork was brought out ; we took possession of a massive stone house, barricaded the doors ; and made loop-holes ; at day break on the 24th, Gore and his men arrived ; the order was given to keep cool ; the best shots were placed in the most advantageous positions, and when the soldiers surrounded our fort, pelting our old walls like a hail storm, the "*patriotes*," covering each a man with his gun, fired ; an awful yell was heard, and the dead and dying could be counted by the dozen ; our reserve kept in readiness, for we knew English pluck would not knock under very readily ; another dash was made at our house, and a deadly volley poured in on its devoted defenders ; seven *patriotes* staggered and fell heavily to the ground ; the order was immediately given not to fire except when the enemy came within ten paces, and trustfully was the order carried out ; Gore's men, encouraged by their last attack, charged again manfully, and received

such a *feu d'enfer* that the bugle immediately sounded the retreat ; the men, exhausted by their march from Sorel to St. Denis, retreated in a broken and disorderly manner, and arrived at Sorel that same day rather crest-fallen ; the *sans-culottes* had shown that sheer pluck was sometimes a match even against well disciplined English troops ; the number of men Gore lost was large. Now, my friend, you know why that day was to me a memorable day. Col. Wetherall was more successful at St. Charles ; the *sans-culottes* fought well, but badly armed, they were overpowered by numbers ; the stockade they had built up was stormed, and then the torch of the incendiary threw a lurid light all over the village ; one house, Mr. Debartzch's, was spared and occupied by the troops."

—" Mr. Viger, how many of the rebels were hanged eventually ? " asked Mr. Sawney.

—" Twenty-one, I believe, my young friend."

—" I should, had I had charge of the business, have hanged twenty-one dozen," replied the Scotch youth.

—" You would, in that case, Mr. Sawney, have given Great Britain an opportunity to undertake the work of reparation on a still larger scale than it was done. I can now speak coolly of those scenes. I have reflected that although the abuses and injustice were great, we might have waited a few years longer ; but I can assure you in those days reason had in our hearts vacated the place for impulse."

—" But, inquired Sawney, " had your countrymen any real cause to rise in arms and attempt to overthrow the constitution which granted them the free exercise of their religion, of their language, of all those customs and institutions which they affect to prize so dearly."

“ Young man,” replied Mr. Viger, “ you put me a question which it is easy indeed for me to answer. I have given up politics for a long time, but if you like to hear me I shall now refer you to a state paper written by the Governor of Quebec, General Murray, to the home authorities. You will see in that paper that the colonists were suffering from abuses, neglect and injustice long before Louis Joseph Papineau’s burning eloquence had prominently placed before the English public their wrongs. Still how easy it would have been for the English to secure the love and respect of their new subjects, plenty of whom were sick and tired of the vexatious proceedings they had endured under French rule ; born of just as royal a race as the English blood, the Normans, the French Canadians merely required to be placed on the same footing as their fellow-subjects. And if the language and traditions of England should be less dear to them, there was the strong link of interest—the advantages of a free government—which would, as it did do, make them hold fast to Great-Britain for a century through good and evil report, which made them turn a deaf ear, in 1775, to the allurements of the Washington Congress. Some day or other you and I may look over, with the Commodore, that great report of the Earl of Durham, the ablest state document ever edited in Canada. You know he does not spare Canadians, but he places in such a glaring light the abuses and the odious system he was sent out to report on, that, we Canadians, rather look upon him as an enlightened, albeit censorious, friend. Listen to what General Murray has to say as early as 1766 :—

“ ‘The generality of the English,’ says he, ‘are hucksters, mechanics and publicans, who reside in the Lower Towns of Quebec and Montreal. Most of them



were followers of the army, of mean education, or soldiers disbanded at the reduction of the troops. All have their fortunes to make, and *I fear few are solicitous about the means when the end can be attained.* I report them to be in general the *most immoral* collection of men I ever knew, of course little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion and customs, and far less adopted to enforce these laws which are to govern. On the other hand the Canadians, accustomed to an arbitrary, and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious and moral race of men. They consist of a *noblesse* who are numerous, and who pique themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors.

“The Canadian *noblesse* were hated by the English, because their birth and behaviour entitled them to respect, and the peasants were abhorred because they were saved from the oppression they were threatened with. The presentment of the Grand Jury at Quebec put the truth of these remarks beyond doubt. [The Grand Jury had presented the Roman Catholics as a nuisance on account of their religion, &c.] The silence of the king’s servants to the governor’s remonstrance in consequence of these presentments, though his secretary was sent to them on purpose to expedite an explanation, contributed to encourage the destruction of the peace. The improper choice, and numbers of the civil officers sent out from England increased the inquietude of the colony. Instead of men of genius, and untainted morals, the very reverse were appointed to the most important offices, and it was impossible to communicate through them those impressions of the

dignity of government by which alone mankind can be held together in society. The Judge fixed upon to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain was taken from a goal, entirely ignorant of civil law, and of the language of the people. The Attorney-General, with regard to the language of the people, was not better qualified. The offices of Secretary of the Province, Registrar, Clerk of the Council, Commissary of Stores and Provisions, Provost Marshal, &c., were given by patent to men of interest in England, who let them out to the best bidders. So little did they consider the capacity of their representatives, that not one of them understood the language of the natives. These officers were remunerated by fees." And further on the Governor takes credit for trying to 'win to his royal master *the affections of that brave, hardy people, whose emigration, if ever it should happen, will be an irreparable loss to the empire.*' "I am thankful M. Viger, said the Scotch youth for that historical information, but I feel much greater interest in the legends of Canada—of which the legend of *Cadieux*—seems a fair sample—and as the yacht will not reach Sorel for more than an hour I would take it as a favor to listen to some more of these weird narratives—:

"Well, M. Sawney—I can think of no better legend at this moment than that relating to a coquettish Canadian girl—in the olden time my father related it to me as follows:



## ROSE LATULIPPE <sup>(1)</sup>

“ The story or balad of *Mamselle Rose*  
Surnamed Latulippe as the story goes.”  
“ SERANUS. ”

“ It was on Shrove (2) Tuesday of the year 1790, I was returning to Montreal after spending five days in the North-west. It was snowing hard, and although there was no wind. I determined to camp early I had to cross a wood three miles in breadth, without any house on the way, and I was too conversant with the climate to attempt such a thing at night-fall. It was therefore, with unfeigned pleasure I spied a small house, on the edge of the wood, to which I directed my steps, and asked for a bed. The house contained, when I entered, three persons only ; an old man of about sixty years of age, his wife and a pretty young girl of about seventeen summers, who at that moment was drawing over her foot in another part of the room, a neat blue stocking, with her back, of course, turned towards us ; in fact she was just finishing her toilette. ‘ You had better not go, Marguerite,’ her father had said, just as I opened the door. He stopped short when he saw me, and politely beckoned me to be seated. ‘ You appear

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1.—This popular Canadian Legend has been with some variations elegantly rendered into verse, by “ Seranus ”—(Mrs J. F. W. Harrison).

2.—Shrove-Tuesday, formerly when lent was rigidly observed, was a day memorable in Lower Canada for gastronomic feats ; the peasantry first gorged with meat, as none was to be eaten for forty days ; feasting and dancing was then vigourously kept up until midnight, but none but the impious would dare dance after the fateful hour of twelve.

tired, sir, said he. Wife, give us a clean glass, the gentleman will take something ; it will refresh him.'

"The peasantry in those days, were not so well off as they are now, nor any thing like it. The house-wife brought an old wine glass without a stand to it, and which could be used either as a drinking cup, or else to stop up the bottle, and giving it a turn in a bucket of water suspended behind the door by a wooden hook, the old man presented it to me still sparkling with the liquid drops, saying, 'Let me help you to a wee drop, sir ; it is the real old Cognac, tiptop stuff, as is not often drank since the English have taken possession of the country.'

"Whilst the old man was doing the civil to me, the young girl was fitting a fringe round her muslin cap, using for a mirror the bucket of water in which my glass had been washed, for in those times looking-glasses were scarce. The mother was evidently pleased with her daughter's personal appearance, but the old man seemed out of sorts. 'Again I repeat it,' said he rising from before the stove, and placing on his pipe-bowl a red hot coal which he held there with the end of his leaden-handled knife, 'I think you had better not go there.'

"'Oh ! Papa,' said she, 'that is the way you always are ; one ought never to amuse one's self.'

"'My old friend,' said the house-wife, 'there is no harm in her going. José will come and fetch our daughter there ; you would not like to see her offend him, would you ?'

José's name thus brought in, seemed to pacify the old man.

“ ‘ ’Tis true, ’tis true,’ said he drily, ‘ but she must promise not to dance on Ash-Wednesday, you know what happened to Rose Latulippe.

“ ‘ Of course I won’t,’ rejoined the Canadian beauty ; ‘ you need not be afraid I shall. Here’s José coming.’

True enough, the arrival of a cariole had taken place ; a smart young fellow alighted from it, briskly shaking the snow from his moccassins. José was a great buck, and you, my fashionable friend, you would no doubt have smiled, on seeing him ‘ got up ’ in his Sunday’s best. He wore on his head the classical *bonnet gris*, a black long-waisted over-coat, with a sash of different colours hanging to his heels, green leggins, with crimson seams ; such was his attire.

“ ‘ I think said the old man, we shall have an awful storm, you had better remain, and enjoy yourself with us, (*enterrer le Mardi gras.*)’

“ ‘ What are you afraid of,’ said José, turning smartly round and cracking his eel skin whip. ‘ Do you imagine my mare is done up ? It is true, she has already, since the fall, drawn thirty cords of maple out of the woods, but that is only sufficient exercise to give her a brisk appetite.’

“ The old man having nothing more to urge, José helped into his cariole, his fair friend who wore nothing else on her head but a muslin cap, threw a blanket round him and her, for in those days, rich folks only could afford Buffalo robes ; touched up then with the whip his mare, who started at a canter, and in less than a minute man and beast had disappeared in the snow drift.

“ ‘ It is to be hoped no accident will happen them,’ said the old man, restuffing the bowl of his pipe.

“ ‘ But tell me old fellow,’ said I, ‘ what apprehension have you about your daughter to-day ? is she not going to spend the evening amongst respectable people ? ’

“ ‘ Oh my dear sir,’ replied the old man, ‘ perhaps you forget this is Shrove-Tuesday ; it is an old story, but a true one for all that. Let us draw near the table, and whilst we are discussing the contents of that bottle, I will relate you all about it. It was my grandfather who told me first ; I will try and relate the story exactly in his own words.’

“ In times bygone, there lived a man named Latulippe, the respected father of a handsome, and only child ; and truly, Rose Latulippe was a pretty brunette, rather frisky, not to say wild. She had a lover named Gabriel Lepard, whom she prized as the pupil of her eye. Notwithstanding when another young fellow made up to her, she would drive her friend wild with her coquetry. She was passionately fond of dancing. On one occasion, it was like this very day, Shrove-Tuesday, there were upwards of fifty guests at Latulippe’s house, and Rose, as great a coquette as ever, contrary, however, to her custom, behaved remarkably well to her betrothed. There was nothing very surprising in this ; they were to be married the Easter following. It might have been 11 p. m., when all at once in the midst of a cotillion, a vehicle stopped at the door. Several rushed to the windows and striking them with their fists to free the panes of the snow which adhered to them from outside, they looked forth to see who was the new comer, for it was very stormy.



‘By Jove!’ some one cried out, ‘it is a swell! What a splendid black horse he drives; what fire in his eyes! Good gracious! one would imagine that he will run over the house.’ While the inmates were exchanging these remarks, the new comer had entered, and politely asked permission to join in the dance for a few moments.

“‘This would be doing us too much honor,’ replied old Latulippe; ‘take off your overcoat, sir, whilst I have your horse put in the stable.’ This last request the strange gentleman absolutely opposed, alleging that he would only spend half an hour there, as he was pressed for time. He however removed a magnificent racoon fur coat and then appeared in a suit of black velvet, richly braided. He did not however remove his gloves, and asked as a favor to be allowed to keep on his fur cap, as he said he was suffering from a cold

“‘Monsieur will take a glass of brandy,’ said L’atulippe, handing him a glass. The unknown did so, but a horrible contortion convulsed his face when he swallowed the liquor: Latulippe being short of bottles, had emptied out the contents of the one which held the holy water, and replenished it with brandy.

“The unknown was a handsome fellow, though his complexion was dark, and there was something sinister in his looks. Advancing towards Rose, he took her hand, ‘My pretty lass,’ said he ‘I hope you will dance with me to-night, and that more than once.’

“‘Certainly,’ timidly replied Rose, while she glanced towards poor Lepard, who bit his lips until they bled. The handsome stranger never quitted Rose during the remainder of the evening; the unfortunate Gabriel, seated in a corner, watched what was going on in a silent mood.

“In a small apartment opening on the ball room, one might, at the moment, have seen an aged and pious woman, seated on a chest at the foot of a bed, praying fervently. In one hand she held her beads ; with the other, she motioned to Rose that she wished to say something to her.

“‘Listen,’ said she ; ‘it is very wrong for you, Rose, to leave Gabriel your betrothed, for this gentleman. There is something I do not like about the stranger, for each time I pronounce the holy name of Jesus and Mary, his eyes turned towards me with anger. Just see what savage glances he has just darted towards us.’

“‘Rattle on your beads, old dame, and leave us, young folks, enjoy a little fun,’ replied Rose !

“‘What did that old fool say to you ?’ inquired the unknown from Rose.

“‘Oh ! nothing particular ; you know old fogies like to croak and preach to the young,’ she replied.

“Twelve o’clock struck, and the master of the house was desirous of ending the dance, observing that it was ill-becoming to dance on Ash-Wednesday.

“‘Another little dance,’ said the stranger ?

“‘Oh ! yes, dear papa,’ said Rose, and the dance went on.

“‘You have been mine all the evening, my fair friend,’ said the stranger, ‘why should you not be mine forever ?’

“‘Now, don’t say that,’ replied Rose, ‘it is not right for a gentleman like you to make fun of a simple peasant girl like me.’



“ ‘I vow,’ said the unknown, ‘I never was more serious ; only say yes, and nothing can ever separate us.’

“ ‘But, sir....!’ and Rose cast a glance towards the unfortunate Lepard.

“ ‘I understand,’ said the stranger, with feigned pride, ‘you love him.’

“ ‘Well yes, I love him, or rather I *loved* him once. But fine gentlemen like you are such humbugs, that I cannot believe what you now say,’ meekly retorted Rose.

“ ‘What ! my pretty Rose, could you think me base enough to deceive you ; I swear by all that is holy, by——’

“ ‘Oh ! no, do not swear ! I believe what you say,’ replied the poor girl ; ‘my father, however, may refuse his consent.’

“ ‘Your father,’ said the stranger with a sneer ; ‘only say you will be mine, and I will arrange the rest.’

“ ‘Well, yes,’ she replied.

“ ‘Give me your hand to seal our plight.’ The unfortunate Rose extended her hand, which however she instantly withdrew, uttering a low but piercing groan of anguish, for she had felt the point of some sharp instrument in her flesh. She grew ashy pale, and feigning to be ill, she stopped dancing. At that moment two young fellows entered the house with an alarmed look, and calling aside Latulippe, they said to him : ‘We have just been outside looking at the strange gentleman’s horse ; would you believe that all the snow is melted round where he stands, and that his feet rest actually on the soil ?’ Latulippe went to see for himself, and finding matters as stated, seemed

the more terrified as he had previously witnessed the paleness of his daughter, who had half confessed what had taken place between her and the stranger. Terror soon spread amongst the guests ; whispers went around, and the entreaties of old Latulippe alone prevented the company from withdrawing. The unknown seemed to view with indifference what was going on, and continuing his attentions to Rose, he offered her a magnificent gold necklace, set with pearls. ‘Remove those glass beads you wear, my pretty friend, said he, and accept for my sake this necklace of real pearls.’ But to the glass beads on Rose’s neck was attached a little cross, and the poor girl did not care about exchanging it.

“ A very different scene was at that time taking place at the *presbytere*. The old parish-priest kneeling since nine o’clock that evening had unceasingly prayed to God to forgive all the sins which his parishioners would commit on that sinful night of Shrove-Tuesday.

“ The holy man had fallen asleep while praying, and had been in a deep slumber for more than an hour when, starting up, he ran to his man-servant. ‘Quick, Ambrose,’ said he, ‘lose not a minute ; harness my mare ! In the name of God be quick ! I will make you a present of one, of two, of three months wages, if you will hurry !’

“ ‘What is the matter, *Monsieur le Curé* ?’ cried out Ambrose, who knew how zealous his master was, ‘is any one in danger of death ?’

“ ‘In danger of death ?’ replied the priest ; ‘more than that, my good Ambrose ! there is a soul in danger of eternal damnation. Be quick ! be quick !’

“ Five minutes after and the priest was galloping towards Latulippe’s house, in spite of the storm ; Sainte Rose was lending her aid. It was high time that the minister of religion did arrive ; the strange gentleman, by pulling at the beads Rose wore, had broken the thread which held them, and was preparing to seize hold of her, but the priest was too quick, and passing his stole round the girl’s neck, he drew her towards him and then in a voice like thunder : ‘ What art thou, arch-fiend, doing amongst Christians ? ’ said he. The guests had all fallen on their knees on witnessing this awful scene, some shedding tears at seeing their venerable pastor, generally so frail and so timid, become at once so courageous, in the presence of the enemy of God and of man. ‘ I do not ’, replied Lucifer, glaring with fiery eyeballs, ‘ recognise as Christians those who disgrace their faith by dancing and carousing on days devoted to penance by your damnable precepts ; this young girl has chosen to be mine,—with the blood which flowed from her hand, did she seal the compact which binds her to me for ever. ’

—“ ‘ Hence, Satan, hence ! ’ roared the priest, striking him on the face with his stole and repeating some Latin words which none present understood. The devil immediately vanished amidst an awful clatter, filling at the same time the house with such an odour of brimstone as nearly suffocated the inmates. The good man, retaining close to his side Rose, who was speechless, offered a prayer, in which the terrified guests all joined.

—“ Where is he ? where is he ? ” exclaimed the young girl, recovering herself. “ He is gone ! ” all replied, —“ Holy father, do not leave me,” rejoined Rose ! “ You

alone can protect me ! I will take the veil in a convent !”

“ Be it so, poor repentant lamb, who now returns to the fold. Be it so, if you are serious ; I can understand your feelings after the events of this day.”

“ Five years after this and the melancholy tolling of the bell of the Convent of——, had announced that a young nun had rejoined in heaven her celestial spouse. A large concourse of people attended the funeral ; amongst the crowd which curiosity had attracted, three persons in deep sorrow might be noticed : an aged priest, kneeling in the sanctuary, was praying fervently ; an old man in the nave was shedding tears for the loss of an only child, and a young man in deep mourning was grieving over the death of his first and only love, his betrothed—her name was Rose Latulippe ! !”

—“ Bravo ! Mr. Viger ejaculated the Commodore ! Why this actually beats the Lancashire tale of the “ Devil outwitted, flying away on the dun horse.” It reminds me however of a German tale I read, in which a youthful *Fraulein* through her *coquetterie* got herself in sore trouble. Let me tell it you :

#### A GERMAN LEGEND.

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“ Come, Gretchen, you have danced too long,  
And have been much too free  
In choosing partners, more than seems  
Discreet in one like thee.”

“ Nay, mother, I will dance as long,  
And dance with whom I choose ;  
E'en with the Devil were he here,  
To dance I'd not refuse. ”

“ Fair maid,” a courtly stranger speaks,  
“ Thy hand I fain would crave  
As partner in the coming dance ; ”  
Her hand she willing gave.

Now, in the mazy, dizzy waltz,  
With cheeks and hearts aglow  
With exultation, round the room  
The maid and stranger go.

The dancers eye them as they fly,  
Or, seem to fly, spell-bound,  
For swifter than the swiftest thought,  
The stranger whirls her round.

The quick hot blood mounts to her brow,  
Her temples throb with heat,  
As round, still round, and round about,  
He whirls her flying feet

At length her veins, distending, burst,  
And from her mouth a stream  
Of blood comes rushing quickly forth  
And checks the issuing scream.

She falls a corpse upon the floor  
Amid the wildest fears,  
As with a hollow, mocking laugh,  
The stranger disappears.

All stand aghast with horror now,  
For it is clear as day,  
That 'twas the devil who had danced  
And whirled her soul away

And evermore within that hall  
When midnight draweth near,  
A strange weird music fills the room,  
And spectral forms appear



And in the midst the maid is seen  
Whirling with flying feet  
Around the room in search of one  
She seeks in vain to meet.

For it is said that she is doomed  
Thus restlessly to dwell  
Until some Christian dance with her,  
And break the fearful spell.

“Is there not a strange tradition current in this neighborhood about a phantom-priest saying a midnight mass,” asked Mac of the Isles ?

“Yes” replied Jonathan Oldbuck. It runs thus, in the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques, &c.*, according to the version of the Revd. Abbé Plinguet :

“On several occasions, a light at midnight had been noticed in the church, at Ile Dupas, near Montreal, which light shone brighter than that given by the lamp of the sanctuary. At first, it created, little concern, but as it continued to shine every night, it very soon caused lively discussions—in fact quite a sensation. Means were soon taken to solve the mystery. Four or five brave parishioners clubbed together one night, and proceeded towards the church ; just imagine their stupefaction on observing at the foot of the altar a priest in full canonicals, motionless, as if he were rivetted to the spot. The explorers could not muster courage to enter the sacred edifice. They withdrew faster than they had come—much alarmed at what they had witnessed.

One Jacques Valois, bolder than the rest, on hearing their story, said he would enter the church and judge for himself of the occurrence.

Accompanied by some friends, Valois, one evening proceeded to the parish church, entered, kneeled down, said his prayers and waited for the apparition. About twelve midnight, he saw a priest in his *soutane* issue from the *sacristie*, light two tapers at each end of the altar, go through the usual preparations for celebrating mass and retire through the same door from which he had come. A few minutes later, Valois saw the same priest return habited in full sacerdotal raiment, bearing the chalice, ascend the altar steps.

Convinced that the priest intended to say mass, Valois prepared to repeat the responses. Mass was celebrated, according to the usual rites : he then escorted the officiating priest to the *sacristie* : when His Reverence, having bowed to the cross, turned towards Valois and said : “For three years past, I have come here every night to say over a mass I once said too hastily. I was condemned to do so every night, until I should find here a person to serve the mass. I thank you now ; my penance is ended ” and the phantom vanished.

Such the Ile Dupas Legend, as related by abbé Plinguet.

It was versified in 1880, by the Honorable P. J. O. Chauveau ; our laureate Louis Frechette tells us he heard in France, a *Légende Bretonne* recalling the main features of our Canadian Legend, though the French one presented itself, under his cultured pen, in a more dramatic guise.

He heard it at a hamlet at Pellerin, on the *Loire Supérieure*, fifteen miles from Nantes, at a spot where once stood an antique chapel, known as the *Chapelle de Bethleem*, erected during the crusades in fulfilment of a vow.

It held a Madonna in plaster, before which the goatherds of the neighborhood made the sign of the cross, as they passed.

Lack of space forbids my giving any thing beyond the merest outlines, of this stirring story. "On All Saint's Day' a lady of Pellerin, so as to be early on hand to perform her devotions on this holyday, had ordered her coachman to call for her before the break of day : the jehu, however, having mistaken the light of the moon for the dawn, had come to fetch her on her journey, before midnight. Having to travel, past the chapel of Bethlehem, they both were surprised to find it lit up, though it had not for years been used for religious service. The coachman having descended from his seat to explore at his mistress request, rushed back, terrified at what he had seen : a priest standing at the altar repeating in lugubrious tone *Introibo al altare Dei*. Three times were these sacred words uttered, when the priest solemnly, and slowly averted his face from the altar. The coachman then, from sheer fright, fell on his knees.

The phantom then asking him if he had sufficient courage to return next All Saints Eve at midnight, and deliver a soul from purgatory, by repeating the responses to a mass that he, the priest, would celebrate.

The Jehu promised he would, and attended accordingly, on next All Saints' Eve, though he fairly shook with terror.

On this occasion he noticed that the apparition instead of a human head, stared at him from a bare skull without lips or eyes.

He could scarcely master his fright sufficiently to got through the responses to the mass : this accom-

plished, he noticed a change in the spectral priest's appearance ; the fleshless skull had made place to a countenance, radiant with a soft, benign light, and the following words were uttered : "I was condemned many years ago, as a punishment, to come here, on All Saints' Eve and say a mass—for a mass previously neglected—until I found some one to serve at this mass. You have now delivered a soul from purgatory. Thank you, my friend," and the spectre disappeared.

This *Legende Bretonne*, adds Mr. Fréchette, gives me an opportunity to repeat what I stated elsewhere : the similarity of some *Legendes Bretonnes* to Canadian legends, pointing to a common origin for both.

1st Sept.—A lovely sun and bright morning. "Here we are, Commodore, at Sorel," shouted that imp of imperfection, Pierro, dancing about the deck. Some small boys, with baskets of beautiful fish, were waiting on the wharf to sell them. A Sorel chasseur, Maxime Mongeau by name, recognizing the *Hirondelle*, hastened down to present his sporting friend, the Commodore, with a pair of wood duck in perfect nuptial plumage. The lovely birds were passed down the companion way to Mr. Sawney, who, when he saw them, could scarcely believe his eyes that such gorgeous individuals of the feathered tribe could exist in this country. Mr. Viger informed him that in the fall of the year he might shoot many of them at Sorel. Mr. Sawney became quite frantic to go out shooting wood duck ; he had never fired a shot in his life, but he would soon learn, and he would, he thought, be able to teach the natives a few things in the way of shooting. The Commodore informed him that Sorel was a great place for duck, and that he would accompany



him to the *chenail du moine*, the best locality for game. Snipe were also abundant, but Mr. Sawney had no pointer.

“Well,” replied Sawney, “if that is all, I shall buy one immediately if I can get one.”

Mr. Viger directed him to one of the native *chasseurs*, who owned a dog of wonderful sagacity ; — the Scotch youth purchased him then and there. Now let us describe Sorel : —

“ Sorel is the site of the first mission for the Propagation of the Gospel established in Canada, and of the first Protestant church erected there ; the bell is the oldest Protestant bell this side the Atlantic. Sorel derived its first name from a French Engineer officer *Sieur de Saurel*, who built a fort at the mouth of the *Richelieu* to defend it from the Indians. Behind the house once occupied by old *Crebassa* are the remains of an old moat which surrounded it, and is said to have been the scene of a struggle between the French and Indians. General Burgoyne’s army was quartered along the banks of the *Richelieu*, in 1777. The Rev. Mr. Scott, the first officiating minister at Sorel, is supposed to have come out from England as Military Chaplain, and also the late lamented General Frazer, who fell at Bennington Heights, were both interred at Sorel. The first Protestant settlers were United Empire Loyalists, who gave up their property in the States sooner than become subjects to a foreign power. The Bishop of Nova Scotia held a confirmation in Sorel in 1788. The Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief have resided, from the time of Sir Frederick Haldimand, during the summer, at Sorel ; the Government Cottage was built by him. During the incumbency of the Revd. Mr. Doty, two members of the reigning royal family



visited Sorel ; the Duke of Clarence, then serving in the royal navy, was pleased, on an address being presented to him, to sanction the change of its name to William Henry, his own. Subsequently the Duke of Kent paid a passing visit. In 1819, during the incumbency of Mr. Jackson, the Duke of Richmond was bitten by a fox bought on the market at Sorel ; being a pet with one of the staff, the Duke amused himself with it; it snapped at his finger, which was immediately operated on by a respectable local practitioner, Christopher Carter, but in a few weeks after he died in a barn on the roadside, while on a tour of inspection near Ottawa. The Earl of Dalhousie succeeded the Duke of Richmond. Sir Richard Jackson laid the corner stone of the present church in 1843, and in 1845 he was buried beneath the chancel. The army in Canada erected a mural tablet to his memory in the church, and his daughter, Mrs. Maunery, sent the church out an excellent communion service, with an inscription commemorative of her father.”

“ Suppose, said Mac of the Isles, the commodore should now give us an account of this game locality.”

—“ Well, gentlemen, be it so, light your cigars and give me your attention ” ! retorted the Commodore.

“ The famed hunting resorts, and islands “ about fifty-five miles lower than Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, and one hundred and twenty-five above Quebec, are known to Quebec and Montreal *chasseurs* as the *Iles de Sorel*. These islands and surroundings, are the favorite feeding grounds of snipe, and various kinds of plover, curlew, woodcock and other beach birds, as well as several varieties of duck, the black or dusky duck, redhead, divers or fall duck, blue and green-winged teal, in fact

all the aquatic birds frequenting the fresh waters of the Province of Quebec. Sorel Islands consist of Ile du Moine, Ile des Barques, Ile à la Pierre, Ile de Grâce, Ile du Pads, Ile St. Jean, Ile aux Grues, Ile aux Ours, and many others less noted, the Commune de Yamaska, la Baie du Febvre, les Baies de Maskinongé, et de Yamachiche, with the miles of reeds which skirt Lake Saint Peter, on both shores, as well as the islands, some of which are covered with soft maples and other deciduous trees, while the others are simply reedy islands, when the water is very low, and at other times completely flooded. On the higher lands, which are commons under the control of the municipalities, the farmers of the vicinity allow their young cattle, horses and hogs to run wild. The latter, being much given to feed upon the bulb of a variety of reeds, root them up, making bare patches, which are capital feeding grounds for snipe. One, however, needs a quick eye to mark a bird down, should he drop into the high reeds, or wild hay near by ; or the service of a first-class retriever, else one is sure to lose many more birds than are brought to bag.

“ On the sandy point of some of these islands, such as Pointe au Pécaud, or Ile au Sable, flocks of golden plover, curlew or beach birds may be often found, and late in the fall numbers of Canada geese on their journey to the south, light and feed in the bays and even in the fields back on the higher lands. When the ice breaks up in the spring, thousands of muskrats are slaughtered by the inhabitants. Some have been known to kill in one season 200, with a simple weapon—an iron spike fastened to a pole—to pry the rodents out

of their winter quarters, disturbed by the motion of the ice, lifted from its winter bed by the rush of the waters during spring freshets.

“ Twenty years ago among the islands, and bays below Sorel, large and varied bags of game could be made. On more than one occasion a brother sportsman and myself have been the fortunate possessors, after three or four days of shooting, of as many as 40 to 50 duck, 60 to 70 English snipe, and 30 to 40 golden, and other plover, and have come home thoroughly revived in health and spirits.

“ On one occasion, I had the honor of having the lamented Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, then Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, as my guest, our quarters being in the lighthouse at the east end of L’Ile à la Pierre. It was during a week’s living in one small room with this renowned politician, that one learned to love him as few men, have been loved by their own sex. On this occasion, our bags of duck numbered among us, namely : the Governor, his Aide-de-camp, Capt. F.-E. Gauthier ; his cousin, P.-B. Casgrain, M. P., and myself, from 40 to 50 duck per day, and some snipe shot by me. It was on this memorable occasion that the Governor of the Province of Quebec, and companions narrowly escaped with their lives. The popular and always obliging Captain Labelle, then in command of the steamer Quebec, plying between Montreal and the city of Quebec, had offered to stop his boat and take us off the island on his way down when we would desire it. We despatched a messenger early one day to Sorel, about seven miles off, to notify him that we would be all ready when he would pass that evening, and to request him to please stop his boat to

take us on board. By some means the message was not delivered to Captain Labelle. We, however, not knowing this, made our preparations, got all our baggage, game, dogs and ourselves with the lighthouse-keeper and one man, in a small boat, very much overloaded, but as we only intended going out a short distance in the shallow water to meet the steamer's boat, which we expected would draw too much water to come near the shore, we did not fear any danger from swamping. We saw the steamer about 9 o'clock at night coming full speed, evidently paying no attention to us, when we actively swung a lighted lantern to and fro to draw attention.

“ After the steamer had passed us, the captain was evidently informed of our attempts to stop her ; knowing the Governor was of the party, he ordered the boat to stop and reverse, the channel being too narrow to turn her. The Governor, with his usual anxiety to give as little trouble as possible when he was personally concerned, insisted upon our attempting to reach the steamer by the man sculling our boat out to her. This, against our advice, was done. The current being very strong, and the huge wheels of the steamer churning the water against it, created a strong eddy, which drew us under the guards of the steamer. Being in the forepart of the boat, I caught hold of one of the paddles of the wheel, and with difficulty hung on to its slimy surface. The Governor received a very severe blow on the head, from one of the stays which nearly stunned him, and we greatly feared our boat would swamp as it filled with water. One man completely lost his presence of mind, and dropped the oar overboard ; to the great strength and coolness of the Governor we owed our lives. He called for a ladder. This



being let down, we rapidly mounted it, just in time to escape from being crushed by the great wheel, which was immediately after set in motion ; fortunately the boat containing the lighthouse keeper, and our luggage had drifted away from danger, and eventually was propelled ashore. When we reached the cabin, we found we were much bruised, but not seriously hurt ; our clothing was covered with slime ; we presented a sad appearance. Means were taken to give as little publicity as possible to this incident. This was the last shooting expedition of Governor Letellier de St. Just. Some months after his health broke down ; he soon after died, sincerely regretted by all who intimately knew him. His gun, an excellent 10-bore, was sold by me to Judge G.-P. Hawes, of New York, who, I believe still retains it.

“ I fear I have digressed very much from the subject of describing the shooting grounds of Sorel. I can only say that occasionally fine bags of snipe, woodcock and duck are still made there, but I find that the number of the disciples of the gun, since the past twenty years, have wonderfully increased, as well among the amateur sportsmen who shoot for the pleasure of an outing, as the pot-hunter who slaughters game night and day for the market.

“ Snipe are such capricious birds that one can occasionally make as large bags as formerly, but not so often. Woodcock are very much more scarce. As to black or dusky duck, mallard and wood duck and teal, the great number destroyed at night on their feeding grounds has been the cause of driving these valuable birds to other, and safer quarters. The pot-hunter chooses a favorite spot among the reeds which extend out on the shallows for nearly a mile from



shore ; with a sickle he cuts off the heads of the reeds, well under water, in a space large enough to make an open water basin of about 30 to 40 yards diameter. On the edge of this basin he plants a number of trees in front, and on each side of his log canoe or dug-out, which he carefully conceals, and then sets out in the most natural order from ten to twelve live ducks fastened by a string, with a soft leather loop to a leg, and anchored with a stone, or half a brick in about 3 feet of water. These ducks, which are a cross between a wild black duck, and an equally black domestic one, make perfect decoys, and call any passing birds to them, and to sure destruction.

“ On both sides of Lake St. Peter such *caches* may be found occupied by one or two pot hunters, every three or four acres apart, night after night, before and after the 1st of September, notwithstanding the game laws being strictly against it. You may well imagine such work has greatly interfered with the pleasures of being quietly paddled through the reeds, and getting a true sportsman's shot at a rising bird, for the ducks now shun those dangerous feeding grounds. This, however, only applies to the species of duck visiting the shallow waters near shore. The bluebills and other fall ducks, called by some, the divers, still frequent the lake in enormous numbers ; in fact I have seen this fall as large flocks as I ever saw on the waters in Florida, where, from their number covering such great space, they are called raft ducks.

“ For the lover of shooting, possessed of a good dog for snipe, and another for woodcock, and who can spare the time, I know of no more delightful spot to camp on than some of the beautiful islands of Sorel. The scenery is charming ; the channels among the

many islands most intricate and interesting ; the different fresh-water fish, from the maskinongé to the perch, plentiful ; and intelligent and reliable guides with canoes may be had at the usual charges. But he who possesses a light draft sail boat, with fair accommodation for a genial companion and self, and who can sail away with his quarters to new spots made bare by the falling of the waters, which often occurs to the extent of from 5 to Sin. in one night, especially if the weather is dry, and the wind blows strong from the west, such a one will find snipe, when others on the old ground are wondering if there are any birds left in the country. My experience shows that snipe have a strong liking for new ground, and he who can follow them or take advantage of being on some new, known spot where the waters uncover, is sure to be rewarded for his pains."

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### THE LEGENDS OF THE KING'S FORGES ON THE ST. MAURICE.

—I should much like, Mr. Oldbuck to hear the story of the strange apparitions, seen in the olden time, at the St. Maurice Forges, said Mac of the Iles—allow me then to read you a short memoir I once prepared on them," replied Jonathan Oldbuck.

To fully take in the history of this famous iron industry, as well as the several legends connected with it, one must bear in mind that prospecting for mines in Canada, dates far back. As early as 1666, King Louis XIV's great minister Colbert had charged one M. de la Tesserie, to explore for mineral wealth the shores of

the lower St. Lawrence. The result was the discovery of the iron ore of *Baie St-Paul* ; this ore, however, was never a success to the miner. Intendant Talon, the same year had been advised of the town of the mines of Three-Rivers, known later on, as the St. Maurice Forges.

Hard cash was necessary to utilise for Canadian marts these sources of unrevealed wealth ; the French monarch sent it, but accompanied by the wrong man, —one M. de la Potardiere who reported unfavorably on the find.\*

It would be much too lengthy a story, to recapitulate the enormous profits and later on, the enormous losses attending the practical working of these mines, from the date of the land grant by the French King, on the 22nd March, 1730, to one M. de Francheville, down to a more recent period, on the 6th January, 1793, when Alexander Davidson sold out his residuary

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\* Notwithstanding the unfavourable report, Count Frontenac continued to think these mines important, in 1672. In 1681, the Marquis of Denonville, wrote encouragingly to France about the iron ore.

In 1676, the Seigniory of Saint Maurice was conceded to Dame Jeanne Jalope, wife of Maurice Poulin—the King's Attorney General, at Three-Rivers ; who gave his name to the river with the three outlets—now known as the St. Maurice. Widow Poulin, bequeathed her seigniorial estate to her son Michel, on the 19th January, 1683. The right to extract the ore was granted by the Crown in 1730 to M. DeFranchiseville, who formed a company for that purpose in 1736, composed of M. De Francheville, Poulin, Gamelin and Cugnet.

When Peter Kalm, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, visited the Forges, in 1749, he found they were worked on the same system as was in use in Sweden. This can be accounted for from the fact that minister Colbert, had in 1674, sent to Sweden, persons to learn the Swedish process of smelting and molding, whilst the artisans sent

rights, under his unexpired lease from the Government, in the Forges, for the round sum of \$6000 to George Davidson, David Munro and Matthew Bell\*—all influential men of Quebec ; one of whom, the Hon. Matthew Bell was destined to be, for years, a leading figure in the social, commercial and political world of the old capital of Canada—until his demise, at an advanced age, in 1849.

On the expiration of the agreement, on the 20th March, 1799, the lease was enlarged to 1801 ; the Hon. Matthew Bell, a staunch tory of the old school, through favor with successive British governors succeeded in

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out to Canada by the French Government from Burgundy, and Franche-Comte, held on to the traditions handed down by Colbert's men seventy-five years before. The clever French Inspector of fortifications, Franquet, had also, at the invitation of Intendant Bigot, visited and reported on the Forges, with a view of improving the mode of administering them in an economical way.

The Saint Maurice Forges, under French rule, were considered so important that special stipulations about them were inserted in the articles of capitulation, agreed to, at Montreal, on the 8th Sept., 1760, between General Amherst, and Governor de Vaudreuil.

These great iron works played also a part, though a disloyal one—later on, when Canada was invaded by the New England continentals, in 1775 ; Christophe Pelissier, the manager, sent out from his furnaces, cannon balls and bomb shells, to Brigadier General Montgomery for the blockade of Quebec. When he heard of the victorious approach of Governor Guy Carleton, he left hurriedly for Sorel, and thence, for the frontier ; when he applied to Congress for compensation, and payment of the ammunition, and supplies he had furnished the invading host. It seems fortunate, he did make himself scarce, as traitors were summarily dealt with in those critical days.

\* Hon. Matthew Bell, for years M. P. for Quebec city, commanded a fine troop of cavalry in the war of 1812.



having his lease renewed at various times, and various rates, until the year 1844, when crushing trade reverses overtook him. Such, in a few words, is an outline of the early history of these famous, smelting works, which at one time employed as many as 800 operatives. Their dwellings formed a settlement of itself round the Forges, provided with a Roman Catholic priest and a chapel ; the latter, was since, allowed to crumble to decay.

The Hon. Matthew Bell, in the palmy days of the Forges, kept up a princely style, at his forest manor, in the green woods, close to the deep and dangerous river Saint-Maurice. It was styled *La Grande Maison* ; here, the highest dignitaries in the land were sure of a warm welcome. Occasionally, Britain's representative, the Governor of the Province, was entertained at the palatial mansion, in a gorgeously furnished apartment, specially set apart for him, and his suite, when he honoured it with his presence. It was customary on His Excellency's carriage reaching the Forges, to relieve it of its horses ; the thorough-breds were unhitched, their august master was then, carried on the shoulders of the *employes* to the state chamber, where awaited him a sumptuous repast. The good cheer of the day was extended to the workmen. A spacious hall, in the upper story, was allotted to them for a dance ; these festive doings are expatiated on, in detail by the annalist of the St. Maurice Forges—the Revd. Abbé N. Caron, a Canon of the Three-Rivers Cathedral. One of the pleasant memories of the past still lingering in the minds of the people, is the exploits of the *Tally ho ! Hunt Club*, founded by Mr. Bell ; the sporting proprietor had not only an extensive stud of English hunters he also kept up a kennel of foxhounds ; the annual hunt was a grand affair, and also a profitable



holiday to the farmers of the neighborhood. They never failed to claim, and to receive ample compensation for the damage done by the hunters and the hounds to their oat, corn and wheat fields. From the St. Maurice *Tally Ho ! Hunt Club* sprang, about 1829, the Montreal Foxhound Club, the hounds having that year been transferred to Montreal. The club flourishes yet.

Long since has the glory of *La Grande Maison* departed ; its vice-regal chamber closed, its jolly *meets* of the club, in September, ended, we fear, for ever. The monster hammer of the Forges, the loud sounding *Gros Marteau* is now silenced. Oblivion and decay reign supreme in the once noisy, busy, little world of the Forges. Crumbling walls, tenements, of old instinct with life and bustle are now deserted ; no other sound near them in the glare of day, but the murmur of the rushing, deep St. Maurice River ; by night, the Great Virginia owl still as of yore, repeats in the tree-tops its fearful *ha-ou ! ha-ou ! ! ha-ou ! ! !* to unattentive ears. It is some of the popular superstitions, decked with much legendary ivy, I now purpose recalling of this once thriving settlement. The narrative (\*) furnished by the learned Three-Rivers Canon, the Abbé N. Caron, renders the task both pleasant and easy.

It may not be out of place to premise that in our opinion, some of the mysterious occurrences, which the Abbé sums up as “ *LEGENDES DES FORGES SAINT-MAURICE* ” can be explained by causes any thing but supernatural. I shall confine myself to translating with comments, the most startling accounts of the St. Maurice *diableries*.

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(\*) *DEUX VOYAGES sur le SAINT-MAURICE*, par l'abbé N. Caron, Chanoine de la Cathédrale des Trois-Rivières, 1891

The Reverend gentleman tells that on his way from the Piles settlement, in rear of Three-Rivers, he had for his Jehu and Cicerone, that eminently respectable authority in every parish, the oldest inhabitant, whom he introduces to our notice as *Père Louison*, *un bon vieux du temps passé*. Père Louison, had not actually witnessed all the startling feats of His Satanic Majesty, at the Forges, but his eldest brother had “seen and heard every thing with his own ears and eyes.”

The origin of the Devil’s interference was a falling-out between the Hon. Matthew Bell, the proprietor of the Forges, and a *Madlle* Poulin, of Three Rivers; she owned a maple bush in the vicinity of the smelting works; the Honb. Matthew had persisted in having her valuable timber cut down to convert it in to charcoal for smelting. In vain *Madlle* had done her best to prevent him.

*Madlle* Poulin was far from being a “devote”. Goaded to frenzy, she one day gave vent to the following angry speech: “Since I cannot prevent others from appropriating unjustly my property, I bequeath it all to the Devil.” Shortly after, she died, without leaving any heirs, and repeated the fateful words, “I leave my belongings to the Devil; those who have wronged me, wont enjoy in peace. what they have thus taken!”

The Evil One took hold of the bequest in right earnest, and soon began to play the part of lord and master on those lands bequeathed to him, adjoining the Forges, as well as within the works themselves: *Maddie*, the defunct old girl, occasionally put in a supernatural appearance to terrify the people.

On one occasion, two women on their way to

Three-Rivers met four men carrying a coffin. This seemed strange ; but what was still stranger, the bearers did not follow the highway, but entered the wood skirting the road. The two wayfarers were not scared at first, but one of them having observed, "Tis *Madlle* Poulin, whom they are taking to hell !", they both became frightened and turned back in haste, in the direction of the Forges, renouncing their town trip; in a trice, the whole settlement was discussing excitedly the inexplicable occurrence.

What added to the general alarm, was the subsequent appearance every afternoon, of a man stalking over the heights ; in his hand, he held a paper, as if he were casting up his accounts. Although plainly visible, none had been able to discern his features. A shadow, he seemed—quite colourless ; though some said they had discovered a black tinge in his countenance. Long was the mysterious shadow seen every afternoon. None had dared to address it ; but the old women, one and all, had said that it must be the guardian the devil had appointed to look after his estate and write up the accounts.

Where there was the greatest turmoil, was at the third hill at a place known to this day as *Vente-au-diable* (sale to the Devil) ; this was the land bequeathed to the Prince of Darkness. Here the evil spirits congregated in force for their revels at midnight. A large fire was noticeable, blazing forth, surrounded by weird attendants ; a clanking of chains broke on the dark silent hours, followed by howls, yells of rage, shrieks of laughter which caused the people's hair to stand on end with fright. Names were shouted amidst horrible blasphemies ; persons on their way to the Forges on

such occasions arrived there more dead than alive, with terror.

The spot was shunned even in broad day light: no wood choppers could be prevailed to work there.

Sometimes, however, His Satanic Majesty seemed bent on a lark, and harmless in his moods.

On a piercing cold Sunday in January, the Forges laborers being on their way to High Mass, at Three-Rivers, on walking past *Vente-au-diable*, had noticed a man bare-headed, in his shirt sleeves clipping his beard near a tree to which a small mirror hung by a pin. At first, they laughed ; but passed, firmly convinced that it was the Devil playing one of his odd pranks. Other strange things were witnessed at *Vente-au-diable*. Horses would stand still, refuse to obey the cut of the whip. One infallible remedy had been discovered to start them : turning the bridle wrong side out. The grave and learned chronicler, Abbé Caron, mentions a number of other unaccountable proceedings witnessed by Père Louison, or by his big brother.

A huge black cat used to enter the Forges at night; stretch himself at the foot of the red hot furnace ; place his paws on the liquid ore, and when the smelters attempted to move him with a crow-bar he bristled up, and grew larger than a half-bushel measure, so Père Louison said. He usually retired through the entrance of the red hot furnace, and was succeeded by a little red man, who used to sit aloft on the edge of the roaring chimney.

A dance among the operatives having once been prolonged so as to encroach on the Sabbath, was rudely, and alarmingly interrupted by the sudden and unexplicable thundering of the *Gros Marteau*, (the monster



hammer)—*boum ! boum !! boum !!!* The workmen hurried to the main building of the Forges, and were horrified to discover a man holding one of his legs under the ponderous hammer, turning it round to receive each blow, just as if it had been a bar of hot metal to be wrought into shape. Père Louison related to the annalist many other uncanny sights witnessed in that land of Demons.

I have room merely for a short notice of the repeated, and unwelcome presence on the tree tops after nightfall, around the settlement, at the Forges, of a mysterious visiter—who from the rapidity of his movements, I should pronounce to belong to the feathered race. From his loud, stifled, guttural voice, he was known as *Le Beuglard*, the Bellower. His *ha-ou ! ha-ou !! ha-ou !!!* after dark had struck terror in many stout hearts.

Thus, on one occasion, three very stirring young blades who had desecrated the Sabbath, by a tramp in the woods, were recalled to a sense of duty by fearful sounds from above their heads. They halted ; knelt on the frozen soil and devoutly said an *Ave, Maria* : the Virgin Mary, as was expected, silenced the Beuglard.

“ When ever, said Père Louison, the Beuglard scared us, we followed the practice of my eldest brother ; we crossed ourselves and said a *Pater Noster*, some of us, for the benefit of the soul of *Madlle Poulin*, who was supposed to be asking for prayers ; others were of opinion that the Beuglard, was none else than the Devil himself—who grateful for her gift, retaliated thus on the Forges people who had wronged her. This is a point which our priests, though often requested, ever failed of clearing up,” added gravely Père Louison.



I too, whilst encamped in Canadian woods, in early spring—when the maple sap and sugar gladdened buoyant, young hearts—more than once have listened, awe-struck, to the dismal hooting of the Great Virginian owl in the treetops, *Ha-ou ! Ha-ou ! ! Ha-ou ! ! !* but I had not then heard of the Beuglard of the St-Maurice Forges.”

Here, as we bid adieu to the reedy shores of Lake St. Peter, let the Laird of Ravensclyffe recite Dr. Drummond’s masterpiece, a legend which *par excellence* attaches itself to this windy sheet of water.

### THE WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

*(As related by Narcisse Labrecque.)*

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre  
De win’ she blow, blow, blow,  
An’ de crew of de wood scow “Julie Plante”  
Got scar’t an’ run below.  
For de win’ she blow lak hurricane  
Bemeby she blow some more,  
An’ de scow bus’ up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck  
An’ walk de hin’ deck too—  
He call de crew up from de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she’s name was Rosie  
She come from Montreal  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win’ she blow from Nor’ eas’ Wes’—  
De sout’ win’ she blow too,  
W’en Rosie cry, “Mon cher Captinne,  
Mon cher, w’at I shall do ?

Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre  
But still de scow she dreef  
De crew he can't pass on de shore  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.  
Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
An' jomp off on de Lak'  
An' say "Good bye, Ma Rosie dear,  
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early  
'Bout ha'f pas' two—t'ree—four  
De Captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie  
Was corpses on de shore,  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL :

Now all good wood scow sailor man  
Tak' warning by dat storm  
An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
An' leev on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak' hurricane  
An' s'pose she blow some more  
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre  
So long you stay on shore.

## Chap. II

*Three-Rivers—Deschambault—Portneuf—Baron Robineau and his fierce hands—Pointe-aux-Trembles, its historic memories The Legend of the St. Augustin draught horse—The Devil outwitted.—The Hirondelle, at Quebec.*

Our next stoppage—but we were in the arms of Morpheus at the time—was at the drowsy old town of Three-Rivers, founded in 1634, by Laviolette; for half a century and more, an important fur-trading post, a fort, and a mission of the Jesuits. Its stirring chronicles had recently been lovingly unrolled for us by a gifted author, Benjamin Sulte, the historian.

Whole fleets of Huron and Algonquin canoes, in 1640-60, used to bring here each spring the products of their winter hunts, hundreds of packages of beaver, martin, minx, deer skins, and bartered them at the fort, for powder, knives, shot, blankets, beads, brandy, etc.

How fortunate the town has been to have given birth to such an able writer and devoted son as Sulte ! Will Three-Rivers ever erect Mr. Sulte a statue ? With what vividness, with what singular industry, has not the Trifluvian annalist written the history of Three-Rivers from its precarious beginnings ! How easy at present to reconstruct in one's mind the grim old fort, recall its sieges with their dire alarms !

One recognizes the spots where the ferocious Iroquois concealed themselves to butcher their foes, the Hurons and Algonquins, allies of the French ; occasionally scalping in cold blood some of King Louis' best subjects. With the aid of Sulte's *Chronique Trifluvienne*, one can follow step by step the perilous

career of our early missionaries—Buteux, LeMaistre, Lallemant, de Noüe, Jogues. You feel inclined to accompany the hardy trooper Caron in his wintry search, discovering at the *île Platte*, near Three-Rivers, on the 2nd of February, 1645, the missing-Jesuit, de Noüe, “recumbent along a snow-drift, kneeling, on the river bank, with arms crossed on his breast, frozen stiff, with eyes wide open, gazing heavenward, his cap and snow-shoes lying near him.” \* victim, the good man, of his humane efforts in trying to seek relief for his less hardy companions. Overtaken by a snow storm, and buried in the blinding drift the poor missionary had lost his way. No wonder that Caron should have knelt down and said a prayer after loading the dead hero on his sledge, and departed with him sorrowfully for Three-Rivers, having marked the spot with a cross on the bark of a tree.

That night, the faithful of Three-Rivers prayed to one more saint !

They were men, the missionaries and explorers of 1645 !!

What dauntless *voyageurs*, what expert woodsmen must have existed in those early days among the Trifluvians ? Hertel, Marguerie, Nicolet, Godefroy, Normanville, and those astute, indomitable, sanguinary savages—Piescaret and Ahatsistari !

What a pity their striking forms in war paint and costume, have not been preserved to us by the artist’s brush as well as by the historian’s pen ?

Here was the site of the fort ! There stood the convent ! On that steep bank where our yatch was

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\* Chronique Trifluvienne, page 55

moored, was *Le Platon*. Old Governor Pierre Boucher dwelled close by with his patriarchal family.

Then again, what thrilling episodes Mr. Sulte relates of Indian cruelty, stratagem, tiger-like instincts!

Here is one of his striking pen-photographs :—  
“ An Algonquin girl, captured about the 1st of April (1646) by the Agniers (Mohawks) and brought home with them, succeeded, after about ten days captivity, in making her escape by slipping off during the night the thongs which held her, and walking over the prostrate forms of her guardians plunged in sleep. The desire for revenge burnt so fiercely in her breast that she could not refrain from seizing an axe and braining one of the sleepers. She was at once pursued, but took refuge in a hollow tree, where no one thought of seeking her. On viewing her pursuers depart, she directed her flight in an opposite direction. Her footsteps were, however, traced at nightfall. To elude pursuit, she ran to the river and immersed her body under water, where she remained unseen. The Agniers gave up the pursuit and returned home. She travelled on foot thirty-five days, living on wild berries and roots. On approaching Sorel, she built a raft, and took to the water. When near Three-Rivers, she became alarmed at the sight of a canoe; landed and hid in the deep woods, from whence she made her way laboriously to the fort, close to the shore. Some Hurons discovered her, and attempted to join her, when she begged of them to throw some clothing to her, which they did. She was then taken to M. de la Potherie. The account of her escape seemed almost incredible ; but other hair-breadth escapes of a similar nature which followed, ceased to cause any more surprise.” \*

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\* Chronique Trifluvienne, page 59.



Marvellous also are the adventures of the great Algonquin chief, Simon Piescaret. "On one occasion," says Mr. Sulte, "when striving to escape from a whole band of Iroquois in pursuit, he turned his snow-shoes end for end, so that the track seemed as directed north, when he was going south. The Iroquois altered their course in consequence, and Piescaret, watching his opportunity, followed them, knocking on the head the laggards from the main body. Piescaret was unrivalled in that mode of warfare where great physical strength is required, where woodcraft and stratagem take the place of genius, and where ambush is necessary. He could outrun a deer, and in single combat he did not seem to heed numbers.

"One day he started from Three-Rivers, his usual residence, and went and hid in an Iroquois village more than fifty leagues away. Under the veil of night, he crept out of his hiding place, entered a hut, massacred the whole family, and hid in a pile of fuel close by. The alarm was given, but the murderous savage was not discovered. The next night he repeated the bloody drama, carried away the scalps and retreated to his wood pile.

"The whole village remained on guard on the third night. Piescaret, in spite of all the precautions taken, issued from his retreat, opened the door of a hut full of watchful savages, brained the man nearest to him, and fled with the whole band of Indians at his heels; oustripping them, he never ceased running that night, and secreted himself in a hollow tree. The enemy doubtful of effecting his capture, camped down, lit a fire and slept. Piescaret in the darkness crept up unseen, tomakawked and then scalped the unsuspecting slumberers and made for home with his bloody trophies.

“ On another occasion, cramming his gun with bullets, and accompanied by four savages well armed, and concealed in the bottom of his canoe, he pretended to be fishing alone at the entrance of the river at Sorel. Some Iroquois canoes started in pursuit. He allowed them to come close by pretending to surrender, when he and his companions springing up, riddled the Iroquois canoes with balls. The canoes began to fill. In the confusion he upset some, having leaped in the stream. Swimming with one hand and bearing in the other his terrible tomahawk, he plied it vigorously, killing several and taking some prisoners, whilst the rest fled.”†— (*Benj. Sulte.*)

“ The Roman Catholic Church of Three-Rivers commenced in 1715, pushed on, in 1740 and completed in 1896—is well worthy of the attention of *connoisseurs* as a specimen of the ornate primitive Canadian place of worship. Its external walls, however, are not noteworthy ; but its interior is laid out in the florid, *rococo* style of the Louis XV era. Sculptures of quaint aspect adorn the ceiling and internal walls. The pulpit is a marvel in design and antique ornamentation. The main altar with its frame of four columns is remarkable in its way ; nor ought the gorgeous pew of the churchwardens to be forgotten.”‡

“ The old church at Three-Rivers, richly endowed by the Godefroy (descendants of the old Norman Godefroy), still has the arms of the distinguished family superbly carved on the Banc d’Œuvres.”§

Three-Rivers, counts something more than Indian alarms, and indian surprises in her far-reaching chro-

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† *Chronique Trifluvienne*, p. 19.

‡ *Canadian Antiquarian*, October, 1889.

§ *Hamelin's* “Legends of Le Detroit,” page 300.

nicles. The voices of other years can recall stirring episodes of the great siege, of 1759 ; successful repulse of the marauder, in the dark days of 1775-6 ; worthy exploits of her sons, English and French, enlisted for the struggle of 1812-14—ready, the brave fellows, to seal their allegiance with their blood.

A distinguished soldier, Col (afterwards General Sir Fred Haldimand) ruled here in 1760-4 ; his wise, firm administration secured him successive preferment and ultimately, notwithstanding his foreign birth,—he was a Swiss,—the full confidence of the British Crown.

In June 1776, an English lieutenant, James Henry Craig headed a detachment of the garrison of Three-Rivers, and routed Montgomery's followers : he was destined after a long and honorable term of service, in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Spain, in Italy, in America,—to return to our shores, as Governor-General of Canada in those critical times, when England, single-handed, successfully defied the titanic power of the first Napoléon.

Old traditions yet teem with quaint reminiscences of the first English-speaking colonist, under English rule : an intelligent German Jew, by name Aaron Hart, the personal friend and *protégé* of Lieut. Governor Haldimand.

Here again, I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to the antiquarian lore of Mr. Sulte, for glimpses of the industrious, long-lived Israelite, born in 1727, and deceased in 1800. A successful trader was Mr. Hart, with the Indians, after they had buried the hatchet of war, which they had flourished with such fatal effect, in the days of good Governor Boucher, in 1663. A brisk trade awaited them, at Mr. Hart's stores : blank-

ets, beads, knives, ammunition, and alas ! innumerable casks and demi-Johns, of potent " fire-water," in the shape of West India rum, in exchange each spring, for the product of their winter chase.

Aaron Hart had, it must be acknowledged, a splendid chance of reaping a golden harvest, after the departure of the leading French for France, at the conquest; and his appointment by Generals Murray and Haldimand, to look after the forts of western Canada, helped his commercial ventures, though Brigadier General Montgomery, made free with his goods and supplies, indispensable, he said, to the welfare of his suffering soldiery bivouacked, round Quebec, in 1775, leaving Mr. Hart, in payment, the " Green Backs " of the period. Congress subsequently refused to honor them.

Mr. Hart, like many others, was a victim to the prevailing earth-hunger, so common in early colonial days ; he invested his spare cash, in seigniories, acquiring thus, the seigniories of Grondines, Bécancour, Vieux-Port, &c., laying the foundation of a large fortune, bequeathed to his four sons, Ezéchiél, Moses, Benjamin and Alexander ; the latter settled in Montreal ; Ezéchiél, later on, played an important part as member of Parliament. Three-Rivers was also the cherished home of the Honble Matthew Bell, for years, with Mr. David Munro, the wealthy lessee of the St. Maurice Forges ; Mr. Bell lived in great splendor among the Trifluvians, kept a pack of hounds ; from the Three-Rivers hounds, of 1829, sprang the Montreal kennel, so flourishing at present.

Three-Rivers borrows its name from the three channels or mouths of the Saint-Maurice, at its confluence with the Saint Lawrence, one mile east of the



town ; the Saint Maurice, was thus called after Maurice Poulin, a settler there, in 1649.

Let us bid adieu to Sulte's quaint, native city.

On sped, the *Hirondelle* under the veil of night, successively shooting past innumerable beacons, and headlands, each with a story of its own in Canadian annals ; an hour or two later, we sailed past *Cap à l'Arbre*—also known as *Cap à la Roche*, at the point where the St. Jean Deschaillons parish church was subsequently built, the scene of a memorable shipwreck. Here, on the 6th November, 1640, Gaspard Gouvault, apothecary, recently from Poitiers, and eight companions were drowned.

Next opened out pine-clad Cape Lauzon, of old charts now Deschambault, half way between Three-Rivers and Quebec. Tradition has handed down sad tales of the luckless New Englanders, hurrying home during the inauspicious winter of 1775-6, from their rash invasion of Canada, dropping down, exhausted as they trudged over the snowdrifts at Deschambault, victims of small pox or dysentery ; their stiffened remains thrust uncoffined in the holes dug in orchards, and in the whitened meadows on the wayside. The locality teems also with the warlike memories of 1759 and 1760, when Murray's army ascended to capture Montreal.

We are now opposite Deschambault Manor.

What an ever changing scene the river presents ? Now it is an ocean-steamer proudly breasting the current of the Richelieu rapids, and leaving behind her a vast trail of smoke and foam, while descending the rapids in a small fleet of lateen-rigged batteaux driving along like race-horses under the influence of fav-



oring wind and current, followed perhaps by a large raft of square timber covered with small sails and *cabanes*, before which burn bright wood-fires, and to our ears comes faintly the sound of a violin. The tide is almost out, and quaint weed-covered rocks rear their heads throughout the bay ; the river contracts ; yon distant island, a wee speck at high water, now joins the main land. The scene changes ; the tide rushes up, and head winds and the rapids, a heavy sea rises, and the water is covered with white caps. Dark clouds gather in the west and come swiftly forward, and the thunder, in angry voice, gives warning of a heavy shower and squalls. The water turns dark and threatening, and the small craft hasten to shorten sail, and make things snug. The storm breaks, and while I sit watching it, I see two large waterspouts form and go tearing across the river to break on the opposite bank. It is but a summer shower, and soon disappears down the river, the late afternoon sun breaking out again bathes the opposite shore in a flood of crimson light reflected from little foamy cascades that brake over the cliffs.

Pointe Platon House, Sir Henri Joly's happy home shows its roof and chimney tops above the trees. The spire at the Church at Cap Santé is fairly ablaze. The village, and beautiful Church of Deschambault, on the high point, are brilliantly outlined against the western sky, the whole forming a *coup d'œil* of surpassing beauty,

Deschambault, Cap Lauzon, as it is styled on old charts, contains a beautiful cape studded with trees. It lies on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles from Quebec. An agricultural district, it was not favored by the profuse expenditure of money, on behalf of Quebec merchants, like Portneuf by Mr.



The Laird of Ravensclyffe, in his sporting jacket.



McNider, in 1805, by W. B. Coltman, a leading St. Peter street merchant, in 1806. and subsequently by the late Hon. E. Hale.

The first seigneurs, Jacques Alex. Eleury, seigneur d'Eschambault and Joseph Fleury, seigneur de la Gorgendière, were important personages in New France, in their day, under English rule. Louis-Joseph d'Eschambault, who had retired to France, with his aunt, the Marquise de Vaudreuil, was named aide-de-camp. There is little, however, here or elsewhere, to remind one of their doings in feudal times, in Canada. Seigniorial dues having been commuted in 1854, by Act of Parliament, no noisy coops of crowing cocks and hens, *chapons vifs et en plumes*, are driven now by the peasantry to the seigniorial manor, at Michaelmas ;

A peasant can keep tame pigeons without fear of a fine ; he may even grind his corn where he likes, cook bread when, how and where he thinks proper. These memories of a dim, unregretted past are rapidly fading away.

Here and there we may collect from tradition, episodes of the great conflict in 1749, between France, and England, narratives of the passage of Arnold's ruthless invaders in 1775-6. One thing however, to regret, is the gradual disappearance of the old seigniorial manors ; one so loves the old manors. There are, however, some few exceptions to the rule. It is pleasant to record them, and commend the spirit of the proprietors in endeavoring to preserve the few links that yet connect the past with our own times.

The late possessor of the manor of Deschambault, Mr. Geo.-M. Fairchild, jr., has the spirit of the antiquarian, and an intense love for old traditions and customs ;



the manor so long as it remained in his hands reared its hoary head, undisturbed by the vandalism of modern architects.

One bright, early June morning, when all nature seemed alive with joyous revelry in the warm sunshine of young summer, I recollect visiting Portneuf.

The road from the station was down a tortuous hill along side the noisy, brawling, madly, tumbling, foam-covered Portneuf river, entering its final race ere emptying into the St. Lawrence. What a delicious green the fields had taken on, and how fresh the young verdure of the maple and birch beside the hemlock's deeper tint! Among the softly murmuring pines, and balsams of the higher hillside, I heard my little friend, the white-throated sparrow, uttering in clear tones : *Sweet ! Sweet ! Canada !! Sweet ! Sweet ! Canada !!* but with his accustomed shyness, keeping well out of sight.

After a glimpse of a mill through the trees, and a short distance further on, I come upon the old grist mill that in years gone by contributed many a sack of flour towards the supply of England, now alas ! doing very little more than grinding up oats for the neighbouring farmers. A dusty meal-covered miller stuck his head out of a window, and wishing us a *bonjour* ! returned to his work. A few moments more, and I came to the village of Portneuf cosily nestled under the hill on the bank of the St. Lawrence. A little wheezy market boat was tied to the wharf, and the entire population of the place had turned out to welcome *Josette* or speed *Baptiste*, or bargain and barter for all kinds and sorts of farm produce. I passed the pretty little church, and the presbytery where Abbé Piovencher wrote his work " *La Flore Canadienne.* "



Did Herr Peter Kalm botanize here in 1749 ? How I should have enjoyed botanizing through the neighboring fields, and woods, I thought ! The seigniory of Portneuf was created a barony in 1681. It belonged to Chevalier René Robineau. He is mentioned as being exceedingly prosperous, inasmuch as he thoroughly understood the needs of his people.

Canadian Barons' were privileged to erect scaffolds, gibbets, whipping posts, prisons, and other civilizing apparatus. Did the pompous old Baron have either, or did he consider himself safe inside of his massive walls with his fierce hounds ? Who can tell ?

Fabulous sums seem to have been spent in developing the timber trade in this locality. But let us hie on to a spot rich in ancient lore — once sacred to Baronial pride, and to those multifarious burthens and restrictions in the tenure of land, of which Hon. L.-T. Drummond, powerfully seconded by Sir Francis Hincks, relieved us in 1854, by act of Parliament. God be praised !

Here, on the banks of the river Portneuf, flourished two centuries and a half back a whole race of warlike, proud French *seigneurs* created Barons by Louis XIV ; here, lived Sieur Pierre Robineau, seigneur de Portneuf, as early as 1636, and his noted son, Baron René Robineau, the father of a patriarchal family of children, nine in number, apparently as full of mischief as the boys of our own time. History tells of the wicked tricks they played on their father's *censitaires* by frightening them out of their senses, with the pack of ferocious hounds kept at the Manor, ostensibly to protect its inmates from Iroquois' treachery. The peaceful settlers of Portneuf dare not pass the Manor, and not without

reason. The Seignorial hounds, on one occasion, nearly ate up an unfortunate old squaw. (*Histoire du Cap Santé*, page 34) Martial tastes ever distinguished the race. Seigneur Pierre Ribineau in his youth served in France, as an ensign in the great Turenne's regiment. The future Baron returned from France in 1644, after holding a commission in a French regiment of dragoons. His father was a member of the Company of One Hundred Partners, founded by Richelieu in 1627, to whom the French King had ceded Canada. Attracted by the richly wooded country, and by the eel, sturgeon and salmon fisheries on the Portneuf, he settled there and made clearings.

The title to the land was signed in 1647 only, and not in his favor, but in favor of Sieur de la Potherie, whose daughter he married on the 7th July, 1671 ; the land was ceded by deed, on behalf of the great monarch of France to René Robineau, the son of Pierre. In 1681, as a reward for meritorious services rendered by father and son, the seigniory of Portneuf was erected as a Barony ; René Robineau became by Royal letters patent, Baron de Portneuf.

The Barony, however, was not without its internal trials, social as well as foreign : of course, the main enemy continued to be the ubiquitous Iroquois. Discord and civil strife soon crept in, under guises which would not be considered insuperable to-day. The annals of the adjoining parish of Cap Santé, recently collected in book form by one of its venerable pastors, Rév. Mr. Gatien, under the supervision of a fellow of the Royal Canadian Society, Abbé Casgrain, disclose among others, an incident which at the time shook the settlement to its base. "In 1709, an inhabitant of Portneuf, publicly taxed one Perrot, who lived at Deschambault,

with being a “bald head,” *un pelé*. The chronicler adds that such really was the case ; ” like Chicot, mentioned by the historian Faillon, who survived the loss of his scalp, Perrot being pretty tough had survived also the loss of his wig, love locks to boot ; the scalping having been done by those exquisite operators, the Iroquois, with remarkable nicety, one would imagine.

By some curious process of reasoning, the charge was considered by the Deschambault folks, a dire insult to the whole settlement, one which blood alone could wipe off.

Preparations were made for the fray ; the fight to come off on the feast of Pentecoste. Soon the news of the impending struggle reached the ears of the Intendant and Minister of Justice, at Quebec ; Jacques Raudot, was not an official to be trifled with. He forthwith put forth an *ordonnance* which was to be read at the church door, inflicting imprisonment, and a fine of six livres against any one mixing himself up with the fray. The *capitaine de la côte* was also instructed to forward to Quebec—in chains possibly—the culprits. War was thus averted, and peace at last restored between the belligerents. Intendant Raudot appears to have had other troubles of less magnitude, which, with a few *ordonnances*, he succeeded in quelling, such as the order of presenting the *pain béni* (holy bread) on Sundays, &c., &c.

To revert to the Portneuf feudal magnates. Several sons and grandsons of Baron Portneuf took up military service in the colony. A worthy descendant, the Rev. René Robineau, parish priest of St. Joachim, fell during the siege of 1759, on the 23rd August, whilst bravely leading on his parishioners against the invaders of the soil. Another perished in 1761, on the coast of New-

foundland, in the melancholy shipwreck of the ill-fated "Auguste," whilst returning to France. The seigniory of Portneuf, after changing hands several times, was acquired by the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec, in 1744. These ladies held it many years. Later on, it was purchased by the late George Burns Symes, of Quebec. At his death this fine property reverted to his daughter Clara, at present the Duchesse de Bassano, in Paris.

We next headed the *Hirondelle* for Pointe-aux-Trembles ; at early dawn the whistle of the little market steamer *Etoile* caught our ear. This parish, one of the oldest on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, is fringed with low, fertile meadows, with a background of lofty heights, studded with orchards and graceful elms. During the great siege several encounters took place here between the English and French forces. Wolfe, Murray, Levis, Dumas, Abbergotti were once familiar names to the peasantry of *Pointe-aux-Trembles* ; some of these names were more dreaded than loved however.

A party of 1,200 of Fraser's Highlanders, and Grenadiers, says Panet, were dispatched to *Pointe-aux-Trembles*, commanded by General Wolfe in person under the French. Panet is wrong : it was Major Carleton, under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo;\* on the 21st of July, 1759, three men and a bevy of Quebec French ladies, were captured. They had sought a refuge there during the bombardment. The English were fired on by about 40 Indians ; but succeeded about half-past three in the morning, having surrounded the houses round the church, in capturing about thirteen ladies. The fair captives were Mesdames.

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\* Major R. Stobo, who had been for three years a prisoner of war in Quebec, was well acquainted with its environs.



Duchesnay, de l'Epinay, DeCharny, with her mother, and her sister and Mdlle Couillard. The Joly, Malhiot and Magnan families formed part of them. They were treated with every kind of respect. The detachment was under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo, who, it seems, made several pretty speeches to the ladies—“*qui a fait bien des compliments.*”

“What was worse,” remarks Panet, “was that whilst the British soldiery did them no harm, the Indians (allies of the French) pillaged the houses and property of nearly all these unfortunate refugees.—(Panet’s “*Journal du Siège* p. 13)—“Each captive for the day bore the name of her captor.”

It sounds odd that it should have seemed necessary to detail 1,200 Highlanders and British Grenadiers, etc., to capture thirteen French ladies !

One likes to recall this romantic incident in the career of Miss Lowther’s † admirer, James Wolfe—the chivalrous gallantry of the young soldier towards beauty in distress. Next day the fair Quebecers were brought home in boats, and landed at *Ance des Mères*, at 3 p. m., orders having been sent by the General to the English fleet to stop firing on the city until 9 p. m., so as to afford the captives time, after their release, to retire to a place of safety.

Who was on that 21st of July, 1759, Madame Wolfe, Madame Stobo, Madame Frazer ? What a lark for the sons of Mars to write about in their next home letters ?

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† She, later on, married the Duke of Bolton.

When Carleton, afterward Lord Dorchester had his levées at the Chateau, the presence of some of these fair guests must have amused him.



At *Pointe-aux-Trembles* occurred during the spring of 1760, the engagement between the French frigates with an overwhelming force of the British fleet ; brave Captain de Vauclain, of the *Atalante*, winning by his spirited, though unsuccessful defence, the respect of worthy foes.

At *Pointe-aux-Trembles*, took place, on 22nd Nov. 1775, the junction of Col. Benedict Arnold's hardy followers down the valleys of the Kennebec and the Chaudière with Brigadier Gen. Richard Montgomery's Continentals on the war path to storm Quebec. A proclamation of Arnold's recently discovered reads thus :

HEAD QUARTERS POINT-AUX-TREMBLES

November 28, 1775.

Gentlemen

You are hereby requested to prevent any kind of Provisions or Fuel going from Point Levi to Quebec, or any assistance being given to the Garrison, as they are endeavouring to Subvert the rights and Liberties of Mankind and this Colony in particular—

BENED'T ARNOLD,  
Commander in Chief  
of the Continental Army  
at Point aux Trembles

To the worthy  
Inhabitants of  
Point Levi

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To Joseph Lamond (\*)  
Parish of St Thomas

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\* This Joseph Lamonde was in the Commissary service of the Continental Army, and was entrusted by Gen. Arnold with this

The next headland is the bluff at the mouth of the roaring Jacques Cartier stream, where frowned the grim old fort of that name. There, bivouacked, on the 14th of September, 1759, the routed French legions. The ditches round the vanished fortress are still visible.

Not very far, lower down, is a lurking boulder, visible at half tide, known to this day, as *La Roche à Jacques-Cartier*. A vague, unreliable tradition, goes on to say that Jacques Cartier was wrecked on this treacherous, hidden rock.

So soon as "rosy-fingered Aurora had ope'd the portals of the east," I was up and pacing the deck, when the Laird of Ravensclyffe accosted me, and, pointing to the faint outline of the *Calvaire* close by, dating from 1698, he asked me if I could notice on the beach any remains of the first church at St. Augustin.

—"Did you," he added, "ever hear the history of the black horse who carted the greater portion of the stone for the foundation wall of the first church, or chapel of St. Augustin? This was, as you may be aware, a wooden structure, built at *L'Ance à Maheut* about ten acres from the main road, in 1690, on the beach. The second church, some distance from the first, dates back to 1720; the present one, is a comparatively recent structure."

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document addressed to the people of Point Levi. It was found in a good state of preservation by Messrs. J. B. Varin, and Adolphe Beauvais, Notaries, in making the inventory of the grandson of Lemonde some years ago at Laprairie, and was lately given to Mr. L. N. Dumouchel, N. P., who purposes to have it framed. Mr. Dumouchel is an active member of "*La Société Historique de Montréal*." (*Montreal Post*, 18th April, 1892.)

On my replying in the negative, he lit his cheroot, and held out as follows :

“ Two centuries ago where you now see round here water a fathom and more deep at high tide, was dry land. The population formed a mission—the mission of *La Côte Saint Ange*. A notable portion of the settlers in primitive Canada were originally from Normandy. Normans are famous for their love of lawsuits. There must have been several located here, judging from their cantankerous disposition when the site and size of the future chapel was mooted. One faction wanted the place of worship to be just large enough for the settlement at *L’Ance à Maheut*, without a steeple. The opposition, a progressive body with an eye to the future, insisted on a larger building with a lofty steeple, and a cross surmounted by a cock—the Gallic cock of course.

“ After several noisy conclaves of the *notables*, the steeple was carried, but the cross and cock were dropped, on the score of needless expenditure. It was remarked that the loudest in denouncing the emblem of Christianity, as unnecessary expense, was a colonist recently arrived from Paris, a swarthy fellow,—whose, visage was covered with a heavy, bluish beard—wearing a black velvet *justaucorps*. However, he spoke loud and fluently; was evidently a man of some means, as he had ridden to the meeting on horseback, but had refused to dismount, alleging that his steed, a coal black, fiery Norman roadster, would not stand unattended, and that he alone could master him.

“ The animal, it was remarked, was very restless and wore a species of spiked, double bridle, which the rider jocosely remarked had not been removed for a year and a day. The mysterious stranger spoke so fair, and seemed to enter so readily in the all absorbing

project of church building, that it required but few arguments on his part to have his offer accepted, when he tendered for the cartage of all the stone required for the foundation walls.

“ The agreement, a very concise one, was jotted down on a sheet of birch bark by the scribe of the settlement, who counted on being chosen beadle of the future parish. He was a jolly, fat fellow, and boasted of having already found an appropriate name for the fiery, black horse, whom he christened, on account of his sleek, shiny, satin-like coat, “ *Satan*,” playing on the words. The *Seigneur* and father of the settlement, on being asked to become a party to the contract, and to affix his signature thereto, drew forth from its scabbard a short sword such as the French king’s retainers usually wore ; not, however, with any evil intent, but to use the point, in making his mark, a cross (X), on the bark. This made *Satan’s* owner wince ; the feudal magnate heeded him not, telling the scribe to add the usual closing formula—“ *Et le dit sieur en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer.*”

“ The very next day at sunrise (the nine-hour day’s time was not yet in fashion), *Satan*, suitably harnessed to a rude *charette*, made his appearance, led by his master.

“ What a worry for the poor beast, every one exclaimed, that heavy, spiked, double bridle must be when he is to be fed, or watered ? Why, one would imagine it was never intended to be removed ? There was evidently something strange, sinister, verging on the mysterious about the whole turnout ? How *Satan* did paw the earth, show his long, white teeth, put down close to his head his short, delicately shaped



ears, as if in a chronic state of rage, when strangers approached him !

It became an established fact that the bridle was to remain as tight as possible on the animal, even when he was brought at noon to drink from a neighbouring spring; else, there would be trouble. A late incident left no doubt on this point. On a recent occasion, when the farmers around had assembled, on their way home, at noon, to repeat the *Angelus*, close to the spot where the *Calvaire* was erected in 1698, and to water the horses, *Satan*, being led, like the rest, to the refreshing draught, a peasant said to his master : “ Why don’t you remove his bridle and give him a chance to drink comfortably ? ”

To which the mysterious stranger replied with an emphatic ; “ No ” ; the peasant, still pressing him, was met with a dreadful oath, uttered by *Satan*’s master “ *Tors mon âme au bout d’un piquet !* ” † However, as this last feat rested merely on the *ipse dixit* of a superstitious old crone; *Satan* and his owner were allowed to proceed, unmolested, with the contract, though the future beadle on noticing the huge boulders carted by *Satan*, without any apparent effort, had openly stated to the *Seigneur*—crossing himself—“ *C’est le Diable !* ” “ ’Tis the Devil ! ”

The beadle’s daughter, a rosy-cheeked, romping lass, had secretly told her mother a curious love story about the strange contractor, adding, though she liked him : “ *Ça paraît être un beau monsieur, mais j’en ai peur.* ” Bravely, however, was the work going on for a full week;

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† A picturesque expletive in frequent use by old *voyageurs des pays d’en haut*. It might be rendered in English : “ Crush my soul on the end of a fence rail ! ”



so rapidly, in fact, that the contractor drew in advance a large portion of the price agreed on: On the following Saturday, just when all except himself, were preparing to kneel to repeat the *Angelus*, the future beadle, out of pure *cussedness* ? though some said it was through curiosity—while *Satan's* master, who had just pocketed a whole week's instalment in advance, was, gaily paying a gallant compliment to the beadle's blooming daughter—led *Satan* to the well, tugged and pulled at the double bridle until he succeeded in slipping it off, when lo ! and behold ! *Satan* disappeared in a cloud of blue flame and sulphurous smoke.....Endless were the lawsuits and discord which followed ; of course, all caused by the interference of the devil in church matters."

—" Well, said J. O.—this is a capital story. It is indeed risky to unbridle a spirited horse when brought out to make him drink ; it seems then a fact that *Diabolus* has occasionally interfered in church matters in Canada as well as elsewhere ! "

" I think, I can match it with an old, very old Canadian legend to which students of our folk-lore are welcome.

It exhibits the arch-fiend merging from an apparently lucrative project merely as second best ; in fact, outwitted.

" At the dawn of the colony, years before Mr. Mercier spoke of iron Municipal bridges, the crossings in use over brooks were of a very rude, primitive nature.

A spring freshet had carried away a small stone bridge leading to the shrine of a venerable Monastery at.....

A contractor from abroad, eminently qualified, at least as such he was vouched for, came forth and had little trouble in closing for the materials requisite to reconstruct a public work earnestly sought and prayed for by the numerous pilgrims attracted to the shrine. The remuneration instead of being set forth in *livres*, was of a very unusual character ; the odd,—some said, daft and mysterious contractor declined lucre altogether, merely stipulating that the first “ creature ” crossing the bridge on completion was to belong to him. Here lies the mystery. Did he in his evil mind, contemplate the owning, and subsequent ransom of some wealthy pilgrim ? Did his audacity even compass the capture and ransom of the Lady Superior on her way to convey offerings to the sacred shrine ? Who will ever dare, decide ? the contract was signed and sealed.

A crafty notary educated in France, but who had missed his vocation among the Trappists for having laughed immoderately during his time of probation, on being ordered to fetch water from a distant brook to the monastery in a basket full of holes : he was the man of business, the Factotum of the Monastery. At a glance, he saw how loosely the agreement was worded and, without hesitation, subscribed to its ambiguous terms.

Just as the last stone was placed on the structure, the strange contractor stepped forward, claiming payment.

“ Wait, friend, until *Matines* are over, urged the artful limb of the law, “ the Lady Superior will be here with the almoner, to consecrate the new bridge ; then we will settle.—“ No. roared the arch-fiend with a hideous oath—“ No consecration ” will take place over

my work, with my consent ; I demand instanter the execution of the agreement, else I will claim as mine the bridge itself. *Je lui jeterai un sort !* I will bewitch it: he ominously added." The official forthwith hurried to the parloir of the Convent, and sent word to the Lady Superior that he wanted for a few minutes the loan of her favorite, a huge, black cat.

Various were the accounts of the origin of the feline. Some averred it had come over from France with Madame de la Peltrie : others said it once had belonged to Madlle Mance and had been bequeathed by her to Monsieur de Puiseaux, and by him given to the Monastery, when she left for Montreal. Master Thomas, sleek, purring and decked with a pink ribbon round his neck, had to be brusquely awoke from his nap, and removed from his soft cushion, in the Lady Superior's room ; he was then conveyed, unsuspecting, at once to the new bridge.

The Notary Public then let him loose, yelling to the contractor "*Attrape !* (Catch him !)" Thomas scared, at such strange behaviour, made a dash for the other end of the bridge, like lightning ; never since has he been seen by mortal eye ! ! !

The contractor dazed, uttered a hoarse, unearthly howl ! saying : " I have indeed been outwitted ; had I added to my contract, the word "human," I might have claimed a human creature ! "

That bridge was never a success : it got to be hated by pilgrims, and had ultimately to be rebuilt. On a murky, November night, on All Souls Day, the sexton of the Monastery declared he had seen on the main arch, glaring at him with fiery eyeballs, a huge black cat : the bridge was haunted ! "

Let us resume the thread of our narrative.

From the deck of the yacht, we could discern, canopied by the green woods, on the lofty river bank at St. Augustin, the long, mossy, white house, where the historian of Canada, Frs.-X. Garneau, was born on the 13th June, 1809. \*

I recollect my dear friend the historian relating to me how Louis Garneau, his aged sire, had told him the thrilling tale of the encounter which, as a boy, in 1760, he had witnessed from the verandah of this old tenement, between the *Atalante*, commanded by brave Captain de Vauclain (so ungratefully requited on his return to France for his life-long devotion to the interest of the French king) with several English men-of-war.

A short distance lower down we shot past the lugubrious ledge, visible at low tide, where, on the 22nd June, 1857, at about 5. p. m., the ill-fated old steamer *Montreal*, on her daily trip from Quebec, loaded with emigrants, in flames from bow to stern, was beached as a last resort. Two hundred of her despairing passengers, with some well-remembered Quebecers, attempting to swim from the burning craft, were that day consigned to a watery grave, within hail of the

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\* “ Mon vieil aïeul, courbé par l'âge, assis sur la galerie de sa longue maison blanche, perchée au sommet de la butte qui domine la vieille église de Saint-Augustin, nous montrait, de sa main tremblante, le théâtre du combat naval de l'*Atalante* avec plusieurs vaisseaux anglais, combat dont il avait été témoin dans son enfance. Il aimait à raconter comment plusieurs de ses oncles avaient péri dans des luttes héroïques de cette époque, et à nous rappeler le nom des lieux où s'étaient livrés une partie de ces glorieux combats restés dans ses souvenirs.”—*Biographie de F.-X. Garneau*, par l'abbé H.-R. Casgrain.



shore, — one of the most heartrending, among the many marine disasters, which darken our annals.

On we sped, in the cool of the early morn, whilst the orb of day poured forth its purple light over one of the most enchanting river views on the continent, localities for ever enshrined in early Canadian story—Cap Rouge and its lofty bluff where Jacques Cartier, and Roberval wintered more than three and a half centuries ago.—the green banks of Sillery Cove, where, in 1637, existed the Jesuit mission-house, amidst the Algonquin and Montagnais wigwams.—Convent Cove, where for three and a half years, piously ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of their neophytes, the *Hospitalières* (Hôtel-Dieu) nuns, until incessant Iroquois raids forced them back to Quebec on the 29th May, 1644.

On we sped, past the little monument erected by the inhabitants of Sillery, and consecrated on 26th June 1870, to the memory of Commander Noël Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta, the munificent founder of the settlement,—sacred also to the memory of Father Ennemond Massé, the First missionary of Canada, peaceably resting since the 12th May, 1646, under the chancel of his modest chapel of St. Michael, whose walls are now razed level with the shore, but whose foundations are still perceptible under the sod a few yards south of the monument. In rear on the opposite side of the road, still stands with its massive walls, three feet thick, transformed into a dwelling, the Jesuits' former residence, known to the inhabitants as "The Mansion"—the oldest house in Canada, dating back to 1637.



As the yacht sailed past, we caught a glimpse, among the trees mantling the Sillery heights, of Clermont, erected there, in 1850, by the late Hon. R. E. Caron, one of our most respected administrators, now the ornate home of Lt. Col. Ferdinand Turnbull, late Inspector of our Dominion Cavalry. It adjoins Beauvoir manor, with its extensive conservatories and vineries, the seat of the Honble R. R. Dobell—M. P. for Quebec.

We had sailed past, without catching a glimpse—on account of the intervening green groves and luxuriant plantations, of those beautiful country-seats, which like a chaplet of flowers, adorn the brow of the Sillery Heights ; Cape Rouge cottage, Ravensclyffe Dornald, Ravenswood. The Highlands, Meadow Bank, Cataracowy, Benmore, Bardfield, Kirkella, Montague Cottage, Roslin Thorshill.

Soon loomed out lofty *Pointe-à-Pizeau*, once a famous trysting place for the Red Man. Since 1854, the handsome St. Columba church, like a diadem, crowns the historic point.

Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, stood, in 1641, Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux's sumptuous abode, where the founder of Montreal, Chomedey de Maisonneuve, Mdlle Mance, with the soldiers and farmers, colonists for Montreal, found a hospitable roof to shelter them, during the winter of 1642.†

We were rapidly drawing near the indentation in the shore, at the foot of Marchmont Hill—now named after the conquering hero of the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe's Cove, where the British Grenadiers and Scotch

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† "Une maison regardée dans le temps comme le bijou du Canada", the gem of Canada.

Highlanders were silently mustering for an assault, at dawn on the 13th September, 1759.

A few moments later and the yacht, having edged inside of the Fly Bank, was creeping leisurely along the decayed wharves, and half submerged piers, close to the precipice where luckless Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery's conquering career was arrested for ever.

"HERE FELL MONTGOMERY" was inscribed in white letters on a black board, attached to the rock, sufficiently high above to be read from the deck of river craft. Five minutes more and our trusty *Hirondelle*, taking a sheer was rounding—within full view of Orleans' verdant isle, four miles distant—to her berth at the Custom House wharf.

I stood on the quarter deck, trying to treasure in as many as possible of the glorified memories, and quaint traditions of the past associated with the noble expanse of water just travelled over. From the haunted halls of memory rushed out in full panoply of success, of war, occasionally of victory, the illustrious dead : Jacques-Cartier, Champlain, de Tracy, de Frontenac, Phipps, de la Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Cook, Bougainville, Arnold, Montgomery, and on stepping again on our historic soil, turning to our genial *compagnon de voyage*, the Laird of Ravensclyffe, I remarked :

"*Sta viator, heroëm calcas.*"

Chap. III

“ SONGS OF OLD CANADA ”

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“ Colligite fragmenta ne pereant.”

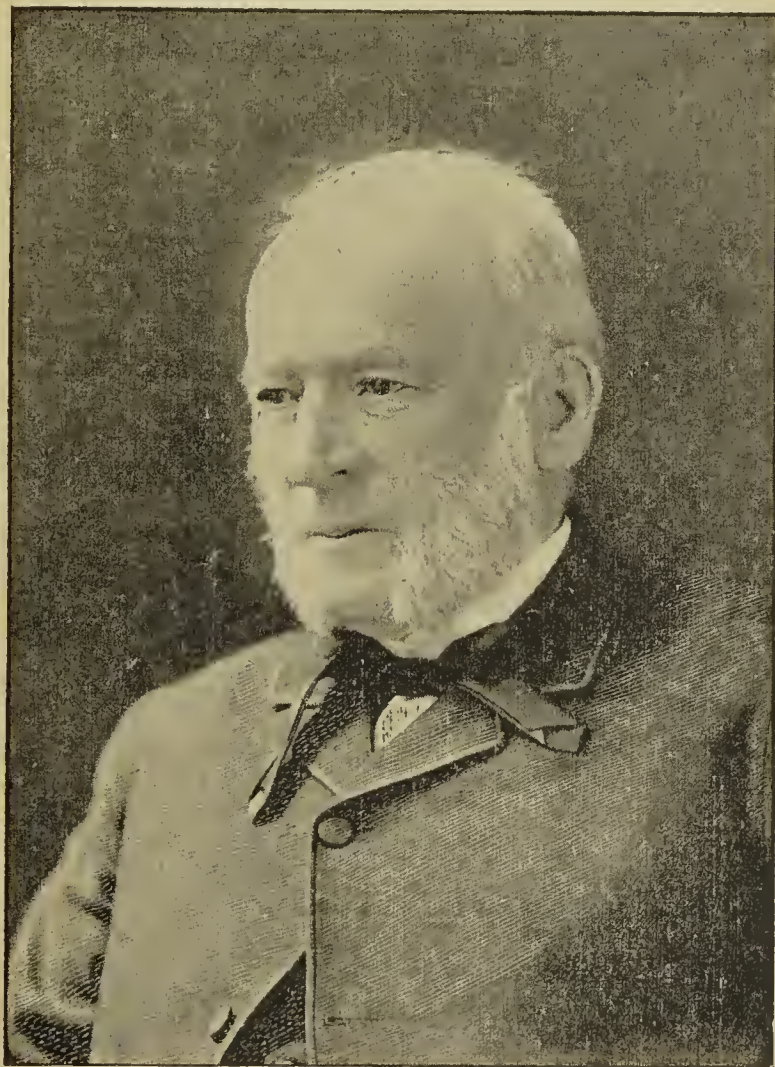
“ *Vive la Canadienne*  
*Et ses jolis yeux doux ?* ”

Port of Quebec, 189—.

“ Friends, fellow-country men,” majestically spoke out the Commodore, “ Three cheers as we cast off the hawser !” *Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! !* Don’t expect me to apologize to you, for having made some important additions to our mess roll. Two distinguished representatives of the feminine gender, have volunteered to risk their precious lives on board the *Hirondelle*, as far as Berthier, where a pleasant event is in store for them ; thank heaven, this will not be a mere bachelors outing : t’will be something better !

“ A tuneful son of Phœbus-Apollo, by name Florio, the sweet singer of Evangeline’s woes, is one of us ; you all know him without the formality of a presentation.

“ Allow me to introduce you to my much respected lady-friend, whom I will christen Donna Sol, on account of her deep admiration for Victor Hugo’s heroine, of that name, in *Hernani*, and now make your best bow to this blooming shepherdess, fresh from the land of her fathers, *La Normandie* ! We will, with her permission, know her, under her *nom de guerre*, as Mdlle Clementine—a pretty name you will have the gallantry to admit. Henceforth her beloved native soil will know her no more ; she will be one of us, faithful and true. *Vive la Canadienne !* ” This rousing appeal brought to his feet Florio, who at that moment, seemed as if



JONATHAN OLDBUCK





rapped in silent contemplation, with his face turned towards a sinister rent, observable over head, in Cape Diamond, nearly opposite to the Queen's Wharf, as if the demon of elegiac poesy was seizing hold of him, called forth by the melancholy catastrophe, which at this spot had recently overtaken forty-three of the guileless residents of Champlain street ; crushing them to pulp, under the crumbling masses of the disintegrated cape.

The bard of Acadian mishaps, forgetful of his impending elegy, responded to the Commodore by merily repeating a stanza from the sweet, familiar Canadian ballad :

*“ Par derrière chez mon père  
Il y a un pommier doux*

Donna Sol retorted,

*Gai le rosier  
Du joli mois de mai,”*

and the Commodore struck in with Wm. McLennan capital English version :

*“ Behind my aunt's there groweth  
A wood all greenery,  
The nightingale's song filleth  
Its glades with melody.*

*Gai lon la, gai le rosier  
Du joli mois de Mai.*

*The nightingale's song filleth  
Its glades with melody ;  
He sings for maids whose beauty  
No lover holds in fee.*

*He sings for maids whose beauty  
No lover holds in fee ;  
For me he singeth never,  
For my true-love loves me.*

For me he singeth never  
For my true-love loves me ;  
He joins no more the dancers,  
Alas ! he is far from me.

He joins no more the dancers  
Alas ! he is far from me ;  
A prisoner ta'en while fighting  
In distant Germanie.

A prisoner ta'ken while fighting  
In distant Germanie ;  
“ What wilt thou give, sweet maiden,  
An' I bring him back to thee ? ”

What wilt thou give, sweet maiden  
An' I, bring him back to thee ?  
I'll give thee all Versailles,  
Paris, and St. Denis.

I'll give thee all Versailles,  
Paris and St. Denis,  
And the crystal fount that floweth  
In my garden clear and free. ”

*Gai lon la, gai le rosier  
Du joli mois de mai.*

“ Allow me, Mr. Oldbuck,” put in the Laird of Ravensclyffe, before bidding adieu to this very interesting subject, to call your attention to a paper contributed to the press, on the NATIONAL BALLADS OF CANADA, in which the writer, who signs, “*Reveille*” alludes to the poems of Mistral.

It would appear that in these poems will be found under the title of the Song of Magali—a very popular Canadian ballad ; this same song of Magali, *Reveille* observes, has been current in Canada for more than two centuries. The introduction, as is often the case

is altered, but the body of the ballad remains unaltered “Magali sought to avoid love by a thousand disguises, who becomes vine in the vineyard, bird that flies, ray that beams, but, nevertheless, fell in love himself and sought Mireille.” Here is *Reveille's* translation of Cadieux's lament.

Thou little Rock of the High hill, Attend ;  
Hither I come this last campaign to end !  
Ye echoes soft, give ear unto my sigh  
In languishing I speedily shall die.

Dear little birds, your dulcet harmony  
What time you sing, makes life dear with me  
Ah ! had I wings, that I might fly like you,  
Ere two days sped I should be happy too.

Lone in these woods I've known cares without end,  
Pondering for aye the fate of each dear friend ;  
I ask myself : Alas ! and are they drowned ?  
Or by the Iroquois so ruthless found ?

Once, as I wander, to my great surprise,  
On my return I see a smoke arise,  
Great God, I cry, what was it that I saw ?  
My hut is taken by the Iroquois.

Then, for a while I crouched without the shade.  
That I might see if t'were an ambuscade  
A joy too great filled up my heart to see  
The faces of three men, of Frenchmen three

Then my voice chokes, my knees give way and lo !  
I fail, Alas ! and they prepare to go !  
I am alone. And none console me may  
Although death comes in such a cruel way !

A howling wolf crept to my cabin nigher  
To see if smoke still rose up from my fire  
To him I said : Go, Coward brute, and fierce,  
Or, by my faith, thy gray coat I will pierce.

A Sable Crow, that flew in search of food  
Perched on a tree in my near neighborhood  
To him I said ; “ Gorged of human flesh,  
Go elsewhere, seek a meal not quite so fresh

Go deeper in the wood, hard by yon swamp  
There, in the Iroquois’ abandoned camp  
Thou will find all the flesh thou covetest  
Go farther on and leave me to my rest.

Oh nightingale, go tell my mistress true,  
My little ones I leave them my adieu,  
That I have kept my love and honor free  
And they hence forth must hope no more of me.

Here, then, it is the world abandons me—  
But I have help, Saviour of man, in thee  
Most holy Virgin do not from me fly !  
Within your arms, Oh suffer me to die.

Nothing more plaintive or touching can be imagined than the  
tistant echo of the last verse as it floats down the stream.

Très-Sainte Vierge, Ah ! m’abandonnez pas,  
Permettez-moi d’mourir entre vos bras !

—and the canoe and its crew vanish upon the shining river.

REVEILLE.

“ Commodore, let us have now a rousing modern  
French song, and let me tell you Nicholas Mathurin is  
the man to sing it.”

The waif of the sea, thus appealed to, drawing  
respectfully towards us, responded :

Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche ;  
Chevauchaient le long du sentier ;  
L’un portait la sardine blanche,  
L’autre, le jaune baudrier.  
Le premier dit d’un ton sonore,  
Le temps est beau pour la saison.

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*

Ah ! c'est un métier difficile,  
Garantir la propriété,  
Protéger les champs, et la ville  
Du vol et de l'iniquité,  
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore  
Repose seule à la maison.

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*

La gloire, c'est une couronne  
Fait de rose et de laurier ;  
J'ai servi Venus et Bellone,  
Je suis époux et brigadier ;  
Mais je poursuis ce météore  
Qui vers Chalcos, guida Jason.

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*

Je me souviens de ma jeunesse,  
Le temps passé ne revient pas,  
J'avais une folle maîtresse  
Plein de mérites et d'appas.  
Mais le cœur, pourquoi, je l'ignore  
Aime à changer la garnison.

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*

Phebus au bout de sa carrière  
Put encore les apercevoir  
Le brigadier de sa voix fière  
Réveillait les échos du soir.  
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore  
Ces verts coteaux à l'horizon.

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*



Puis, ils cheminèrent en silence  
On n'entendit plus que le pas  
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,  
Le brigadier ne partit pas ;  
Mais quant parût la pâle aurore,  
On entendit un vague son ;

*Brigadier, répondit Pandore,*  
*Brigadier, vous avez raison.*

With respect to this song, Mr. McLennan remarks :  
“ This, of course, is not a Canadian song at all, and has no claims to antiquity, but any collection would be sadly imperfect, if our friend Pandore, with his reassuring response were omitted.

“ It is extremely difficult to render the current of burlesque sentiment which runs through the original, so fine indeed, that it is almost unavoidably overlooked by those who know the song familiarly ; the magnificent swing of the music is probably the cause of its being so frequently rendered *au sérieux*.”

“ Ernest Gagnon’s *Chansons Populaires du Canada*,” is the store-house to which resort is generally had in any account of these floating lays. The number of these, he says, is incalculable—from the little nonsense-verses sung to the child in his cradle, up to the numberless songs which ring about the parish ; “and when in the evening, after a hot summer’s day, he comes back to rest from his toil, balanced by the movement of high-framed cart, and couched on a soft, sweet-smelling load of hay, he will be heard crooning in a tone monotonous, but sweet, some of these dear syllables and names which recall the *ancienne mère-patrie* ; or, on the rafts and in the canoe, he will sing *La Belle Françoise*, or the *complainte* of a hapless *voyageur* engulfed in the rapids ; or yet again, the beautiful

Kyrie which those chant at church who are dear to him, and who have remained in the natal parish on the ancestral acres." A goodly number of these songs are still sung, in more or less similar forms, throughout the provinces of France ; but no small number are embalmed in Canada alone, and lost in, though not to, the *mère patrie*.

"The most universal is *A la Claire Fontaine*. "From the little child of seven years up to the man of silver hair, all the people in Canada know and sing the *Claire Fontaine*, one is not French-Canadian without that." In Normandy they sing a similar *chanson*, but the air, which here is monotonous, but attractive, is different there. One of the translations . . . renders the lay into English. The original commences thus :

A la Claire Fontaine  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je me suis baigné.

"This *chanson* is typical in its airy mixture of rambling and poetry. The first stanza, it will be seen, is practically meaningless ; but there comes that beautiful little chorus, far more lovely in the quiet way in which the air tempts you to hum :

" Il y a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai,  
Ma mi-e !  
"Y a longtemps que je t'aime !  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai. "

Sweet is the little address to the nightingale :

" Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui a le cœur gai,  
Tu as le cœur à rire  
Moi, je l'ai à pleurer.

Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai. ”

“ *C'est la Belle Française* ” is one more careless, and therefore still more defiant of deliberate rational sequence :

“ C'est la belle Française, bon gai,

C'est la belle Française,  
Qui veut s'y marier, ma luron, lurette,  
Qui veut s'y marier, ma luron, luré.  
Son amant va la voire, &c.,  
Bien tard après souper, &c.

Il la trouva seulette,  
Sur son lit qui pleurait.

Ah ! qu'à vous la belle,  
Qu'à vous à tant pleurer ?

On m'a dit, hier au soir  
Qu'à la guerre vous alliez.”

The lover goes on to comfort her with a promise to marry her on his return from the war, “ Si j'y suis respecté,” ending of course with the flippant “ Ma luron, lurette ; ma luron, luré ! ”

One of the best known is *En Roulant*, translated by William McLennan.

“ Several belong particularly to the raftsmen and lumberers of the Saint Lawrence, and Ottawa rivers. Such is :

V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent,  
V'la l' bon vent, ma mie m'appelle ;  
V'la l' bon v'la l' joli vent,  
V'la l' bon vent, ma mie m'attend.”

“ Which, as sung on a huge raft, with shanties on it, descending of these beoad open rivers, by the rough and jolly crew, has a genuine inspiration of free life about it. Of a wild character, too, is *Alouette*, whose very beautiful air has made it a college song. The words are nonsense. “ *Alouette* ” means a snipe in Canada, though a lark in France, and the burden goes :

“ *Alouette, gentille alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.* ”

“ The gaiety of France marks almost all of them, and most have some sudden touch of quaint humor :—

“ *Mamie, embrassez moi.  
Nenni, monsieur, je n’oserais  
Car si mon papa le savait.* ”

“ But who will tell her papa ? “ The birds of the woods ” ;—

“ *Les oiseaux parlent-ils ?  
Ils parlent français, latin aussi.  
Hélas, que le monde est malin  
D’apprendre aux oiseaux le latin.* ”

“ Others have the weird mediæval charm, which is perhaps best instanced in *Marianson*, *Dame Jolie*, and the sorcery-lay *Entre Paris et St Denis*.

“ Malbrough figures in a variety of forms as *Malbrouck*, so widely sung also in France. It is said that during the last North-West Rebellion, when one of the French-Canadian regiments, having endured much, long, and difficult marching, was overhead to say “ When shall we return home ? ” The commander Colonel T. B. Strange, instantly replied by quoting :

“ *Malbrouck s’en va en guerre  
Mais quand reviendra-t-il ?* ”

and the whole regiment taking up the well known refrain, pushed forward cheerfully with refreshed spirits.

Ballad-making still continues, but without quite the same interesting incentives as formerly, and therefore without the whole of the same charm. That charm has passed for the present into the poetry of the modern men of culture of French Canada."

—"By the piper that played before Moses" exclaimed Mac of the Isles, "never before was there such a broadside of airy metrical musings from the quarter-deck of the *Hirondelle* ! to my mind such an unusual occurrence presages wind, perhaps a storm ! "

Madlle Clementine expressed her admiration for this wealth of native minstrelsy, readily acknowledging the indebtedness of her own dear Normandy, to cold, distant Canada, for thus preserving, in their pristine freshness, so many quaint ballads, such simple but charming old songs, several as good as forgotten or unrecognizable, mutilated by time and periodical revolutions, in the land of their birth, on the sunny banks of the Loire or the Seine.

Donna Sol, in her blithest strains, commenced to warble "*Vive la Canadienne* " !

A few minutes later, the sprightly commander of the *Hirondelle* was gallantly escorting over the gangway his merry lady-passengers to the Berthier pier, opposite the ruins of the once extensive Seigniorial Manor of Berthier, where *Seigneur* Claude Denechaud, high in Masonic honors, at Quebec, at the dawn of the century, found time, between his seigniorial engagements, and not overburdensome parliamentary duties, to disport on public occasions his grand Masonic regalia



much to the scandal of his French-Canadian countrymen.

With the flood tide making, a stiff northeaster had sprung up ; abundant white caps were sporting their fleecy curls, in the fierce tide-rips to the north, round the islands ; an ugly sea was rapidly forming : the ladies had indeed landed in time. Soon the seamanship of the sailing master, Carleton, would be tested, as well as the staunchness of the little craft in beating out of the *Trou de Berthier* against tide and wind, past *les Ilets de Bellechasse*, heading north north east, in the direction of the Quarantine Station, at Grosse Isle.

—“ Cannot you ease her off a point; we are getting fearfully drenched, with the spray” remarked the Commodore to his trusty sailing-master ; “ let us take a reef in the mainsail ; the yatch will labor less ; even my waterproof won’t keep me dry ; t’is blowing half a gale.”

Merrily, the swift, well equipped *Hirondelle*, held on her course, the spray reaching sometimes to her mast-head.

Shortly afterwards, the illustrious son of Phœbus-Apollo, who more than once had uneasily shifted his seat from leaward to windward, according to the pitching of the yatch, as a last resort, clutched hold to steady himself of the mast. He was evidently ill at ease, and was drenched to the skin ; possibly, he might have experienced a sharp twinge of the ogre, sea sickness !

Pale, wet, shivering, he tried to make a bee-line to where the commodore stood, “ I shall soon, said he, be a fit subject for the coroner, if this weather holds out,” and he looked unutterably miserable.

A fierce, curling wave at this moment, breaking in foam over the bow of the craft, the unhappy poet followed by the rest of the party, sought shelter in the cabin below, where the crockery and furniture generally, were capering round right merrily ; the helm being entrusted to grim, old Carleton, whose pock-marked, withered cheeks were dripping with the spray, though he looked as usual, cheery, but taciturn ; sympathy was expressed all round for the forlorn aspect of the poor bard.

—“ Come, steward, hurry up ! bring out your choicest restorer and cordial ! ” ejaculated the ever thoughtful commodore. It is a case of life or death, with our poet, unless looked after. Where will we be if he should expire on our hands, for lack of proper stimulants. Any *Benedictine* on board ? any more of that delicious *Grande Chartreuse* “ distilled of blessed herbs gathered at the hour of *Ave Maria*, and sealed with the sign of the Holy Cross ? ”

—“ We don’t deal in such drugs ” gruffly retorted the steward ” and then reaching the main locker, he brought forth a thick-necked three gallon demi-john, “ Here, sir, is prime spirit : pine apple rum kept in case of sea-sickness ! ” and then relaxing his usually austere countenance, he added, with a sly wink “ T’is the real “ *Stingo from St. Domingo, by Jingo*,” one glass will make a dead man’s whiskers curl, two glasses will put him clean on his feet.”

—“ Poets abstain from all such beverage, my good fellow ; all their ailments they are supposed to cure with a celestial draught, to mortals known as *Ambrosia*, sententiously ” replied the commodore.

To which Mac of the Isles made the laconic reply “ *Credat Judeus Apella*.” At this critical juncture, J. O.,

who seemed as indulging in a gloomy view of the poet's distress, brightened up, and gave directions to the cabin boy to bring forth and unpack the carefully corded hamper, which the antiquary had brought on board, as his contribution to the *Hirondelle's* commissariat for the lengthy, adventurous sea voyage mapped out "meat and drink" he said.

Gentlemen, urged the sage, "I'll take charge of the poet. There goes a wine glass of an elixir of wondrous virtue." Florio had no sooner gulped down the homeopathic dose than his spirits rose rapidly.

"I am now a new man, I feel so elated that I think I could thrash the commodore,"—or, he, added hesitatingly, "compose an ode to Neptune"; just as he was preparing, the Antiquary stood up. "Gentlemen," said he, "I want you all to join me, and drink with this liquor a health to Reciprocity with the United States."

This was done accordingly, our joyous Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah ! "which might have been heard at the Grosse Isle quarantine station, where we observed Dr. Montizambert's steam yacht boarding an inward-bound Atlantic steamer, though at the time it seemed passing odd to talk of reciprocity with Brother Jonathan. "How on earth did you come by such a glorious, swizzle," ejaculated the burly commodore : "the like of it was never distilled in Canada ; none of your St. Pierre and Miquelon cold poison ;—why it resembles in taste the best wine of the country, Old Club Ontario whiskey. Such a bouquet ! such an aroma ! "a tippie fit for the celestials, or Scotch magnates of the C. P. R."

"Gentleman, right well, does the Commodore describe this inestimable cordial, the like of which was never distilled in Canada." 'T's a sacred gift of friendship,"

added J. O. It reached me only the day before we sailed and came per express with a gold seal from Columbus, Ohio. The offering with a hamper of the choicest Ohio grapes—seven varieties—in remembrance of a slight act of hospitality, performed to a learned professor of divinity from Columbus, Ohio.

□ With this generous offering came a letter, explanatory of what was meant by this famous Kentucky cordial. Let me read it to you ” and Jonathan Oldbuck reaching out for his port-folio, read in an authoritative way as follows : “ Bourbon whiskey takes its name from Bourbon county in the state of Kentucky, where it was first made. It is distilled solely from maize, and all worthy of the name, is yet made in Kentucky, though not exclusively in Bourbon county. Poor imitations are made in various states.

“ The people of Kentucky, the major part of whom are descendants of the cavaliers and of Scotch Presbyterians have among other commendable traits, the *knack*, which has not yet been learned by other people, of making this good liquor from an abundant and cheap material.” “ Kentucky whiskey, says John Burroughs, is soft, seductively so, and I caution all travellers to beware how they suck any iced preparation of it through a straw, of a hot day; it is not half so innocent as it tastes.

“ Bourbon is the favorite tippie in the region in which it is produced, and I may say everywhere in our country where it can be procured. One finds in Kentucky, *connoisseurs* of Bourbon as in France, of wines. Indeed in addition to the ordinary college trainings, there are three essentials to the complete education of a Kentucky gentleman :—1st. Proper appreciation and respect for two men. 2nd. Thorough



knowledge of horse flesh. 3rd. The ability to decide without hesitation, the qualities of Bourbon whiskey. With these complimentary touches the citizen is eligible for Congress, or any other position to which he may aspire.

Bourbon is like John Barlycorn.

“ If you do but taste his blood,  
“ Twill make your courage grow ”  
“ Twill make a man forget his woes  
Will heighten all his joy.”

It is soothing and conducive to pleasant thoughts, and our Mr. Prentiss wrote, even to poetic fancies, but it must be handled tenderly, and with care, else joy becomes fury. So well is this understood, that in the western dialect it is some times called “ bust head.”

Will the coming vote on the plebiscite relagate old Bourbon whiskey, to a memory of the past ? (\*)

“ We make various mixtures of it, and call them each by a special name.

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(\*) It is thus feelingly alluded to by a U. S. appreciator of the beverage :

“ The total abstainers are daily making it harder for the man who likes to take a drink in moderation. In Missouri a man cannot have a drink unless he stands up to take it. In Massachussetts he is not allowed to have any refreshment unless he sits down. In Maine, he must get down a cellar, or climb up into a cock-loft and be fed in the dark from a flask whipped out of the pistol pocket of the bar-keeper. In Kansas, he must swear that he has glanders, or some such disease. In Iowa, he must commit perjury, and endanger his soul for the sake of the spirit ; and in Nebraska, although he can get a drink by himself, it is a penitentiary offence to treat his neighbour. If this sort of thing goes much further, there will be no fun at all left in taking a drink.”



“ A whiskey straight, is plain Bourbon ; a sour, is whiskey with lemon juice ; a cocktail is sugar, Angustura bitters and water ; a mint julep is whiskey, sugar and water with mint, etc. Such are the names of these concoctions, but I am not able to inform you exactly how they are made—how the “ ingredients ” should be “ mixed.”

This novel description of old Bourbon, having been read, Florio proposed in glowing terms the health of the Columbus professor, who had given such a practical illustration of what Reciprocity really might mean, and was just in the act of pulling from his inner pocket a paper containing his famous ode on *Matelot*, Champlain's dog, when Carleton sang out, “ Down with the main sail ! let go the gib haliard ” ! and the *Hirondelle*, loosing her head way, closed in with the pier, at Par-ton's point, Montmagny.

## Chap. IV

# SUNNY MEMORIES

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SIR ETIENNE P. TACHÉ, A. D. C., TO THE QUEEN. —  
WILLIAM RANDAL PATTON. — BARON OLIVA. —  
DANIEL MCPHERSON, U. E. L.—REV'D.  
CURÉ BEAUBIEN.—A DAY DREAM.

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Basin of St. Thomas, Sept., 189—.

“ Well done, Carleton, you have admirably hit the tortuous, intricate channel of St. Thomas ; your fifty years’ experience with its currents, and shoals has indeed done you good service. Put out your kedge, and we will saunter ashore to the village, and see the sights,” thus held forth the commander of the *Hiron-delle*. adding : “ Mr. Oldbuck, tell us what St. Thomas was like in the days of your youth, when during the ‘ rising ’ of 1837, its *patriotes* were thinking of waging war against the fleets of Britain, and the veterans of Waterloo, with wooden cannon, rusty old fire-locks, and butchers’ knives attached to them in lieu of bayonets, resolved on ruining her colonial export trade in broad cloth and foreign spirits, by wearing *étouffe du pays* coats and pants, beef mocassins and drinking small beer only. Could you not, for our edification, describe some of the doings of your early days at the village school, or possibly one of the memorable *grandes chasses d’automne* of Jacques Oliva, the Baron ?

To this touching appeal, J. O. replied :

“ You have, indeed, struck a tender chord in my whole being. How could I forget the ten blissful years of my youth, spent in this sunny spot ?—then a mere village—now a thriving shire-town, blessed with a district judge, a court house, and that indispensable adjunct of civilization—a district lock-up. ’Tis now the growing, new town of Montmagny; ’twas then the pastoral parish of St. Thomas ; imagination can yet lend it, through the enchanting prism of years, its rosiest tints. ’Twas, in verity, a hotbed of political agitation in 1837-8, though my Scotch grandparent, inaccessible to surrounding disaffection, never swerved an inch from his allegiance to his sovereign. Not even the fierce, gushing speeches of his esteemed friend, and trusted medical adviser, Dr. E. P. Taché, the village Esculapius and moving spirit of the place, could prevail against the deep-rooted loyalty of my aged relative, and protector, Daniel McPherson, J. P. A United Empire Loyalist, he had bid adieu to Philadelphia, and went, in exile in 1783 ; settled and prospered in Canada ; and died at St. Thomas, in 1840, at the ripe age of 87 years ; through his long, blameless career, true to the teachings of his younger days.”

“ Vividly can I recall the wild meetings of the young men, the inflammatory addresses of the self-elected leaders, at this momentous crisis in Canadian history. But disloyalty was more than once rebuked. Methinks I see the genial, portly Laird of the Seignioral Manor, William Randal Patton, bustling round, eager to throw oil on the troubled waters—a splendid type of the sturdy Briton, as well as an enterprising exporter of Canadian lumber.

“ Had he not been to me a tried, a revered friend, ever since my most tender years ? Did he not allow me—and how I prized the privilege—to roam unheeded through his woods and plantations, to scan every rock, every tree, in quest of birds’ nests, which, however, I was not to disturb. The owner himself of a large aviary and lover of song birds, had he not taught me the first lessons in ornithology—a study which has agreeably filled so many of my spare hours in after life ?”

“ Later on, at my admission, as a Barrister, to the Quebec Bar, had he not entrusted me with his lucrative seigniorial business : the recovery of the arrears of seigniorial rents ?

“ Did I not, at all times, meet with a cordial welcome at the hospitable board of the Manor, among his five handsome, manly boys—alas ! now cut down by the scythe of the merciless destroyer to one single representative !”

“ Commodore, forgive me for rendering this tardy tribute to my dear old friend—so suddenly, so mournfully, snatched away from a true hearted wife and disconsolate family, on the 19th August, 1853.”

“ I fancy I can still catch a glimpse—as he hurries past my happy home—a long white house, with green blinds, hid among Lombardy poplars, amidst a plum orchard and flower garden, dear to a beloved sister—of Baron Jacques Oliva, the St. Thomas Nimrod *par excellence*. I see protruding from the mouth of his game-bag a Canada goose (*outarde*), shot by him at Dupuis’ Point, and which his inseparable sporting companion—his Newfoundland dog, “Gaspé”—swam out for, and retrieved in the basin of St. Thomas.

“ Why do you style him Baron ? ” asked Mac of the Isles.

“ It was a *soubriquet*, bestowed on him on account of his grandiloquent style of speaking, and pompous deportment.”

“ The scene changes, but let me continue : Here comes, erect, with a jaunty, military swagger, a former Lieutenant of the Canadian Voltigeurs, in the American war of 1812—brave Doctor Taché.”

“ Little does he dream, in 1837—when discanting with such vigour on the misrule of England, and her dead ear to colonial grievances—that the time will come, a belted knight, he will, as Sir Etienne P. Taché, be honoured with the rank of Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.”

“ Dr. Taché, during the eventful year of 1837, was a daily attendant on his aged patient—I may add, his respected friend,—Daniel McPherson, my grand-father ; right well can I still recall, after more than half a century, the dialogue exchanged between the physician and his patient, on a memorable incident of the insurrection.”

“ Tidings of the death of heroic Dr. Chenier, at St. Eustache, had just reached us. A version, much exaggerated, was the universal theme of comment : Chenier, mortally wounded, had fallen to the ground. His remaining strength enabled him to raise himself on one knee, and, though racked with pain, he succeeded in taking aim, and shot down an English trooper, when a thrust from a British bayonet ended his career. Tradition says a British corporal—out of revenge—tore out and eat his heart ; but this is one of the many legends to which Chenier’s death gave rise.”



“ The Doctor, as usual, made his professional morning call to his octogenarian patient. Pains and aches having been discussed, Mr. McPherson enquired about the news of the day, when Dr. Taché, with flashing eyes, sprang from his seat, and after succinctly relating the particulars of the disastrous engagement at St. Eustache, added in French—“ *Le Dr. Chenier, M. McPherson, est mort comme un héros de l'ancienne Grèce !* ” (Dr. Chenier died like a hero of ancient Greece). To which Mr. McPherson emphatically replied—

“ No ! no ! Doctor ! Chenier was a rebel—a rebel to his king and country ! ”

“ The good Doctor was beside himself with excitement. All this I heard and saw with my own ears, and eyes.”

“ Commodore, the old U. E. Loyalist of 1783, for all that, never ceased to esteem his trusted physician, and friend of 1837.”

“ Here he comes, the plucky Voltigeur officer of 1812, walking arm-in-arm, past the grand parish church, with his friend and neighbour, notary Jean Charles Letourneau, the member for the county, to whom he will shortly succeed ; both are hurrying to greet the irrepressible, eloquent agitator—rebel, perhaps, some will say—Louis Joseph Papineau, as he drives past in his soft-cushioned carriage (no railways in those days) to Kamouraska, stopping a minute to receive a welcome at Mr. Mercier's village school, where I, the biggest boy of the class, had the honor of presenting him an address, prepared by our *Domine*, Mr. Mercier.”

“ There goes, in his black cassock, the worthy parish priest, Rev'd Curé Beaubien—still in the hey-day of his usefulness ! How many more familiar faces of the period could I recall ? ”

“Those were, doubtless, Mr. Oldbuck, living and stirring actors in that period of the exciting drama of 1837, rehearsed at St. Thomas,” observed the Commodore ; “but, as once a sportsman and still a lover of the feathered race, has not the author of *Les Oiseaux du Canada* some specially remembered souvenir of bird-life, some memorable *partie de chasse*, to tell about in connection with such a famous resort for game, as the beaches of St. Thomas were in olden times ?”

“Right well, Commodore,” retorted J. O., “can I gratify your wish, and describe some sporting episodes of the past ; for, be it remembered, there were several mighty hunters to be found, each September, ensconced on the reedy shores of the *Ruisseau de la Caille*, on the look out for duck or snipe, or hunting for ruffed grouse on the wooded slopes of the mountains to the south. One bird memory, I think, will never vanish from my remembrance :

It was once my good fortune, at the spring migration of birds, to meet in our green woods a most gorgeously habited specimen of the Scarlet Tanager (*Le Roi des Oiseaux*) fresh from the magnolia bowers, and orange groves of the South. His bright red tunic, sable wings and tail, enabled me at once to recognize the gaudy stranger as that rare but welcome straggler in our northern climes. The beautiful bird, I knew, trusted more to his showy livery than to “what he had to say” in order to woo and win the demure, sombre-plumaged little lady awaiting his advances. Right well was I also aware of the change in costume a few months were sure to bring around, ere he returned in autumn to his tropical home, in a plain travelling suit of Lincoln green.

Unquestionably, the scarlet tanager, at the nuptial season of June, is a beau of the first order ; to his loving mate, a vision of beauty, if not of song.

Memory can recall, after a long lapse of years, the first time when I saw this prince of the feathered tribe—not inaptly styled by the admiring French peasantry *Un Roi*, a king among birds.

The auspicious meeting took place at St. Thomas, P. Q., years ago, in the rosy days, vanished, alas ! forever, of my boyhood, when, with the return of the leafy months, I strolled early and late round the fields, singing waterfalls and bosky glens of the picturesque Patton seigniorial manor, eagerly noting the first appearance of every spring migrant.

A sport-loving brother, by many years my senior, had allowed me—as a signal favour—to help carry his outfit on a fishing excursion he had planned to the pools of a winsome rivulet, whose source lies hidden deep, very deep in the mountains,—the *Rivière des Perdrix*, which marries its crystal waters to the dark eddies of the *Bras St. Nicholas*, a tributary of the roaring *Rivière du Sud*, at St. Thomas. Many miles of dusty road we had walked, bearing gun, rod and creel, under the warm rays of a June sun ere we reached the edge of the forest. Soon had we constructed a snug harbour of spruce boughs, a screen against the noonday heat, and a receptacle for our camp equipment. My brother then started with rod and line to whip the rapids, and shady pools of the whimpering burnie, and soon filled our creel with tiny, speckled beauties, occasionally venturing knee-deep in the pellucid waters. I took up my post with rod and line under a large beech, whose tangled roots hung over a brisk rapid, where I had noticed some larger trout rising to snap up the insects

floating over its wavelets, and was soon detailed to light the camp fire, and broil trout for our midday meal. Never did I enjoy a more sumptuous repast, my appetite having been sharpened by our long dusty trudge over hill and dale. The spot selected for our camp, with its sylvan surroundings was one of rare beauty.

Facing it across the stream was a hoary hemlock denuded of foliage by the snows and storms of many winters. A red-headed woodpecker, whose nest it perhaps held, was hammering away at its mossy trunk for larvæ, while a sprightly brown squirrel stood on its loftiest branch chattering. A robin-redbreast had built close by its clay-cemented alcove. Reclining on my soft, scented couch of fir boughs, I was listening attentively to the heavenly carol—*tinkle ! tinkle ! tinkle !*—of a hermit thrush perched on a neighbouring sugar maple, when a magnificent ruffed grouse flew past, apparently scared by the yelping of a fox in an adjoining ravine. Waiting to catch its shrill bark, my brother sallied forth with his gun in quest of Reynard. I was left alone to my pleasant reveries, with no other noise but the soft, ceaseless murmur of the brook over the pebbles. This unvarying, all-pervading sound seemed to have over the senses a mysterious, soothing, irresistible influence. I gradually dropped to sleep ; unconsciously my imagination wandered in the land of Nod. I slept—how long I could not say. Sweet images floated before my eyes. I dreamt I was strolling round an enchanted garden on a distant isle, wading knee-deep amidst parterres of exquisite flowers, and tropical shrubs, some bending to the ground under the weight of golden fruit. I felt myself drawn toward a neighbouring fountain, where a Triton was spouting from



his nostrils perfumed water in a shining, white marble reservoir. A dazzling rainbow played overhead ; a stately tree lent a grateful shade. On its summit rested a nimbus of silver. The air was soft, dreamy, overpowering. I tarried there in wrapt silence, when a gigantic bird, radiant in colour, and which till then, I had not noticed, seemed at first as poised, motionless amid air. Soon he appeared to be descending to the earth in graceful spirals ; nearer and nearer he came, softly circling to where I stood, the buzzing of his gossamer wings gradually increasing until his velvety pinions actually rustled on my cheek. Shuddering, I awoke ; the brook was murmuring as before, and lo ! and behold, on the opposite shore, flapping his dark wings amid a shower of pearls raised by the spray in the golden sunshine, there rested on the brink a superb red-bird taking his bath ! I had seen *un roi*, that gorgeous, but rare summer visitor, the scarlet tanager !

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#### THE SEAL ISLANDS—THEIR GAME—THEIR LEGENDS.

“ On the bosom of a river  
Where the sun unloosed his quiver  
Sailed a vessel light and free,  
Morning dew-drops’ hung like Manna  
On the bright folds of her banner.  
And the zephyrs rose to fan her  
Softly to the radiant sea.”

Basin of St. Thomas, September 189—.

“ Just ease her off a point or two, Commodore, don’t hug these muddy flats too close ; they run out nearly three miles from the mouth of the Basin ; I have known them well from my youth. Now, I think we can sail clear of this land-locked harbour. Do you see



that group of white dwellings ? There, in 1837-8, used to be one of the strongholds of the Patriotes of 1837 ; and in 1759 the ruthless invader of the soil left his indelible mark on these Canadian homes." Such the words of Jonathan Oldbuck, the guest of the Commodore of the Quebec Yatch Club.

—" *Très bien, M. l'Antiquaire,*" replied the burly Commodore. " I always thought St. Thomas, or Montmagny, as it is now styled, was rich in historic lore. Dame Nature seems also to have played some strange pranks in scooping out these channels amid the shoals, and in forming this sheltered basin at the foot of the foaming water-fall of *La Rivière du Sud*. Might not the removal of these boulders in the basin, and a little judicious dredging of the mud, make this into a snug harbour for the coasting craft, and even foreign vessels ; that is, provided the neap tides of summer did not choke the harbour with mud ?

—" Do you see, " said the Antiquary, " those eel-fishery stakes, nearly covered by the tide, a mile from the shore ? There, or close by, stood, at the end of the last century and even later, the Roman Catholic parish church. The river had eaten away the clay soil which clothed the whole area occupied by the old church, and its cemetery, and even beyond. A new church site became necessary. In 1822, the present temple of worship was built two miles inland.

The harbour has also undergone a great change within a hundred years ; tradition tells how its entrance was once spanned by a single plank ; the shores are now more than a mile apart."

—"Carleton," said the Commodore, "shake out two reefs of the mainsail, we have yet plenty of flood, and

with such a spanking breeze on our beam, we can yet make *Cap Brûlé*, before the turn of the tide. I shall show our friends as we sail past, the spot of the memorable shipwreck of the French man-of-war, *L'Elephant*, stranded there in September, 1729. We will, once there drop down with the ebb under the dizzy heights of Cape Tourmente, so named by Champlain, and where I have shot in December more than one woodland caribou. They come every fall from the interior, pick their way through some of the pine-clad ravines of the sombre cape, to this abrupt shore below, lap up the salt lick, and return. I recollect shooting one close to the cross you may have noticed on the summit."

This landmark, erected in 1869 and since enlarged, seems from the river like a white speck amid the blooming shrubbery. The party looked out, as the yacht sailed past, for some of the ravines in the neighborhood of the three diminutive lighthouses perched on the rock high above the St. Lawrence ; a few fine old pine trees grow there, which, with the lofty Cap Tourmente, form part of the vast seigniory, ten leagues in front, of the Quebec Seminary. More than two centuries back Bishop Laval selected the *Petit Cap* of St. Joachim — which you can now see to the west, and the marshy meadows, and fertile grainfields at the base for a settlement, where he, in verity, established in Canada the first model farm. Through a gap in the waving tree tops, we also caught a glimpse of the Château Bellevue, where, under the shade of cool groves, the Laval University, and Quebec Seminary professors each year spend their well-merited August vacation. This is assuredly one of the most picturesque spots in all Canada. During the occupation of the country by the French, inward-bound ships used to

follow the north shore of the St. Lawrence as far up as Cape Tourmente, probably because the south channel was narrow ; and then cross over, past *Pointe Argentenay*, on the eastern end of the island of Orleans, in the direction of the Point of St. Michel, on the south shore, thereby avoiding Beaujeu's bank, and the dangerous St. Thomas shoals ; this channel is now used chiefly by the Richelieu Co line of steamers, conveying tourists to Murray Bay and the Saguenay.

—"Bout ship, let go and haul," sung out the Commodore, and the *Hirondelle*, flapping her white wings in the breeze, turned from the frowning cape, shot ahead like a sea swallow, and steered for a low ledge of rocky islands, lower down than the *Battures Plates*, a famous resort for Canada geese, and snow geese, leased by the Quebec Seminary to a Quebec sportsman. The rocky isles, on which the surf rippled, were barely visible in the distance.

—"There, gentlemen," exclaimed Mac of the Isles "there, are the famous Seal Rocks."

"Forty-five miles below Quebec, about mid-channel in our noble river, which even here expands in breadth, to twenty-one miles, there rises a bleak, uninhabited island, at low tide, five miles long, by one mile broad. From time immemorial, it has been known to the English as Seal Rocks or Seal Islands ; to the French, as *Battures-aux-Loups-Marins*. Doubtless the seals, for ages as plentiful here, as the walrus were on the Magdalen Islands, up to the middle of the last century, have now found a safer and more secluded habitat in the far north, though each winter they still venture to the ice-bound coast. Long after the seals had bidden adieu to these solitary downs, the native sportsmen put in an appearance. For many years past,

with every autumn, and often in advance, the gunners found their way to this famous sporting ground. A few years ago a club of sportsmen of St. Jean-Port-Joly, purchased this game resort from the Provincial Government. (1) The August high tide, exceptionally high, reduces the seals' former haunts to about one mile in length, and seven acres in width. At the north-west point there exists a diminutive mound or knoll, on which are perceptible, among the few other signs of vegetation, a clump of spruce, fir and wild cherry trees. Conspicuous to this day is the ancient apple-tree, of which Mr. De Gaspé, in his "Memoirs," records that "one half bears sweet, and the other half, sour apples; though there exists no trace or record of the tree having ever been grafted." This shadowy relic of the past, still endures, and yielded fruit this very summer. Thereto hangs a tale of woe, with which doubtless the Antiquary will favor us.

The other portion of Seal Rocks, bare at high water (though there is an instance on record of a party of sportsmen having once to seek asylum in their boat to escape the rising flood), trending southward, is very properly styled the *Sportsmen's Refuge*. A channel running north-east, and south-west separates the shore, where stands the refuge, or shooting box, from the

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(1) Seal Islands and Shoals, in the River St. Lawrence, opposite River Trois-Saumons, were rented on April 18, 1854, to O.-B. Fournier, of Islet, at an annual rent of \$50.40, rent redeemable by payment of capital at the rate of 6 per cent. to Government of Province of Quebec. Mr. Toussaint held them for several years. This splendid game preserve has recently been acquired by Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston.



mound or knoll, known as Chatigny's Knoll, the channel fordable at low tide only.

It is well called the Sportsmen's Refuge, and here only, in a rude hut erected by them, they find shelter against the easterly gales, which sweep over this forlorn shore with great violence.

Animal and vegetable life is indeed scanty on this solitary down. Few, if any singing birds there ; the minstrels of the grove seek the companionship of man. What use, indeed, would be to them the sweet gift of song, without an appreciative audience ? Each summer however, a colony of noisy crows, detached from, and not missed by, the black hordes frequenting the adjacent group of islands, and whose head-quarters are *Ile-aux-Corneilles*, Crow Island, a few miles to the west—claim possession, doubtless by prescription, of the fir, and spruce clump overshadowing Chatigny's Knoll. Here, some nest. Occasionally may be heard overhead and seen, a hoarse old raven, winging his heavy, laborious flight toward the bleak ledges of Cape Tourmente, to the north-west, or mayhap, further north, to his callow brood among the cloud-capped peaks of *Passe-des-Monts*, in the Saguenay district. His funereal, unearthly *kra-ac, kra-ac*, seems in keeping with the dismal aspect of the land. In September, a silvery gull occasionally lights in the mellow sunshine amid the eddies round the shoals, in quest of smelts. Save the report of a gun, or the whistle of a passing steamer, no sound invades this lone, arid beach, quite extensive at low tide.

—"But," asked the Commodore, "why did not the sportsmen build on Chatigny's Knoll, so well protected by trees ?"



“For divers cogent and powerful reasons,” retorted Mac of the Isles, “which we will allow the Antiquary to expound to us ? But before we hear him, let me speak of the game. At Seal Rocks, as elsewhere in the Province of Quebec, the law tolerates no Spring or Summer shooting. The island is especially famous for ducks, and the 1st of September is the time fixed by the Legislature for the opening of the season. These downs seem to particularly attract the old and young birds, returning at the beginning of September from their breeding grounds at Hudson’s Bay, in several islands on the Labrador coast, and some of the solitary isles of Lakes St. John and Mistassini. Tired out by storms, they congregate in vast flocks on the reedy, muddy, and sandy beaches of Seal Rocks at low tide. At present the locality supplies the Quebec markets with quantities of game, such as Canada geese, a few snow geese, black and gray ducks, brant, blue and green winged teal, snipe, godwits, golden plover, ring plover, and smaller beach birds. The minor game are ushered in with the high tide of August, about the 21st of that month, and precede duck shooting. The season lasts about three months, August, September and October. Mr. Toussaint, of Quebec, late proprietor of the island, used to intrust the care of his preserve to a game keeper who landed at Seal Rocks about August 1st, and left it about beginning of November.”

—“You, seignior Mac of the Isles, said the Commodore, you must know something of this famous island.”

—“The little I may know, you are welcome to, retorted Mac.

“When a young man, said the island chieftain, one August afternoon, whilst on my way to Labrador, in my yawl, *The Outarde*, I was skirting the green beaches

of *Pointe-à-la-Prairie*, on Coudres Island. Our little craft close-hauled, with a fresh breeze of north wind, was rapidly leaving Seal Rocks, behind.

“The sky has an ugly look,” remarked my sailing master—Carleton—a faithful grim, oldsalt who prided himself on being weatherwise. Had we not better seek a good anchorage for the night, and take advantage of the first flood to-morrow morning? Should this breeze hold out, the Custom house wharf in the Quebec harbour will see us early.”

Carleton, though naturally a taciturn, reserved man, had a knack of getting garrulous, whenever a magnum of Mountain Dew, or prime old Jamaica warmed the cockles of his old heart: that day, being the anniversary of his wedding, he had joyfully drank long life to his *cara sposa*—a demure and elderly personage, residing on an Island close by. I assented and then, that being my first voyage to Labrador, I enquired from him what might be the name of the low isle we were approaching.”

—“Seal Rocks, he replied: “my father could recollect them as far back as 1807—when he passed there on a trip to England, not of his own choice. He was one of Simon Latresse’s party; on the 13th September of that year, he had been attending a ball, in St. John suburbs, at Quebec: the Press gang followed them; they ran; poor Latresse was shot, and my father was kidnapped and sent on board of H. M. frigate *Blossom*, Capt. Pickett: (1) he was an active fellow in those days and soon got to swallow his hard tack, pork, and gill of Jamaica, as merrily as any other jack tar on board.

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(1) N. B.—The details of the melancholy incident appear in *Le Canadien*, a Quebec news sheet founded in 1806.

—“It was then, I presume, he got his English historical name of “Carleton” ?

—“No, Sir, replied my nautical *employé* ; no, that name had been bequeathed to my father to perpetuate, he said, the extreme kindness shown to him by one of the greatest men England ever sent out to govern Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester.

Sir Guy Carleton had been instrumental in saving the life of my beloved father, whom he found in 1798, adrift in a dory, opposite Deadman’s Island, one of the Magdalen Group, where my father had gone in quest of lobsters, and been blown out to sea. Capt. Coffin, at the special request of Lord Dorchester, had sent one of his boats, in a heavy surf and brought back my father, whom His Excellency styled his waif. Proud I ever was of bearing the name of such a good man, and when I risked my own life to save that of others, opposite to St. Thomas, and received from Sir Etienne-P. Taché, a medal in consequence, I used to think of dear Governor Carleton’s kindness toward my own father.

—“Well, said I, shall we try and fetch the anchorage of *Pointe-aux-Pins*, at Crane Island, or else anchor under the lee of *Seal Rocks*—spread our tent, under Chatigny’s tree—make a fire, cook our repast, and then sleep like princes in this snug harbour. Never shall I forget the look of dismay, which spread over Carleton’s withered, pock-marked face.

—“Not for a kingdom, said he in a hollow voice.”

—“Why not ?” I retorted.

—“There are five generations of your family, whom I have, at different times, conveyed in my yawl from their Island home to Quebec, or to St. Thomas—I hope

I may yet be long spared (1) to attend on them ; but I must leave you to your fate, should you persist in your present idea of sleeping on Chatigny's Knoll.

Why, the place is haunted ?—'tis well known—yes, haunted !

"The time was, long ago, when a devil-may-care Gaspé fisherman, I also, laughed at the superstitious awe in which this knoll was held on the coast.

"One fall, I had sailed from Percé for home in October, in a fishing barge with a comrade. On *All Saints Day*, we reached *Isle-aux-Coudres* and landed there. I was desirous of attending High Mass, on the spot where Jacques-Cartier had had celebrated the first mass said in Canada, on 7th September, 1535. The sermon was all about the dead. My companion a ne'er-do-weil, managed after mass, to purchase from a trading schooner, a bottle of "old Jamaica" *en esprit*, to use his expression. He swallowed a portion, and took the remainder on board ; we anchored that night at Seal Rocks : he landed, saying he defied all the evil spirits of the place, and would sleep at Chatigny's Knoll. I remained on board, and was reposing quietly under the mainsail, which served as an improvised tent when, about midnight, I was awoke by the loud cries of my comrade on shore ; he begged to be taken on board, vowed that the place was infested with *revenants*, spirits. In vain, I pleaded the difficulty of landing in the dark, and begged of him to wait until morning. The voices he fancied he had heard were, I added, the cries of young seals or of loons, both of which at times resemble much human voices, and the groans were caused doubtless by the grating of the trunks of trees against one another, under the action of the wind.

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(1) This octogenarian sea-dog expired recently, at Crane Island.



In fact, he did not even wait until the boat had touched the shore but waded out in the surf. Once on board, he crossed himself devoutly and vowed that no, never would he put his foot on *Seal Rocks* : above all, never would he dare sleep there, on the eve of *All Souls Day*; I firmly believe that the powerful sermon about the dead he had heard at *Isle aux Coudres*, the day previous, had worked on his brain during the still hours of night; —possibly also, his imagination, heated by the potent fumes of the “*Jamaïque en esprit*” had caused him to mistake for the wails of the departed, the discordant cries of young seals, and of the water fowl, which swarm round the island, mingled with the moaning of the night wind among the trees : but, he insisted that he had communed with the *revenants* or spirits of the dead, let loose, as is popularly believed, at mid-night on the eve of *All Souls Day*, their annual festival.”

This long yarn was here interrupted by the lively voice of the commodore.

—“Come, Seignior Antiquary,” said he, “let us have the history of the remarkable Knoll.”

#### THE STORY OF CHATIGNY’S KNOLL.

—“Gentlemen,” replied Jonathan Oldbuck, “you shall have the dismal tale, as my old friend DeGaspé, narrated it to me ;—mind it is not a Legend. “Long before I was born, said DeGaspé, two young men, friends from their youth, lived in the same parish on the south shore, opposite to *Seal Rocks*, near neighbours. Rarely could one have met two beings, of dispositions so unlike, and still friends. One, named Pierre Jean, was as repulsive, physically, as he was morally · a tall, ill-favored individual, swarthy like an Indian ; his



mother was a squaw; he was proud of exhibiting his physical strength. His rude *patois* pointed him out as an Acadian, by birth : a blank his mind seemed to be. His chum, Chatigny, was a handsome, fair-skinned youth of middle height, with soft, expressive eyes. Ever kind and obliging, he had won all hearts ; whilst his comrade was detested on every side, and rightly so ; else how should his pretended friendship for Chatigny turn, all at once, into implacable hatred. One Sunday, after vespers, Pierre Jean, happening to meet his friend, said to him in his broken dialect, with a sarcastic smile : “ Chatigny, if you, are a man, return me this rock which I shall hurl at you,” and suiting the deed to the word, he threw an immense stone towards his friend, who had retreated about fifteen feet to be out of the reach of the deadly missile.

The rock fell a few inches in front of Chatigny, who stooping seized hold of the boulder, and threw it with such force that it lodged, close to Pierre Jean's feet. The spectators were astounded : none had ever suspected that Chatigny was endowed with such superhuman strength.

Pierre Jean, humbled, concealed his wounded pride, even complimented his friend on his muscle, but it was remarked that a gloomy scowl contracted his brow.

Soon after, the two chums, apparently as friendly as ever, started for a hunting excursion to Seal Rocks, but strange to say, one only returned in the sail boat in which they had crossed over—Pierre Jean. It is not stated how he accounted for the disappearance of Chatigny : a casual remark uttered by him after his return created a dark surmise as to his comrade's fate.

Once, whilst taking his evening meal, he remarked “ If Chatigny had a plate of this soup to night, he would relish it exceedingly !”

These words spoken with a sarcastic air, coupled with the unaccountable absence of Chatigny, induced the distressed relatives of the latter to cross over to Seal Rocks, in search of him ; there, awaited them a melancholy spectacle. Chatigny, lay under the shade of a spruce tree, nearly dead. He was made to swallow a few drops of cordial, when he seemed to rally enough to speak and said : “ If Pierre Jean had heard my moans of anguish, he never would have had the inhumanity to allow the friend of his childhood to die of hunger. Great God ! what were my feelings of despair, when on returning from shooting, I found that he alone had dragged over to the water, the boat, which his efforts, and mine combined, had scarcely sufficed to draw on the shore ! I then took in at once his cruel scheme. But tell him, “I forgive him,” and Chatigny expired.

Such is the outline of the weird narrative embodied in the DeGaspé's Memoirs anent Chatigny's Knoll.

—“ Commodore, we have enjoyed our sea voyage, shall I say, enormously : one day's duck shooting on those rocky isles would have capped the climax to our felicity, but Seal Rocks are a game preserve. We hold no permit from Monsieur Toussaint, the proprietor, to scatter death, and destruction among the winged denizens of his blessed isle, which would merely need the presence of some of Calypso's nymphs to render, its sojourn dangerous to the *jeunesse dorée* of Quebec.”

—How stands the enemy, Carleton ? what is the state of the tide ? and with those castellated clouds

banked up in the west. what wind can you promise us, Mr. weather - prophet Lavoie" ? enquired Mac of the Isles.

—"Well, *mon capitaine*, retorted gruff old Carleton, with a curious wink in his eye, I think that unless the sun soon shows his face, we are in for a blow of north-west wind : the yatch will pitch and toss like a pea on a hot stove. I hope no one here has forgotten his sea legs in Quebec. The flood wont set in for an hour yet however."

Jean Lavoie, once a splendid specimen of the hardy and genial Canadian mariner—able to handle a yatch in the ugliest sea, a good type of the "peuple gentilhomme," as the gifted late Andrew Stuart, once styled the French Canadians,—a favorite of Mac of the Isles, but now too old to navigate the craft, had been shipped as steward. He was a capital *raconteur* and his Islands friends used to say he could "talk like a *Curé*." Mac of the Isles, who knew of old Lavoie's special talents, addressing the Commodore, and the Antiquary said : "We are bound to wait here yet a full hour for the turn of the tide, suppose we ask that old sea-dog, who is brimful of Canadian stories, to give us one of his best yarns, picked up when he was an old "voyageur"—his story of *Ile des Serpents* is a capital one."

We readily assented, and asked the steward to draw near.

Monsieur Lavoie, making us one of his politest bows, appeared flattered by our request, and resting his athletic frame on the mast, he opened thus :

—"What shall it be, gentlemen ? the story of the *Ile-au-Massacre*, at Bic ; of the Micmacs of the Kapsouk ; of Mademoiselle de Granville's prisoner, at Goose Island, or that of the Witch of the St. Lawrence ?

None of us had heard the latter weird, melancholy tale related, or if some of us had read it, in abbé Casgrain's volume of Canadian legends, we felt curious to see, what form this popular legend had assumed. One and all we replied : *The Witch ! The Witch ! ! The Witch.*

"Gentlemen," gravely retorted the aged mariner, "I can merely pretend to give a brief outline of a legend which occupies, more than eighty pages in abbé Casgrain's volume : to which you can with advantage refer.

Of all the legends, I picked up in my youth, and in mature years, none took my fancy more than *La Jongleuse*. I prevailed on my grand son, just now finishing his course of *Belles-Lettres*, at the Quebec Seminary to write it out for me, from my dictation ; you will perceive how cleverly he has done it. I have since committed the story to memory. Here goes my version, aided by abbé Casgrain's narrative.

Suppose we start about midnight from the shore, just below the old Lower Town church, with *Le Canoëtier*, for such is the name the expert canoeman went under : he was an Indian :

Among his tribe he was known as *Misti Tchun pek*, that is, the Great Snake, either on account of his rapid movements, or else perhaps, from the circumstance of his having the likeness of a snake tatooed on his brawny chest.

The canoe also contained two other figures : a young woman of stately carriage and elegantly attired, but with a sad, anxious face, and a boy of eight or ten years of age, her son, who was resting on her lap his uncovered head. This was Madame Houel, whose husband was an important personage in the colony, as



an associate of the *Company of Hundred Partners*. He had met with a serious accident ; hence, his wife had undertaken this hazardous night voyage, at a time when all Canada rang with reports of the sanguinary raids of the tireless, and remorseless Iroquois.

One after the other had the city lights disappeared ; the last one visible from the receding shore being the solitary ray of the lamp burning in the sanctuary of the old church. Carried on the night wind came the faint roar of the Montmorenci Falls ; through a rift in the clouds, banked up in the north-east, floated the new moon.

The boy, suddenly starting from his sleep, asked his anxious mother whether she did not see, far away, walking on the water, a *woman in white*, and then, nestling closer, he shuddered and begged of her to protect him against this dreadful apparition.

“ Sleep on, my darling,” she softly replied, with a sigh, sleep on ; I shall wake you in time to see the beautiful sun rise.” Le Canotier, in a smothered voice, whispered to Madame Houel what he thought of the apparition which had alarmed her son, adding that childhood was closed of God, and that children saw revealed, things hidden from older mortals ; that, doubtless, the vision of her boy presaged the neighborhood of the *Matschi Skoueou*, whose diabolical incantations among the Indian tribes had been attested to by the missionaries ; that probably, at this very moment, the *Matshi Skoueou* was leading the dreaded Iroquois to some fresh murderous onslaught.

*La Dame aux Glaieuls*, the *Matshi Skoueou*, in the eyes of the Pale Faces, is a powerful enchantress. The glances of her sea-green pupils in the dark are like



burning coals, and throw a spell round her helpless victims ; her bushy hair, black as a loon's wing, festoons her reed-crowned head like a cascade of running water. Her bronzed features, her scaly skin, her sardonic laugh, her violet-blue lips, cause a shudder to all beholders. She raises, as she goes, a cloud of bluish sparks, to which darkness lends the weirdest forms ; a veritable salamander, whose very vestments are proof against fire and flame, is the *Malshi Skoueou*.

Evening is the time she selects for her fearful mysteries, when the zephir dies in the tree-tops ; when all nature slumbers, when the erratic *Will-o'-the-Wisp* capers over the green meadows in the forest clearings, or on the greenish waters of the reeking swamp ; when the bats noiselessly skim the pond with their transparent wings, or hang on by their prehensile claws to the angles of walls ; when the pipe of the frog, the note of the red-eyed toad, the *hou-hou!* of the bird of night, supersede all other sounds, then is the time when *La Dame aux Glaieuls* lights among the rushes on the river banks, in the vicinity of swamps, to cull rushes—a fitting wreath for her head, previous to invoking the *Manitou*, or Great Spirit. All at once the rushes and alders are seen to bend and rustle, even on a calm night, yielding before her, as she plunges in the liquid element ; her head, amidst the wild rushes, and rank grass, assuming the brightness of a meteor.

Beware, oh ! beware, at such times especially with a new moon, to venture close to the river shore. Danger lurks all round you, on land, on sea ; horrible is the fate of the innocent victims who then become her prey !

She invents tortures worse than heated collars, worse than scalping, worse than the agony of a slow fire.

When the helpless native's heart throbs with pain, when his hair is erect with horror, his eyes staring with fright ; when his livid lips are blanched with terror, when anguish racks his whole frame—the near harbinger of death—then is the time for exultation of the fearful witch, intent in catching the secret voice, and revelations of the foul fiend who inspires her.

The canoe was gliding noiselessly on, when all at once, after some mysterious, distant mutterings, two loud reports from fire-arms proclaimed the presence of the dreaded Iroquois.

“Seven savages in that canoe,” said *Tchinipek*. “We are between two fires ; on our right Iroquois ; on our left, the *Matshi Skoueou*. Let us back water ! Madame, your boy must stop crying, else we will surely be captured. Lie down both of you in the canoe.”

*Tchinipek*, fearing that if he fired, the flash of the gun would indicate their whereabouts in the darkness, strung his bow and shot an arrow, with unerring aim, right to the spot, from which the Iroquois had fired, killing one of their warriors ; but the same instant an Iroquois bullet struck *Le canotier's* paddle, splitting it in twain. The struggle looked hopeless—two against six ; when *Tchinipek*, full of resource, decided to let himself drop silently in the water, and, after a few vigorous strokes, swam unperceived to the other canoe, with a sudden jerk, he upset it, launching the inmates in the water, and, in the confusion, striking two or three of them with his tomahawk.

Madame Houel imagined having seen in the water the dark form of a woman, stretching over her arm to seize hold of her boy. Was it *La Jongleuse* ?

This gave Madame Houel's canoe a respite. It reached the shore. *Le canotier* and his friends camped there until morning. At sunrise, *Le canotier* took his gun, and sought the woods to kill some game for their breakfast.

A horrible scene awaited his return : a pool of blood and three corpse. He very soon recognized the livid remains of Tchinipek, who evidently had dearly sold his life ; two dead Iroquois lay there to prove it, but no trace on the sand of the beach indicated what had been the fate of Madame Houel and of her son.

On scanning the horizon, *Le Canotier* noticed in the distance two canoes crowded with Indians.

Having given vent to his sorrow in loud ejaculations, which the mountain echo seemed to repeat, he dug a grave, on the shore in which he deposited the remains of his beloved friends. Removing from a sapling, its green leaves, he placed the trunk at the head of the grave, with a transversal branch—a rude cross. Then removing the scalps from the two dead Iroquois, he planted Tchinipek's knife in the centre of the post, and hung to it the reeking scalps, a fearful but prized trophy for an Indian warrior.

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The second act of this appalling drama opens with the landing, many years subsequently, at the Pointe, at Rivière Ouelle, of two men, one advanced in years ; his companion, an athletic and handsome youth: *Le Canotier* and the son of Madame Houel.

They are made welcome at the solitary dwelling of the Pointe, and being questioned as to the object of their visit, young Houel relates, for the information of

his hospitable entertainers, the narrative of his sufferings, and those of his mother, when they were captured by the savages ; how the diabolical old witch—the Matshi Skoueou—the adviser of the tribe, ever intent on devising new modes of torture for prisoners, compelled Madame Houel's son to aid in the hanging to a tree of his beloved and devoted parent ; how, after tracking the Iroquois along the coast, *Le Canotier* lay in ambush and managed to secure the fire arms of the savages, while engaged in one of their orgies, and succeeded in shooting down, or disabling nearly all the party. *Le Canotier* was too late to save the life of Madame Houel, whose body was still hanging to the tree, but succeeded in rescuing her tortured son, just as his eyes were ready to close in death."

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## CRANE ISLAND.

### *Governor De Montmagny's Game Preserve.*

—"Now Mr. Oldbuck, let us have, if you please, the sketch you have prepared of Governor Montmagny's enchanted Isle," said the Commodore.

The Antiquary, taking a seat near the helmsman, held forth as follows :

"That quaint old repository of historical lore, the "*Relations des Jésuites*," makes mention, among others, of two picturesque islands in the St. Lawrence, thirty-six miles lower than Quebec. Père Le Jeune alludes to them at an early date as the inviolate sanctum, and breeding ground of millions of duck and teal, whose loud voices made the whole place vocal in the summer season. We are told, that in that *année ter-*



rible, 1663, owing to frightful and continuous earthquakes, the soil rolled and quaked; some added, "to that degree that church steeples would bend and kiss the earth, and then rise again." This last feat, from its novelty, would doubtless have been particularly attractive to witness from a balloon, for instance, or from the deck of a ship; from anywhere, in fact, except from old mother earth. Such are some of the notices our early annals furnish. Governor de Montmagny seems to have set his mind at procuring these islands as a game preserve for himself and friends. In May, 1646, Louis XIV made a grant of these islands to his trusty lieutenant holding court at the Chateau Saint Louis, at Quebec. A famous Nimrod, one would fain believe, was this Knight Grand Cross of Jerusalem, and Governor of Quebec, Charles Huault de Montmagny. He left his name to the flourishing county of Montmagny, which includes his cherished shooting box. Of the bags of game he annually made up on the verdant and swampy beaches of his isles, of the roasted black duck, teal and snipe he had served up to his merry little court within the sacred precincts of Castle of St. Louis, we have no record save the faint tracings of tradition.

Nature itself seemed to have predestined this group of green, solitary isles as the home of the aquatic tribe. It afforded it more than a pleasant haunt during the spring and fall; a breeding place in summer, it contained an hospital for the infirm and wounded birds of the neighborhood. Mère Juchereau, of the *Hôtel Dieu* Convent, at Quebec, in her diary, under date of July 8, 1714, when with eight of the saintly sisterhood, and the Almoner, Rev. Messire Thiebault (with the sanction of the Bishop, she adds), was visiting by water conveyance Big Goose Island, then recently purchased



by the monastery and held by it to this day, will describe *con amore* this singular rock, still known as *rocher de l'Hôpital* : “ We returned,” says she, “ from our excursion, which had lasted eight days, perfectly delighted with the beauty and fertility of the spot. Among the most striking objects,” she adds, “ there is a large rock which from time immemorial goes by the name of the Hospital, because any Canada goose (*outarde*) or other sea fowl wounded by sportsmen, hurries to this rock, like unto an asylum, where relief is at hand. The feathered tribe have here delicate appliances, in which art would seem to play a greater part than nature. A number of holes are scooped by the sea out of the solid rock. The tide flows into them ; the sun warms the tidal water remaining therein. The invalid birds bathe and luxuriate in these tepid reservoirs. When shallow water is required, they resort to one of the smaller cavities, or else plunge into a larger one, as they may fancy. They repose on the heated stone, or else lie imbedded in the moss to cool themselves. In hospital we noticed sick or wounded *outardes* (Canada geese). They apparently recognized us as *Hospitalières* nuns. We were careful not to scare them, and ascended to the summit of the Hospital rock, from which the eye took in a wide expanse of water—a sea.” Such is the bright picture drawn by good Mother Juchereau de St. Ignace, the annalist of the monastery.

Whence the name of Crane Island ? That erratic wanderer, sung by Horace *Gruem advenam*, the wary crane having also sought the island as a trysting place during his spring and fall migrations from Florida to the fur countries and Hudson Bay, the place was called after him, Crane Island. Under French rule the law lent its protection to the game it contained. Special *ordon-*

*nances de chasse* were passed to that effect, and some legislation to protect the ducks, &c., at the period of incubation also took place under the early English Governors ; at one time several varieties of aquatic fowl resorted for food or incubation to its vast meadows, clothed in luxuriant, coarse grass called *rouche*—a substantial fodder for cattle. Pot-hunters having undertaken to hunt with dogs the fledglings, in July, before they could fly, the parent birds resented such unsportsmanlike practices, and sought other breeding places in the more secluded isles, on the Labrador coast or in the neighborhood of Lake St. John. They still return in the fall to Crane Island.

Among the early proprietors of the islands, figure the names of some of the officers of the dashing Carignan-Salières Regiment, subsequently to whom we find the name of a descendant of Baron Charles Le Moyne de Longueuil. In 1775, the Seigneur was M. de Beaujeu brother of the famous de Beaujeu, who, in 1755, took part in the memorable battle of the Monongahela. In 1759, he had been intrusted with the command of an important post, that of Michilimakinac in the west for his services and devotion to the cause of His Most Christian Majesty, he was decorated. De Beaujeu, at the head of his *chersitaires*, was a sturdy chieftain ; nor did he hesitate during the winter of 1775-6 to cross over and join the succor, which De Gaspé, Seigneur of St. Jean-Port-Joly, Couillard, Seigneur of St. Thomas, and an old Highland Officer, Thomas Ross, of Beaumont, made a noble effort to pour into Quebec. The skirmish with the Continentals and their Canadian allies took place at *St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud*, and is known in Canadian annals as *l'affaire de Michel Blais*. It was a rout for the Loyalists.

It is curious to follow the warlike Seigneur de Beaujeu upholding the standard of England in 1775-6—the same standard he had successfully opposed before the desertion of the colony by France. De Beaujeu's name still survives on Bayfield's old charts—in that of the shifting sand bank, in the St. Lawrence opposite the Manor House. It is proper to state that his winter expedition of 1776-6, to relieve His Excellency, Guy Carleton, blockaded in Quebec, ended in a disaster, nearly costing him and his followers their lives. Capt. de Beaujeu expired at Crane Island in June 1802, and was buried at Cape St. Ignace, opposite.

In our early sporting days, we recollect hearing from the oldest inhabitants of the islands, quaint anecdotes, relating to their aged and warlike Seigneur de Beaujeu. It would seem that on great hollydays the Chevalier de St. Louis took particular pride in wearing in his button-hole the ribbon of the order sent out to him by the King of France, Louis XIV. Age and infirmities creeping on, the old lion used to remain in his den the greater part of the day, and when the tenants brought the rents and seigniorial capons at Michaelmas, more than once, so as to render the hall tenantable, they had to kindle the fire on the very spacious hearth, inclosed by an antique "wide-throated chimney," which to this day is a subject of curiosity to all visitors.

Recently there were lying on the shore at Crane Island, near the church, an antiquated rusty cannon, brought from *Cape Brûlé* on the north shore, opposite to Crane Island. In 1859, a similar cannon, measuring in length 5ft. 5in. and 12in. in diameter, was presented by a resident of Crane Island, Capt. Lavoie, to the Quebec Seminary ; at that period some of the timbers of

this old wreck were still visible. History furnishes full details of the wreck, at *Cape Brûlé*, of the French man-of-war *Elephant*, on Sept. 1, 1729, carrying to Quebec some of the most noted men in the colony, Bishop Dosquet, Intendant Hocquart and others; the cannon we saw, at present forms part of the antiques and curios, gathered together in the Museum of Herbert Molesworth Price, Esquire, at Montmorency Falls, near Quebec, the antiquary is very proud of this relic of the past. With the exception of the de Beaujeu seigniorial manor on the lower end of Crane Island, rebuilt and enlarged by McPherson LeMoyne, Esquire, of Boston, the new seigneur, who occupies it during the summer months, all the dwellings stand on the northern side of the island; a thick belt of forest trees hides them from view, except when the steamer takes the north channel—the old French route—when they are faintly seen in the distance. The locality ranked as a parish, under the name of *St. Antoine de l'Ile-aux-Grues*, as early as 1683, when it comprised but three families, in all fifteen souls. In 1678, Pierre de Becart, Sieur de Granville, was the seigneur.

Crane Island—six miles in length—during the “leafy months” is noted for its salubrity and attractiveness. A highway, as level as a bowling green, runs from one end to the other, and umbrageous woods, descending to the shores, intersect the portion of the island which is not under culture. A dense grove of graceful maple and oak trees, some thirty acres long, fringes the crest of this plateau at the west point facing the anchorage, well known to every river pilot, *La Pointe aux Pins*. The Marine and Fishing Department in 1866 erected a lighthouse on a pier which now connects with the shore; also a number of beacons on



the land and recently, gas buoys in the channel, near de Beaujeu's shoal. In the rear of the lighthouse the ground rises in successive terraces, studded with dwarf pines of singular beauty, and leads through natural avenues to the wooded and umbrageous plateau above, known as "Le Domaine du Seigneur," a cool, delightful spot for a picnic or *fête champêtre*, of which Quebecers seem fully disposed to avail themselves with the permission of the owner. These picturesque highlands have also their heather,—a fuzzy, graceful carpet of juniper bushes, weighted down each fall with fruit. When September crimsons the adjoining maple groves, a visit to this elysium is a thing to be remembered. Few sites in our gorgeous Canadian scenery, can surpass its river views, extending to Cape Tourmente, Cape Maillard, and over the innumerable islets on the north side basking in sunshine at your feet.

The old manor, with its green groves, orchard, ample verandah, flagstaff and numerous outhouses, is in full view from the steamers ascending the south channel. Some distance in rear are two antiquated wind mills—to grind the island wheat the head quarters of the snipe shooters ;— beyond this a string of pretty, white cottages extending to the west end of the island; the parish church of course, as in all Canadian scenery looms up in the centre. As a river view, nothing can surpass in grandeur the panorama which the lovely St. Lawrence here unfolds on a radiant summer morning, when with the rising tide a fleet of swan-winged merchantmen emerge from the Traverse far below, in the direction of the church of *St. Roch des Aulnets* : at first, dim, white specks on the horizon, gradually growing larger and larger, on the bosom of the glad waters; each in succession, crowding on your gaze, top sails,



top gallant sails and royals all set,—a moving tower of canvas advancing toward the island shore, at times so close that you can hear the voices of persons on board.

It was at one time contemplated to divide in lots the west end of the island for sportsmen desirous to build their shooting lodges in proximity to the several fishing and shooting grounds in the neighborhood ;such as *Ile Ste Marguerite*, *Battures-aux-loups-marins* (Seal Rocks), *Roches-Plates* and St. Joachim beaches.

Such is Governor Montmagny's game preserve of 1646."

The yatch was careening over, under a stiff westerly breeze : the flood tide had just turned ; an experienced old yachtsman, Mac of the Isles, held the helm. The low rocky shores of Seal Rock were fast disappearing as the *Hirondelle*, close reefed, plowed merrily through the surf in the direction of St-Jean-Port-Joly Church. To the north a flock of silvery gulls were disporting themselves in the shallows, while the descending orb of day shed his expiring rays on the leaping waters.

—"Pass around the Garcias," sung out the Commodore to the cabin boy. "Let us have a glorious smoke before casting anchor at McPherson's House, Crane Island."

—"We have plenty of time before reaching there," replied the Antiquary."

THE GOOSE ISLAND LEGEND—*Mdlle de Granville.*

“ The Antiquary had scarcely closed his discourse, when the slow, measured voice of the sailing-master, grim old Carleton, was heard, addressing the commander of the *Hirondelle*. “ The Pillar light is passed, keep her close to the wind, *mon capitaine* ; we shall take the direction of the river channel north of Beaujeu’s bank, so as to get near to the Goose Island swamp—de Montmagny’s shooting ground—which you want to see.”

—“ All right,” retorted the bluff commodore, giving a turn to the tiller ; but, methinks, an unpardonable sin has been committed : we have omitted thanking suitably our esteemed friend (Lavoie) for his thrilling legend of *La Jongleuse*, in our anxiety to hear what the Antiquary had to say anent Crane Island. This considerate remark had probably been elicited by a glance at the grave, withered, but intelligent face of the old *raconteur* ; he looked as if he had expected to be complimented on his literary performance ; he yawned — seemed weary — jaded ; apparently, as if exhausted by his dry, lengthy, legendary deliverance.

The commodore, ever ready to provide relief to the unfortunates, remarked rather sententiously, that, like his grandfather’s clock, old Lavoie required regular winding up : he had not, it was evident, had his daily *coup d’appétit*, the traditional appetizer of French Canadians, ever since the days of Montcalm : a dram of mellow, old jamaica.

Mac of the Isles versed in the ways of the ancient mariner, suggested to give him a *soupeçon* de “ jamai-que ” to restore the wear and tear of advancing years, whilst the Antiquary held out for the marvellous inspiring effect of Glenlivet, administered in such cases

homeopathically : a “ wee caulker, ” of which, on the authority of glorious Kit North, he said would act as a charm. Sure enough, the distressing “ crow’s feet ” round the old mariner’s eyes and mouth grew dim ; the ominous lines sank, nearly disappeared, and Jean Lavoie, as if young again, hustled round the deck, rated the crew, composed chiefly of Nicholas Mathurin, and the cabin boy, for allowing one of the yatch’s main-stays to bag. “ Make it taut,” said he, supplementing his lively order with a mild *sacré*. “ That anchor,” he added, “ is not apeak, seaman-like ; the forecastle floor wants scrubbing ; the flying jib haliard is slack.” *Sacré !*

The authoritative old salt having had his say, returned to assume his post near the companion ladder, watching the spray of the *Hirondelle*, tacking under her double-reefed main-sail and jib.

Merrily was the craft bowling along, making excellent time, on her larboard tack, rapidly nearing the reedy strand, fringed with the white cottages, and outhouses on Little Goose Island, dismembered from Crane Island, and now owned by the *Hotel-Dieu* Nuns of Quebec, when old Lavoie, scanning the shores of the green, fertile isle, muttered in a half musing, abstracted way : “ Poor Mr. Granville ! Who will ever tell us who he was, and why he was kept a miserable prisoner for years on that lofty rock ? Was he the *Masque de fer* of *la vieille France* ? Never probably shall we learn.”

—“ What about him ?—where and when did he flourish ? ” immediately put in the commodore, in an inquiring tone.

—“ You had better ask Mr. Oldbuck,” Lavoie replied

pettishly. “ I am not a professor of history ! How can I tell ? it may have been one hundred—it may have been two hundred—years since the mysterious stranger was kept a captive on that island. I know that a Becart de Granville—Pierre de Becart, sieur de Granville, in 1678—was once *seigneur* of this group of Islands, long after Monsieur de Montmagny’s time. In my youth I remember noticing the decayed foundations of the Granville manor, on the loftiest ridge of Little Goose Island—solid cedar rafters, imbedded in the earth, just a few yards west of the present dwelling of Teles Lapierre, the Nun’s farmer.

Some remains of masonry still exist under ground. An adjoining mound to the north east still bears the name of Becart’s mountain, next to a rocky cove, used as a landing place in former days, when the French held Canada, and ascended the St. Lawrence by the north channel up to Cape Tourmente, the south channel being considered narrow and unsafe on account of the shoals.

Here Mr. Oldbuck chimed in, as old Lavoie’s historical lore seemed giving out. “ The ground work of the story rests on tradition, handed down from father to son, among these simple islanders, whose fertile fields are connected by a long, grassy, flat beach to Crane Island. The early history of Little Goose Island was marked with blood and carnage. In 1655, the historian Ferland (\*) tells us how the Agniers raided the place, murdering the chief settlers, among others M. Macquart, a well-to-do Parisian settler—M. Moyer the seigneur, as well as his wife—carrying off in their canoes his children, who however, were subsequently

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(\*) Cours d’histoire du Canada.



released. One of M. Moyer's daughters espoused Lambert Close, one of the brave and early colonists of Montreal."

The Antiquary added the following, extracted from the *Legendary Lore of the St. Lawrence*, and read as follows : " More than a century back, a French officer left old for New France, as it was then called ; he applied for, and obtained the grant of a Fief or seigniory, comprising a group of islands called the Ste Marguerite Islands, to which he subsequently added the two Goose Islands and Crane Island, originally granted to Governor de Montmagny, in 1646. The extent of such a domain supposes rank and importance in the seigneur who chose for his manorial residence one of the most picturesque, but also, one of the most secluded isles of the group ; and thereon built, not a crenelated tower, nor a baronial castle of mediæval times, but a plain massive, stone house,—a prison as it proved subsequently, either for himself or for his son. There for many a long year, far from the eyes of men, a solitary prisoner was immured. His keeper, perhaps his friend, his relative for aught that can be stated to the contrary, was a woman—a woman of rank and wealth. The prisoner, it was said, was insane. The question was often asked, " Was he born so ? or if not, what produced his insanity ? " Were there no lunatic asylum in France fit to receive him ? The replies to these queries are likely to remain for ever among the unfathomed secrets of the past. Dark surmises were circulated. Who was this new *Masque de Fer* ? Why was he immured between four massive walls, with no sweet sounds to beguile captivity's lonely hours, save the voice of the pitiless north easterly storm, or the monotonous roar of the waves on the granite coast where



he was entombed, in a living grave ? The name of the fair occupant of the Manor was. . . Madame or Made-moiselle de Granville. † The prisoner was. . . her brother, sisterly love made her his jailer : she said so.

Years rolled on ; the poor captive died ; conjectures went their way ;

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The ruins of Madame de Granville's manor were visible at the beginning of the century ; the seignior of this group of Islands, granted, as above stated, to the Governor of Canada, in 1646, as a shooting ground, built up a manor on Crane Island ; the centre room, or parlor still exists and forms part of the modern seigniorial residence."

—" Could you not, Mr. Oldbuck, give us the history of this old manor, rife with so many sporting and war-like souvenirs ? " exclaimed the commodore. " We shall soon, if this breeze holds out, be under its hospitable roof ; I wish to know all about Crane Island manor before I enter.

"Gentlemen, replied the Antiquary, this is both an agreeable, and an easy task. It so happens, that I have a sketch of this ancient manor, nearly finished in my portfolio, I will read it for your edification later on."

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† A. M. de Granville , an officer of the Regiment de Carignan, had had a concession of Island du Portage, in 1672. . . . it does not appear whether this was the same man or not.

## Chap. V

### THE RAPPEL OF THE FRENCH DEAD IN CHARLOTTETOWN, P. Ed. I.

Off Kamouraska, September. 189—

..... "A quiet shady place.  
A nook apart from traffic's toil and moil ;  
Of fresh green pastures on a fertile soil,  
Well clothed with wealth of woods, by nature's beauty  
And known as Hernewood all throughout the country."  
—*Emigration of the Fairies.*

*Lt.-Col John Hunter Dwyer*

"That Granville tale, Commodore, is prime, retorted Mac of the Isles; it brings one back so vividly to that delightful period in French history, when the king to gratify the private revenge of pimp or paramour, in his royal clemency, furnished *Lettrés de cachet*, to immure for life, within the grim dungeons of the Bastille a hated rival in love or in ambition."

But who will be the next contributor to the legendary log of the *Hirondelle*?

Wind and tide favor us, suppose we cross over to our Canadian Brighton—Murray Bay, saunter round the Nairne and Fraser settlements of 1762, and pick up some stray threads of their battle and siege traditions, of their warlike Highland followers : the Blackburns, Warrens, McLeans, McNicols, McNeils. Harveys—transmogrified now into thorough *Jean-Baptistes*, speaking no other language than the French."

—"I protest," sung out the sporting Commodore against having any more sea or land tales at present. If there is a thing sacred to an Englishman, or I may say, to a British subject, it is his dinner. Let us then go through this performance, like real Britons."

Instantly, the commodore and his sympathetic guests, like *he* of *Pinafore*, "went below" ; the helm was

entrusted to old Carleton, the sailing-master ; and merrily the yatch sailed along. An hour or two later, the *Hirondelle* was safely moored to the pier, at *Pointe à Pic*, where a very pleasant surprise awaited the Antiquary. A renowned Prince Edward Island poet, author of "*Roberval*," "*Emigration of the Fairies*," "*Osiris*," &c., in quest of topographical information respecting the visit, his hero, "*Roberval*," had paid, in 1543, to the Saguenay district, was then rusticating at Murray Bay. The bard was introduced forthwith by the Antiquary to the yatching party, as the Squire of Hernewood, and warmly greeted.

The Commodore and friends all landed, ascended the hill, and strolled round the bay. On their return they were glad to take a rest, and readily accepted, at *Rocky Hollow*, the generous hospitality of Lt.-Col. D. C. T.—its owner.

Refreshments were passed round; long life and prosperity was drank to the mist and heather of old Scotia. The party, including the P. E. Island poet, then re-embarked on board the *Hirondelle*.

It had been decided to cruise round for one day before landing the bard at the cottage he had leased, six miles lower down at *Cap-à-l'Aigle*.

Soon the trim *Hirondelle*, all sail set, heading for the next watering-place—*Rivière du Loup*, was merrily cleaving her way, amidst the rippling surf and numerous white caps on the sand bar outside the bay, at a speed of nine miles an hour.

Serene as was his wont, stood the Commodore at the helm ; Mac of the Isles was scanning the horizon with his marine glass for the appearance of the inward Allan steamer ; the Antiquary was deep in a discussion with

the Squire of Hernewood, anent the origin of the Murray Bay mounds or mamelons, whilst Pierre, the cabin boy was scolding *Fox*, whose tail, in his hurry to pass round the cigars, he had crushed, whilst the dog lay curled up in the sunshine, close to the companion.

“Illustrious son of Apollo,” ejaculated the Commodore, with a majestic wrinkle in his Olympian brow, addressing the squire, “dost thou know that no mortal man, ever since the days of old Peter Kalm, ventured on Champlain’s sacred stream, for the first time, without paying tribute. For you it will not be filthy lucre, but a poet’s tribute.”

—“Hold, Commodore,” put in the Antiquary, “the collectors of the Legendary Lore of the St. Lawrence, will be satisfied with a contribution, a tribute if you will, in prose.”

—Reassured, the bard and seer looked undaunted and replied, “Commodore, I bow to the decree of fate; but remember, that whether I am to pay tribute in verse or in prose, I fear no rival. A strange, but poetical tale I am prepared to unfold, anent my island home.”

Perhaps you have heard of the apparition of the spectral ship of the Gulf—believed in, along the shore of the North Bay.

In fact for thirty and odd years I have met fishermen who have *seen* it, or have seen other fishers who had seen it. About three years since I was informed that she was off the coast. She is seen both by night and day, at night carrying lights. On cross-examination the evidence became hazy, and the witnesses did not remember what kind of weather she was seen in, or how the wind blew, or what her professional rig (war or merchant ?) but she was always under sail, a large

ship. She does not advertise her route in the *shipping list*, nor publish her log, but her cruising ground is from east of East Cape of Prince Edward Island to Escuminac. Legend does not say what the ship was. The ship "Canseau" wrecked on this coast, was of some note, but I do not think it is she. On the north coast of P. E. Island, near East Cape, is a locality, called from the earliest French times, *Naufrage*. There I would look for the mystery as to the spectral craft herself : antiquarians or scientists (optic, occult, or ocular) must decide whether it is a *fata morgana* or imagination. Possibly you may recollect some verses I published some years ago under the heading "*A legend of Anticosti?*" it should have been "of the North Bay" or "of the Gulf."

Obscurely mixed up with the spectral ship is "*The Light on Tryon Bar*," in the straits of Northumberland; a ship's lights are seen on dusky nights on the bar of Tryon two or three miles off shore. Why off Tryon ?

Once on a date of era uncertain, a fool hardy mariner put off in a boat to board the evident ship. Man nor boat never returned. Whether they perished, or were taken on board and added to the phantom crew and equipment remains a mystery.

There is further more a fine legend of the "*Rappel of the French dead*" in Charlottetown ; you are welcome to it, as it first appeared as a story told in camp.

#### THE RAPPEL OF THE DEAD.

—"You all know about the fall of Louisbourg, how they battered away at it for ever so long, and at last took it.

Had I time I could demonstrate to you the weak points of the defence, in a manner that would make



old Todlieben stare. However, I haven't time, and if I had, you might not understand it; so it's no matter. The French had two or three forts in *L'Isle St. Jean*, as Prince Edward Island was then called, and kept small garrisons there, although what possible use they could be in an island all forests in summer, and frozen in six months of winter, it would have puzzled Napier of Magdala, or Grant of the Wilderness to say. Probably they were mere stockades with a ditch. I visited one of these forts at North River, but found nothing more professional than an outline of mounds in a field, and a pyramid of turnips of the calibre of sixty eight pound shot. Very likely the posts were merely to catch deserters from Cape Breton, and keep scoundrels from the mainland from trading with the Indians, whose occasional hunting ground it was; for let me tell you the island had moose and cariboo at that time, although how they got there God wot! unless the straits were more firmly frozen to the mainland than they are now,—aye, and beaver too, for you can see the remains of the beaver meadows, and deer antlers are occasionally turned up in the furrows. The bears must have had a grand time then, for there is possibly good bear hunting in the west of the Island even now. Of course when Louisbourg capitulated, the garrisons were withdrawn, and were sent back to old France. Not all, though; for they left some of their number under the sod, about a company strong, I should think, if my story be true. Some were doubtless scalped by our Micmac brothers, and some must have died from natural causes, although the island is so extraordinarily healthy, that there are always more folks over a hundred years old there, than there is any use for. An officer of rank, the commandant or somebody, and a

full staff of company officers must have died too—and a drummer.

The way I know the strength of the missing men's roll you shall hear. All of them died and were buried with military honors of course, but they would not stay buried. Their cemetery was at *Port-la-joye*, where Charlottetown now stands, and in the line of one of the principal streets of that village. As Charlotte-town grew, the——Mansion was built over the old French military burial ground, and the family took possession, unmindful of the dead who slept below. But I tell you for a fact, that at midnight they heard the tap of muffled drums in the cellar, then the sound of marching feet, then the clash of grounding arms. It was the midnight parade of the dead. Then after an interval sufficient for inspection, the measured tramp of feet was again heard to tap of drum. The men were marching off the ground.

One does not like to have a barrack of disembodied troops of the line in his cellar without knowing the reason why. So the Rev. Mr. ——, when he fell heir to the estate, determined to see what could be done in the premises.

He was by no means a timid man, but on the contrary, being of Scottish descent, had a hard practical head, and besides he came of a family of soldiers, and, more over he was in holy orders. Thus trebly armed, he, on many occasions descended into the cellarage, and always with the last stroke of twelve by the church there came the first tap of the drum and the sound of marching feet. Not the brutal noise of ammunition boots, but rather the soft pit a-pat of mocassins, for it is natural to suppose that the dead march lighter than the living.

The good clergyman was fairly puzzled. He said naught to them. Had he been as good Catholic as he was good Protestant, he would no doubt have sung a mass for the souls in the cellar. Whether the company had had the *route* for other quarters, or whether their term of service has expired, these spectre troops muster no more. But that they did muster, is as true as the mutiny act. ”

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## THE LIGHT ON TRYON BAR

Off Murray Bay, Sept., 189—

“ A gallant fleet sailed out to sea  
With the pennons streaming merrily,  
On the hills, the tempest lit  
And the great ships split  
In the gale.

And the foaming fierce sea-horses,  
Hurled the fragments in their forces  
To the ocean deeps,  
Where the Kraken sleeps,  
And the whale.”

—*Song of the Mermaids in “DE ROBERVAL”*

HUNTER DUVAR.

Scarcely had the Squire of Hernewood had time to draw breath, after delivering to his appreciative audience, his weird, martial Prince Edward Island legend, when a pathetic appeal was made to him by the whole party, for its twin sister, the *Spectral Ship of Tryon Bar*, previously mentioned.

Laying aside his cigar, and raising to its full extent the collar of his cape to effectually exclude the drench-

ing spray, caused by the plunging of the swift *Hirondelle*, the Squire proceeded as follows :—

“ Instead of a pleasant summer cruise in a snug, commodious yatch, over St. Lawrence’s sparkling tide, just imagine yourselves—as more than once was my fate—swiftly skimming in a well equipped ice-boat over the frozen surface and icy hummocks rushing wildly, between our island and *terra firma*, on a bleak winter day, and I shall try and repeat a tale I once heard, though it may be out of my power to retrace the rollicking, cheery ways of the narrator.”

### THE LIGHT ON TRYON BAR

SCENE: The ice-boat between Cape Traverse, P. E. I., and Cape Tormentine, N. B., going smoothly along over a field of glib ice, so as to admit of conversation among the passengers, who are harnessed to the boat, and pulling it along as captives might a Roman chariot. A middle-aged man with a far-away-look in his eyes as if he wrote editorials for a newspaper, takes the parole. To a fellow-dragsman :

—“ *Pass*: “ I think, sir, you belong to this coast. Can you give me any information respecting a strange light that is sometimes seen on Tryon Bar ? ”

—*J. B.* : “ My name is Bouncer, Jim Bouncer.

—*Pass* : Pardon me, Mr. Bouncer, I am really much interested in the matter from a scientific point of view. Have you ever seen the light yourself ? ”

—*J. B.* : “ Maybe I have, and maybe I have n’t. It ain’t a thing to speak of. ”

—*Pass* : “ Do oblige me. You have yourself seen it ? ”

—*J. B.* : “ Well (seeing it’s you) I have seen it. And don’t you go for to see it if you can help it. That light never shows ’cepting for mischief, some widow woman’s cow slips her calf, or the mackerel won’t school, or something.

First time I see that there light my red mare took the strangles, and the next time a sow that I was raising—a Berkshire she was, and nigh on two hundred,—choked on a potato. Sam Sinker blames that unlucky light for his wife having twins, and him a poor man. Don’t you ask to see it mister. ”

—*Pass* : “ Really you excite my curiosity. Pray tell me all about it and when we reach Tom Allan’s I will stand something short. What is the light like ? ”

—*J. B.* : “ Like ! Like a ship on the shoals, only her lights burn a kind of blue. A big ship at that, for her ports are open and you see the lights shining through, kind of misty like. After dark is her time. Warm, muggy weather, when the bar looks twice as far off the land.

You know the kind o’ weather, Pilot ? ”

—*Pilot* : “ I knows ’um. ”

—*2nd Pass* “ May I be blizzard, but this is a tough yarn. ”

—*J. B.* : “ Seems to be lying broadside on. Can’t quite make out her build or rig, but can kind of see her sheets shivering,—dim like—none of them taut, and her to’ gallensails and skyscrapers lost in the fog. Tell you what, that there ship is not navigated by no mortal crew. She never cleared from no custom house, and hasn’t no port of entry ’cept it be Tryon Bar. Lubbers is aboard that ship.



A. B. seamen wouldn't lay her ou that there shoal. Some says they have heard men shouting aboard, but I never did. Bob Quittles, him as sails out of St. John—tells me has heard them yell often, and Bob is a 'sponsible man that could not be hired to tell a lie, except about a matter of smuggling or such. You have heard of Capting Kidd's ship, the Flying Dutchman, mister ? That's her. If it's not her, it's Dave Jone's own tender."

—*Pass*: "Why don't some of you fishermen put off, and see what it really is ?

—*J. B.* : "Not any for me, thank ye, squire. That has been done once too often already. I've heard my father say that Joey Smiff—you didn't know Joey, he was afore your time—but a catawampus was Joey, and he swore he would go off to the light ship, and sample her purser's rum. He had about three caulks in him when he said it. Men tried to hold him and asked him not, but he said he would. And he did. Shot his dory clean through the breakers like a currmuree, about twenty minutes after an awful yell came ashore, and whether Joey was drowned, or the ghostisses had keel-ed-hauled him, can't say. But Joey never came back. Neitheid his boat. She was a 14 feet keel, spruce, and carried a kedge. Anyhow it was all up with Joey, and you could not buy no Tryon man to go out there no more."

—*Divinity Student* : (who was hauling very feebly "Really this is a singular aberration. Suetonius remarks...."

Here the ice boat came bump against a floating hummock, and the voyagers scrambled on board and took to the oars :

“Superb ! Hip ! Hip ! ! Hurrah ! ! ! was the enthusiastic exclamations of all on board.”

“Commodore ! added the Squire of Hernewood,”  
I presume you or some of your friends, might like to hear how Mr. Jim Bouncer’s narrative of the *Spectral Ship* might look in verse ; here goes the legend with some variations, as versified by a Prince Edward Island poet :—

How once on a time a ship was lost,  
Cut by the ice from stem to hold,  
From out the north the wind it blew :  
There was no time to make a landing ;  
And the fated ship, with all her crew  
And spars, went down all standing.

A ten gun brig as I’ve heard tell ;  
But whose she was, or whence she came,  
Men know not now, nor what befel  
The crew of this ship without a name,  
Sailors to her, mayhap, in boats  
From some sea-hell came steering,  
And stole her men, or cut their throats,  
And went a-buccaneering.

Her cruising ground, St. Lawrence Gulf,  
From Entry Isle to Gabarus Bay ;  
And she burned and plundered from Cape Wolfe,  
On both sides up to the Saguenay,  
Till she sank : but in judgment, it may be,  
And without the power of choosing  
Between the devil and the deep sea,  
Was sent again a-cruising.

Sometimes when fisherman from the shore  
On stormy nights looks out to sea,  
To guess if a day to ply the oar  
And cast the net to-morrow will be—

(For well he knows will he weep and wail  
Should hunger be in his biggin),  
He suddenly sees a ship full-sail,  
And men up in the rigging.

When weird gray clouds drift o'er the moon,  
And ground-swell breaks with sullen roar,  
And fitfully, in mournful tune,  
The wind pipes from the Labrador,  
Some home-returning chaloupe trig  
Or mackerel-boat or banker  
Reports a spectral ten-gun brig  
Seen riding at an anchor.

When great black rocks heave up their backs,  
And shake their flowing manes of kelp,  
The Lighthouse keepers on the Stacks  
Have heard a far, weird cry for "Help!"  
And seen upon the Deadman's Ledge,  
Where lines of surf were breaking,  
A large ship lying on its edge,  
With all her canvas shaking.

Some of the oldest sailor's sons  
Have seen her lift in the offing,  
And heard dull sounds of minute-guns  
From out that floating coffin.  
With all sail set aloft and alow,  
She comes and goes like a vision,  
And still pursues (for aught I know),  
Her diabolic mission.

HUNTER DUVAR.

"Did you ever, Commodore, hear of the mysterious lady of Sable Island mentioned by judge Haliburton, asked the Antiquary."

—"Never, replied the Commodore."

Then rejoined, Jonathan Oldbuck I will tell it in a few words.

THE SABLE ISLAND GHOST.

“In the year 1802, the transport “Princess Amelia” was wrecked off the south side of the island. Part of the cargo consisted of some furniture belonging to the Queen’s father, Prince Edward. Among the passengers on board were a number of officers, soldiers and their wives and servants—in all about 200 persons. They all perished. At that time some piratical vagabonds made the island a base of operations for their terrible work, as there was then no regular establishment kept on the island. It is supposed that some of the poor souls of that unfortunate vessel reached shore in safety, and were murdered by the wreckers for their property. Captain Torrens, of the 29th Regiment, then lying at Halifax, was sent to look after the missing ones, and was wrecked too, but escaped to shore with his life, together with others. In a hut they found some arms which the captain appropriated. On returning to the hut on one occasion the first thing he saw inside was a lady sitting by the fire, with long, dripping hair hanging over her shoulders. Her dress was covered with sand, and clung to her as though it was wringing wet.

“Where did you come from, madam ?” he asked, but her only reply was to hold up her hand, and then he saw that one of the fingers had been cut off, and was still bleeding. He got a bandage, and was about to offer his assistance in dressing the wound when the mysterious visitor rose up suddenly, and slipping past him started for the beach. He followed, begging her to return, and as he thought she must be out of her mind, ran after her. But the quicker he ran, the quicker she fled, until reaching the shore she plunged into the waves and disappeared. Then he returned to the hut,

and was amazed to find that the strange visitor had preceded him. Again she held up her wounded hand, and this time he took a good look at her to be able to identify her afterwards if necessary. All at once it struck him that it was the wraith of some woman murdered for her jewelry ; and as he gazed, he recognized the features of a Mrs. Copeland, a lady well known in Halifax, as the wife of Dr. Copeland, of the 7th Regiment. When she saw that he recognized her she rose smiled, and disappeared. Captain Torrens got the name of three of the most prominent wreckers, and after a good deal of difficulty found the man who had stolen the lady's ring, and disposed of it to a Halifax jeweller, at whose shop he found it. It was identified at once by the ladies of the regiment, and by some of the doctor's brother officers. Judge Haliburton, in a foot note in his history of the island, vouches for the truth of the narrative.

— *Morning Chronicle*, 25th May 1883.

The *Hirondelle*, with every stitch of canvas set, was merrily bowling along in the direction of Kamouraska, when Jonathan Oldbuck, at the steward's suggestion, proposed to the Commodore to run alongside the splendid government wharf, at *Pointe-aux-Orignaux*, *Rivière-Ouelle*.

“ We are sure, said he, of replenishing easily, our depleted commissariat, at that delightful summer resort of Tourists, the LAURENTINE HOUSE, and of procuring a supply of salmon, fresh smelts, trout and other products of the sea ; a visit to *Rivière-Ouelle* will also afford us the pleasure of witnessing possibly, the capture in the stake or weir enclosures on the beach, of the porpoise or white whale, so graphically described by the learned Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the historiographer



of Rivière-Ouelle, his native parish. This unwieldly and excentric fish in its wanderings, has lately been thus caught more than one hundred at a time. It is at *Pointe-aux-Orignaux*, that our friend the Abbé places the last scene of his tragical Legend, *La Jongleuse*.

A quaint tradition, possibly connected with the capture of these porpoise in early times, is still repeated at Canadian fire-sides. A club of farmers had acquired the monopoly of the *Rivière Ouelle* beaches, to plant their fishery stakes and other engines of warfare, &c., against the denizens of the deep. Others coveted the spot, as the profits from the porpoise fishery, were occasionally very remunerative. Outsiders were not invited ; it was better to keep the matter dark. A strange tale was circulated at the time. The supernatural incident was supposed to have occurred on St. Jean Baptiste Day—(24th June)—when porpoise fishing was at its height. St. Jean-Baptiste Day, in the olden times was kept up with much festivity. The day closed usually with a dance, followed by copious libations to the rosy god ; ample stores of old Jamaica rum were provided. On the holiday in question, quite a number of farmers from the adjoining parishes had driven to *Rivière-Ouelle*, to witness the results of an extraordinary catch of porpoise which had taken place the day previous.

A grand carouse was held ending with songs and a dance to music furnished by the village fidler.

“ *A la claire fontaine.*” “ *Par derrière chez mon père.*” *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*, duly encored had waked the echoes of *Pointe-aux-Orignaux*. The ladies too had been helped twice to *Sangree*, a rather seductive cordial ; the secret of its composition has now been lost.

There is something misty about the tradition, as

to when the spectral hands on the walls were seen ; some of the invited guests, retiring, in the moon-light, to the rocky shore under the potent fumes of old Jamaica, had indulged in a nap, whilst the most vigorous were inclined to keep up the dance until sunrise ; the village fiddler, however, at 11.30 struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*, which meant that the feast was over. The light of the expiring candles had grown very dim. It was then that the strange apparitions were noticed on the walls : hands advanced or retreat towards or from the guests as they moved forward or backward. The ghostly arms extended their fleshless palms as if desirous of shaking hands, then disappeared and reappeared on the walls opposite !!!

At midnight, the spirits suddenly rushed to the beach : the rising tide having floated the gruesome carcasses of the porpoise, they bestrode them and immediately the eyes of the dead animals became sparkling lights ; flashes of fire were emitted from the blow holes of their heads, and phosphorescent illumination followed in the wake of the sea steeds of their ghostly riders, who rapidly disappeared until lost sight of in the distant sea. The terrified St. Denis and Kamouraska guests, instantly hitched up their *Marche doncs*, vowing *Pointe-aux-Marsoins*, was an uncanny place : the spot was dreaded for years.

Let us now examine on the rocky beach the inexplicable snow-shoe impressions, perceptible to this day, though fading away. I had an opportunity of seeing them, some ten years ago, under the guidance of my friend, Abbé Casgrain, the annalist of *Rivière-Ouelle*.

Truly Old Nick must have been at a loss for outdoor exercise, in the winter months to indulge in a snow-shoe tramp, over this forlorn shore at that season!

—“ Now, Mr. Oldbuck and gentlemen, I can add to your legends, as good and as true a story ” if you will favor me with your attention “ said Mac of the Isles :

## THE MAGIC FIDDLER.

### AN ASH WEDNESDAY LEGEND.

“ Did you ever hear tell of the curious legend of The Magic Fiddler? It illustrates the dire fate which overtook the transgressors of the R. C. Church rules, which govern that time-honored institution, the Lenten season. I learnt it when a boy from an aged, genial country priest.”

— “ No, ” readily replied the jolly navigators of the *Hirondelle*: “ Do let us have it ! ”

— “ Evidently, my nautical friends, you must all belong to the unenlightened squad of city land-lubbers, to whom the crisp stories, blood-curdling legends, and odd traditions of the sweet olden time, current on the shores of the lower St. Lawrence, are like a closed book.

Here, then, is my Mardi-Gras legend.

Mardi-Gras, you are doubtless aware, is the popular French name of the annual dancing and feasting bout, preceding, in French Canada, the gruesome, penitential term of Lent ; not the modern, improved edition, but the vigorous 40 days’ fish Lent of old. It began at 12 o’clock, midnight, on Shrove Tuesday, imposed daily extra prayer, fasting and total abstinence from all flesh diet ; now, eggs, butter, beef broth, even oysters, may form part of the *menu* of a modern, degenerate Lent. ’

“ Once on a time, in an ancient, pious settlement

on the St. Lawrence, there stood in the centre of a forest clearing a solitary dwelling, of rather pretentious appearance. It had been partly built,—the front only,—of Caën Stone, imported some said from Normandy, by a wealthy Calvinist, seeking a quiet home in Canadian wilds, far from old world religious strife. The builder came from that staunch fortress of the early reformed church, Rochelle. New France, all know, was never a congenial soil for the disciples of austere John Calvin. The Calvinist Manor, at the death of its owner, gradually went to decay ; the roof yielded first ; that portion of the wall exposed to easterly gales crumbled ; the feudal tower, intended to repel Indian assaults, one night was struck by lightning ; in fact, the Manor was rapidly becoming uninhabitable.

It had once, t'was said, sheltered a friend of Daniel Kertk, who had married a relative of Madame de Champlain, previous to the beautiful Hélène Boulé adopting the creed of her husband, the founder of Quebec.

Successive autumnal gales had torn huge boughs from the once graceful elms, and uprooted some of the wide-spreading pines and lithe maples encircling the Manor.

Wintry blasts whistled through its gables ; snow drifts were allowed to pile up, unchecked, round its massive iron-clasped, oaken door ; its roomy hall, however, afforded shelter. Forlorn, deserted, shunned in fact by the Roman Catholic parishioners, the Calvinist's Manor was fast assuming the unhallowed, dreaded aspect of a haunted house. For all that, no clanking chains had yet grated here at night-fall, though there existed a vague, half-credited rumor that



the parish beadle's blooming daughter, after meeting one night her *cavalier* in the neighborhood, had seen there, by the light of the moon, a headless spectre on horse-back ; this had however excited little surprise, as it was on Hallowe'en night the apparition had been seen.

One Shrove Tuesday, long, long ago, at the request of the *Maquignons*\* of the neighboring settlement, a grand trotting match had been arranged to take place in that neighborhood. Such, in fact, had been the purport of the announcement made by the public crier at the church-door, after high mass, on the preceding Sunday. The icy surface of an adjoining river offered a splendid course, where the farmers of the surrounding parishes were to meet with their nimble trotters, and Norman amblers. Great, though select was the concourse on the appointed day; betting, too, ran high.

The darkness, however, of a short winter day interrupted the sport ; it was decided to continue the races on the morrow.

An unknown *maquignon*, who said he came from a back concession, the owner of a fast, coal-black trotter, proposed that they should take possession for the night of the deserted manor, tether their steeds in the spacious outhouses, invite the village maidens, and get up a dance, saying that he would borrow the fiddle of the village fiddler, and supply the music. Some tried to frown down the proposal, the house having such a bad name ; — eventually the strange visitor carried his point. In due time, and after the smoking of some very strong Canadian tobacco, the dance was organized as the guests had arrived. Many tallow candles lit up the scene. The company having assembled, chatted,

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\* Horse Jockeys



danced, and drank *sangree*; \* they again, and again, chatted, danced, and drank *sangree* until midnight. A grey-haired, but spruce *habitant*, pulling out his massive old watch said it was time to end the entertainment, and called for a round dance, otherwise the company would be sinfully encroaching on Ash Wednesday. The indefatigable fiddler objected, and struck up in his wildest mood a boisterous *gigue simple*. One and all, they joined in, chatted, danced, and drank *sangree*. A *cotillion* was then called for, and again they chatted, danced, and drank *sangree*. Presently, the lights grew dim, but the music was brisker than ever, and never ceased until the whole company sank out of sight, and nothing remained visible but their red *tuques*, madly dancing above ground."

"That is a prime legend," ! one and all on board the yatch shouted, "but who was the Magic Fiddler?"

"I leave you to guess" replied Jonathan Oldbuck, with a knowing wink.

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\* Mulled Wine ; this favorite cordial, used chiefly during winter in olden time, was made from spiced Bene-Carlo Wine.

## Chap. VI

### RIVIÈRE-DU-LOUP, CACOUANNA—BIC—L'ISLET AU MASSACRE—ITS LEGEND

Three hours brisk sailing brought us to the *Rivière-du-Loup* Pier, built by the Provincial Government, in 1854.

*Rivière-du-Loup*, an important centre of the Inter-colonial and Temiscouata Railways, has of late years evolved into the progressive town of Fraserville. Though its *seigneur* is a Fraser, and in addition, a public benefactor of the town, he was not THE FRASER, on the memorable occasion, in 1868, when it was attempted to reconstruct the ancient and valiant Fraser clan, and to name provincial, county and parish chieftains. In 1868, the head-chief The Fraser, was the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, L. C. Saint Marc, near Montreal. Fraserville, enjoyed not the honor of being the head-quarters of this eminent "58th descendant of Jules de Berry, a rich and powerful lord, who gave a sumptuous feast to the Emperor Charlemagne, and his numerous suite at his castle in Normandy, in the 8th century." The Saint Marc chieftain maintained that De Berry regaled Charlemagne with strawberries (*fraises*, in the French language) and that the Emperor was so greatly pleased that he ordered that he should henceforth be known as

"FRASER DE BERRY"

and from him the Clan Fraser traces its descent. This pet scheme of the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, naturally called forth a deal of curious and harmless banter in

the English and French press ; the numerous and very respectable Fraser clan in the Province of Quebec, having branched off into so many, so varied septs, some having quite forgotten the traditions of the land of the Gàel, its national costume and language. The idea had ultimately to be abandoned as impracticable.

Fraserville, with its handsome new Roman Catholic temple of worship, pretty villas, prosperous store-keepers, numerous hotels, and increasing population, was well worthy of becoming the county-town ; a distinction, until recently, enjoyed by its rival, Saint Louis de Kamouraska.

At the roaring waterfall, close to the Intercolonial Railway, the stream rushes wildly over a cliff about 80 feet high, then pauses to rest in the deep pool below, ere blending its dark waters with the St. Lawrence. Fraserville is the terminus of the Temiscouata Railway. Its sloping hills, dotted with villas—closed in by *Pointe à Beaulieu*, and by the river pier, in the distance, appear with advantage from the village. *Rivière du Loup*, its former name, is said to have originated in the olden times, when the phocæ, *loups-marins*, were in the habit of congregating in droves, at its entrance in the St. Lawrence, making night hideous with their cries ; long since, they have changed their haunts.

I can recall Cacouanna, in 1854, when it was but an inconsiderable village and when the want of a railway, and a wharf compelled one to land in a small boat, whilst a hay cart and horse were driven in the surf to receive the baggage from the boat. It is now, in much request by our rank and fashion during the hot spell—from sweet June to pensive September ; its capacious

St. Lawrence Hall, can accommodate 600 guests and the smaller hotels and cottages of the peasantry, receive as many more travellers and pleasure seekers. A number of Quebec and Montreal merchants, and professional men, have selected for themselves cool retreats, on the lofty bank skirting the highway, handy



to the beach and sea bathing. Lake Saint Simon, a few miles in rear, furnishes good sport to the angler, whilst riding, driving, boating and pic-nics, &c., fill in the spare hours of leisure; a good beach—pure, cool

air, brilliant northern scenery, grand river-views from the heights, and excellent railway facilities such are the specialities of Cacouanna —  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the railway station. There is nothing very noteworthy about the parish of *Ile Verte*, Green Island, which borrows its name from the isle facing the village. It leads to the extensive, old village of *Trois-Pistoles*, where the Intercolonial Railway's express passengers stop twenty minutes for lunch. The veterans of the Quebec Bar tell of a famous law suit, originated in this parish by a change having been made in the public road—which was laid out to run on the slope of a hill, instead of in an adjoining valley; the residents above would have nothing to do with those living below, even in spiritual matters. Each portion had its Roman Catholic church for years. Better counsels at last prevailed; chiefly through the wise and conciliatory action of the Bishop: the church on the lower level was ultimately closed.

“About the year 1700,” according to a tradition in my family, said to me, Monsieur D’Amour, a descendant of the primitive seigniors, a fisher from France had established his hut on the rocky banks of the river. One day, a hunter hailed him from the opposite shore, asking how much he would charge to ferry him over.

—“ *Trois pistoles* ” said the disciple of old Isaac, who was also the ferryman.

—“ What name does that river go by ? ” asked the sportsman.

“ It has none as yet, but will be christened soon ” replied he of the ferry.

“ Call it *Trois Pistoles* my friend,” said the hunter.

“ Such is the tradition current for more than a century in my family,” said Monsieur D’Amour.

Extensive lumber establishments, provided with timber limits, lately existed on this river.

The *Hirondelle*, on her next tack, reached the steamer’s wharf at *Anse à l’eau* : the commodore and friends then visited the splendid Tadoussac Hotel.

The very name of Tadoussac takes one back to the cradle of Canadian history. Venturesome Breton, Basque and Norman fishermen are supposed to have frequented Tadoussac long before the era of Jacques Cartier. For years, Tadoussac, Stadacona, Three-Rivers and Hochelaga were the chief emporiums of commerce, the fur trade marts in the whole colony. Stadacona, Three-Rivers and Hochelaga have expanded into large, wealthy and populous centres, whilst Tadoussac, the most frequented of them all, in olden time, has remained



stationary ; it is nothing more at present, in winter, than a dreary hamlet of 500 souls, representing 106 families.

Tadoussac, when the brave St. Malo captain, landed there, was the great fur mart of the northern and eastern tribes. Here the Nepissings, the Temiscamings, the *Têtes-de-Boule* and the White Fish Indians met the Micmac, the Abenakis, the Huron, the Etchemin and the Montagnais savages; the Hurons giving in exchange, for arrows, beaver, otter and cariboo skins, their flour, Indian corn, tobacco, &c.

Jacques Cartier had landed at Tadoussac, in September, 1535, and Pont Gravé and Chauvin had founded there a flourishing post as early as 1599. At Chauvin's death, neither commander de Chatte, nor de Monts continued the establishment, though the fishing company of De Guay de Monts traded there until 1607.

It was only in 1622 that it became a regular trading post; Champlain found ships there in 1610, and remarks that their arrival dated from the 19th May, which was an earlier date for arrivals from sea than had been witnessed for the last sixty years ; this evidently favours the belief that ever since de Roberval's voyage, in 1549, Basque, Norman and Breton vessels had continued to purchase there peltries.

In 1648, the Tadoussac traffic yielded more than 40,000 *livres* in clear profit, and the commercial transactions, in amount, exceeded 250,000 *livres* ; the weight of the fur attained at least 24,400 lbs, and there were more than 500 deer skins. In 1628, Admiral William Kertk, a former Bordeaux wine merchant took posses-

sion of Tadoussac. A few years later, we read of the Calvinist James Michael Kertk, his brother, having such violent altercations with the Jesuit, de Brebœuf, that he threatened to knock him down. Kertk seems to have had the best of it during his life : but notwithstanding the great military funeral bestowed on him at Tadoussac, on the part of the English ships there, at anchor at *Moulin Baude*, on the departure of the British sailors, the Indians dug up his remains, hung them on a tree, and after mutilating them, gave them for food to their dogs. Religious rancour is now a thing of the past, at Tadoussac ; in 1885, the Protestant tourists subscribed handsomely towards the reconstruction of the Roman Catholic chapel, erected in 1746, on the site of a church dating from 1615,—one of the oldest in the colony.

The salmon breeding establishment, opened next to the steamboat wharf, in the old Hudson Bay stores, by the Department of Fisheries and Marine, is well worthy of a visit. In 1870, it had facilities for the incubation of 1,000,000 salmon.

The building being lofty, one story has been devoted to a collection of the numerous sea-fowl frequenting the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence. The idea and success of the Tadoussac Museum is due chiefly to the intelligent agent for the Marine Department at Quebec, J. U. Gregory. In 1865, a joint stock company under a parliamentary charter (29 Vict., ch. 93) founded the spacious hotel on the heights overhanging the harbour ;—this hotel with the ornamentation and enlargement it has been subjected to—by the Richelieu Co. of steamers, has become very popu-

lar for tourists. The bay is dotted with several elegant villas ; one of the most conspicuous is that built by our former beloved Governor-General, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

Tadoussac is an Indian word and means knolls or mamelons, which is illustrative of the irregular and broken formation of the land. One of the Indian legends of the locality has furnished Adirondack Murray with the subject of his sensational romance,—THE DOOM OF THE MAMELONS.

Yatching, on the St. Lawrence, at Tadoussac, so attractive in our day, at midsummer, had serious drawbacks, in 1663. Such at least was the experience of *Sieur de Lespinay*, who was taking in his yawl, the Governor's secretary, M. de Mazé, from Gaspé to Quebec.

“ Opposite to Tadoussac, the river rose and fell with the waves, with a tremulous and unusual motion, causing much alarm among the passengers. Casting at the same moment their eyes towards land, they saw a mountain moving and tumbling over in the river, so that its summit was level with the surrounding land. Scared, they steered from the shore, lest some fragments should reach the boat. A short time after a large ship, at the spot, felt a similar shock ; the terror-stricken sailors prepared for death ; the billows were agitated and lashed in every direction, without any apparent and known cause. (1)

It was my pleasant task to relate elsewhere (*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, pages 244-45,) on the authority of Revd Abbé H. Raymond Casgrain, the pious legend, current at Isle-aux-Coudres, respecting the

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(1) *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*—FERLAND, Vol. 1, p. 488.

death of a devoted missionary, Père Labrosse, in 1782, at Tadoussac, and the supernatural circumstances attending it ; how Père Labrosse after prophesying the hour of his death, and arranging for his funeral, was found at twelve o'clock at midnight, dead, with his head resting on his hands on the first step of his chapel, when all the bells of the surrounding parishes set a ringing by supernatural agency.

### THE BELL OF DEATH.

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A LEGEND OF THE ISLE AUX COUDRES AND TADOUSSAC.

Fierce blew the strong southeastern gale,  
The sea in mountains rolled,  
A starless sky hung wildly tossed.  
The midnight hour had tolled,

Is that a sea—is this an hour—  
With sky so wildly black,  
To launch a barque so frail as that,  
Ye men of Tadoussac ?

Strong though your arms, brave though your hearts,  
As arms and hearts can be,  
That tiny skiff can never live  
In such a storm-swept sea.

Where Saguenay's dark waters roll  
To swell St. Lawrence tide,  
Down to the beach that stormy night  
Four stalwart fishers stride.

On through the surf the frail boat speeds,  
And see—before her prow—  
The giant waves shrink down and crouch.  
As if in homage low.

Calm as the surface of a lake  
Sunk deep mid wooded hills,  
The track spreads out before the boat,—  
The sail a fair breeze fills ;

While all around the angry waves  
Rear high their foamy scalps,  
And frowning hang like toppling crags,  
O'er passes through the Alps.

Who stilled the waves on Gallilée,  
Makes smooth that narrow track,—  
'Tis faith that makes your heart so bold,  
Ye men of Tadoussac !

\* \* \* \* \*

Fierce blows the strong southeastern gale  
Around the lowly pile,  
Where dwells the lonely missionary  
Of Coudre's grassy isle.

His psalms are read—his beads are said,—  
And by the lamp's pale beam,  
He studious culls from sainted page  
Sweet flowers on which to dream.

But see he starts ! strange accents come  
Forth from the flying rack—  
“ Funeral rites await your care—  
Haste on to Tadoussac !”

And from the church's lowly spire  
Tolled forth the passing bell,  
And far upon the tempest's wing  
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,  
From every church's tower,  
The bells rung forth a requiem  
Swung by some unseen power.



The storm has lulled and morning's light  
Pierces the shifting mists,  
That hang like shattered regiments  
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose, the anxious priest  
Forth on his mission speeds,  
O'er pathless plain, by hazel brake  
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the Eastern shore  
Ended his weary track ;  
Where wait the hardy fishermen—  
The men from Tadoussac.

“ Heaven bless you,” cried the holy man,  
I know your high behest,  
God's friend, and yours, and mine has gone  
To claim his well-won rest.”

“ Unmoor the boat—spread out the sail,”  
And o'er a peaceful track,  
Again in eager flight, the boat  
Shoots home to Tadoussac.

Before the altar, where so oft  
He broke the holy bread,  
Clasping the well-worn crucifix  
The priest of God lay dead.

O'twas a solemn sight, they say,  
To see that calm cold face,  
Upturned, beneath the sanctuary light,  
Within that holy place.

Happy LaBrosse ! to find for judge  
Him, whom from realms above  
Thy voice had called to dwell with men—  
A prisoner of love !

JOHN CAVEN

We soon reached that picturesque and incomparable Bay of Bic, which made the divine Emily Montague, (\*) according to Mrs. Brooke, exclaim, in 1767 "I wish I were Queen of Bic !"

Bic is called, in Jean Alphonse's *Routier*, *Cap de Marbre*; it went also by the name of Le Pic. Jacques Cartier, in 1535, named the harbour itself—*Islet St. Jean*, having entered it on the anniversary of the day on which John the Baptist was beheaded. Under French rule, the Baron d'Avaugour, in 1663, and the famous engineer Vauban, thirty years later, had planned an important part to be played by Bic, in the general system of defences contemplated to consolidate French power, in Canada. Quebec was then to receive most extensive fortifications. Bic was to be a harbour for the French ships of war to be retained in these waters. It still cherishes fond hopes of becoming a winter harbour of refuge and though the SS. *Persia*. Capt. Judkins had a narrow escape from destruction, and had to run for Halifax, leaving her boats behind where the remainder of the troops were disembarked, at Bic, in 1861 on landing English troops there in December, on account of the Trent embroglio. Bic is likely to play a part, in some of the wild and impracticable schemes put forth to navigate the St. Lawrence, during the close season of winter. The seigniori of Bic was granted by Count de Frontenac, 6th May, 1675 to Charles Denis de Vitré, an ancestor of Denis de Vitre, who was made to accompany the English fleet to Quebec, in 1759, as one of Admiral Saunder's pilots.

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(\*) *The History of Emily Montague*—4 volumes—London, 1767. This curious old novel, the first Canadian novel, was written at Sillery, near Quebec by Mrs. Francis Brooke, whose husband was Chaplain to the imperial forces at Quebec.

Bic Island, *Biquot*, *Cap Enragé*, *Ile Brulée*, *Cap à l'Orignal*, and especially the harbour of *Islet au Massacre* are familiar names to the coaster or mariner of the lower St. Lawrence, in quest of a haven during our autumnal storms. Mr. J. C. Taché has rescued in the *Soirées Canadiennes* the particulars of the great Indian Massacre, of which the cave was the theatre, in the early days of New France.

#### L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.

At the entrance of Bic Harbour, there exists a small island. For a couple of centuries back it has been known as *L'Islet au Massacre*, Massacre Island. A deed of blood marks the spot. Tradition supplements several details unknown to history, of the horrible scene of yore, enacted at Bic. Two hundreds Micmac Indians were camping there for the night ; the canoes had been beached ; a neighboring recess or cavern in the lofty rocks which bound the coast offered an apparently secure asylum to the warriors, their squaws and papooses. Wrapped in sleep, the redskins quietly awaited the return of day to resume their journey ; they slept, but not their lynx-eyed enemy, the Iroquois ; from afar he had scented his prey. During the still hours of night, his noiseless steps had compassed the slumbering foe. Laden with birch-bark fagots, and other combustible materials, the Iroquois noiselessly surround the cavern ; the fagots are piled around it ; the torch applied.

*Kohe ! Kohe ! !* Hark ! the fiendish well-known war-whoop ! The Micmacs, terror stricken, seize their arms ; they prepare to sell dearly their lives, when the lambent flames and the scorching heat leaves them but one alternative, that of rushing from their lurking

place. One egress alone remains ; wild despair nerves their hearts ; men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage, amidst the flames, at the same instant a shower of poisoned arrows decimates them : the human hyena is on his prey ; a few flourishes of the tomahawk from the Iroquois and the silence of death soon invades the narrow abode. Now for the trophies ; the scalping, it seems, took some time to be done effectually. History mentions but *five* out of the two hundred victims, who escaped with their lives. The blanched bones of the Micmac braves strewed the cavern, and could be seen until some years back. This dark deed, still vivid by tradition in the minds of the Restigouche settlers, is mentioned in detail in Jacques Cartier's narrative. (*Jacques Cartier's second voyage* CL. IX.)

## Chap. VII

### RIMOUSKI — CAPE CHATTE — DEVIL'S POINT — GRIFFIN'S COVE—COCK COVE—MOUNT ST. ANNE—ITS SHRINE AND LEGENDS

The origin of the names of places on the Gaspé coast constitutes quite a study.

There are undoubtedly in Canada some strange transformations and obscure origins assigned to many names—both of persons and places. The origin of Rimouski, for instance, like that of Canada and Quebec, is still shrouded in mystery.

#### RIMOUSKI—ITS ETYMOLOGY.

When the respected father of Responsible Government in Canada West, Robert Baldwin, in 1845, was *Rimouskified* into Parliament on the recommendation of his trusted friend and colleague, Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, who could then have predicted that the origin of the name of the shire-town of his constituency would, later on, cause such perplexity to Canadian antiquaries ? Mgr. Chs. Guay alleges that *Rimouski* is a Micmac term meaning *Rivière du Chien*, whilst his opponents interpret it as signifying *Terre du Chien* or *Maison du Chien*. Abbé Tanguay stands up for another interpretation, and translates it as *Terre à l'Original*. There seems to be either a dog or a moose in the case. Bishop Laflèche puts forth another learned etymology : “ In the Sauteux dialect, *Rimouski* signifies *Demeure de Chien*, from *Animouski*, chien, and *ki* or *qi*, a dwelling.” By changing *n* into *r*, it is transformed to *Arimouski*. ” *Adhuc sub judice lis est*. The parish of St. Germain de Rimouski takes its name from its first settler, Germain



Lepage, born in France, in 1641, and established, at Rimouski, in 1663. He was the father of René Lepage, its first *seigneur*.

You have no doubt heard of the strange story of the old Hermit of the Ile St. Bernabé, opposite to Rimouski, described by the author of Emily Montague in her romantic letter written at Sillery, near Quebec, in 1766—the first English novel composed on Canadian soil. A lovely French Girl had fled from her old home with her lover to settle in Canadian wilds. She was shipwrecked, at St. Bernabé Island, and perished in presence of her lover—helpless to save her. Tous-saint Cartier, her lover, was not a myth ; the Church Registers of Rimouski attest his shipwreck in 1723 and his death on the 30th January, 1767.

Several hours had elapsed and the *Hirondelle* was leaving behind a deep furrow in the green waters of the gulf, counting on mooring at Veit's wharf, at Gaspe Basin, in a couple of days, when the commodore exclaimed : “ What a singularly picturesque cape ahead of us ? What is its name ? ”

“ A cat crouching in the attitude of repose, ” jocosely replied Mac of the Isles “ hence its French name. Cap Chatte — Cat Cape I should call it.” At that moment the yacht gave a lurch to port, and we descried, right ahead of us, the singular, lofty cape known to mariners as Cap Chatte.

“ Not quite that, ” said the antiquary ; “ if I have correctly read my Canadian history ; close on three centuries back, a Frenchman of note, M. de Chatte, was connected with the early settlements on the St. Lawrence ; this landmark took his name.

I could mention the origin of several names of noted localities, in Gaspesia—scarcely recognizable through the alterations to which they have been subjected by ignorant map-makers or inaccurate translations. Thus the headland, Pointe de Monts, bearing the name of a distinguished Frenchman—connected with the dawn of New France—M. de Monts, appears on an old English map as Devil's Point, *Pointe Démon*, and *l'Anse au Gris Fonds* (grey bottom) carelessly written as Anse au Griffon, instead of recalling a grey, sandy bottom, conjures up the idea of a Griffin, in *Griffin's Cove*, though there is no record in history of a griffin, or of any other ferocious monster having ever haunted those latitudes. Six miles lower down than Rimouski, in the parish of Sainte Luce, there exists a small indenture in the coast, forming a diminutive cove, infested with muscles—in French *des Coques*—; hence's it, French name *l'Anse aux Coques*. Some modern maps have transformed it into Cock Cove or Cock Point. Then one sees at several points in the *Bay des Chaleurs*, at the mouths of rivers, sand bars forming lagoons, filled with water at high tide; the French and English settlers call them *Barrachois*, which I take to be a corruption of *Barre Echouée*, an alluvial deposit of sand.

Next day cloud-capped Mont Ste Anne, at Percé loomed out in the distance, and myriads of grey gulls, mixed up with black cormorants, and snow-white gannets were seen with loud outcry, hovering over the lofty summit of Percé Rock. Opposite, on the crest of Mont Ste Anne, a gilt cross in honor of the saint is conspicuous from afar, and a shrine is in process of construction, in honor of the patron and protector of distressed mariners.

## Chap viii

### THE “BRAILLARD DE LA MAGDELEINE.”

It was indeed a long stretch for the *Hirondelle* from Rimouski to the river Magdeleine, but with a stiff westerly breeze blowing, the yacht anchored, that day, opposite to the above river, the Antiquary having prevailed on the commodore, to send his dory ashore to procure a fresh mackerel, and also to see whether the stump of the ghastly tree, from which a legend had originated, still existed.

“Mr. Oldbuck,” chimed in the Laird of Ravensclyffe, in the animated discussion which had sprung up, as to the origin, of the melancholy noises, mentioned in the chronicles of Gaspesia, under the heading *Le Bruillard de la Magdeleine*, “possibly as a frequenter for years of this coast, you can throw some light, on these mutterings and rumblings on the shore close to the sea, during a storm.

“Are they, like the unexplainable noises occasionally heard, in some latitudes by mariners, either when the waves subside with a calm, or previous to the settling in of a storm ?

Thoreau, alludes to these mysterious noises around Cape Cod, on the New England coast—in his usual picturesque style.

“—Yes,” replied the Antiquary, “the *Braillard* is indeed an old acquaintance of mine. As early as 18th May, 1843, I recall hearing him mentioned by the mate of the *Gaspé Packet*, Capt. Brulotte, on whose craft—I was a passenger—a delicate *élève du Petit Séminaire de Québec*. My father, on medical advice, had sent me to a dear friend of the family, residing at Pointe St. Peter,

for sea bathing and salt air, as a *dernier ressort* against threatening consumption. Our family doctor had assured my kind parent, that I had but about a year to live, but that sea baths, fresh air and relaxation from study might yet save me. I have lived comfortably enough fifty three years since 1843, either as an argument in favor of salt water baths, or as one against the occasionally infallible predictions of doctors ! !

The explanation I heard at the settlement was to the effect that the *Braillard* was “the ghost of an unbaptized child, asking for Christian baptism.” ! ! !

The noises have now ceased ; the missionary of the place, a practical man, one morning, took his axe to the shore and hewed down the trunk of an aged tree which he heard ominously grating, under the effects of the wind, against the trunk of a neighboring denizen of the forest, and the ghost of the unbaptized child was heard no more.

“Why was that ere mountain called Mont Ste. Anne?” said the Commodore; “there seems to be many ‘Ste. Annes’ in Canada-” And forthwith the Antiquary was called on for some of his choice bits of ancient lore.

—“Gentlemen,” replied Jonathan Oldbuck, “you are right ; counting the Percé shrine, there must be at least *forty-two* Ste. Annes between Sandwich and Gaspé :

“A correspondent of *L’Eteudard* has been trying to find out how many Ste. Annes there are in this country, —not in order to protest against the public inconvenience thereby caused, but to congratulate Canada on keeping up “the affection of the pious Bretons for the mother of the Holy Virgin.’

“‘In the beginnings of New France, he says, ‘the numerous Bretons who came to settle in our forests, brought with them the worship of their ancestors for



this great saint. The many miracles worked by her intercession in the humble sanctuary of Beaupré, scarce half a century after the founding of the colony, spread her worship (*culte*) more and more all over Canada.’”

“ Then he enumerates forty-one, and is sure these are not all ! Here is his list :—Ste. Anne de Beaupré, de la Pocatière, de la Pérade, d’Yamachiche, de la Pointe-au-Père, de Restigouche, des Monts, du Saguenay, de Montreal, du Bout de l’Île (or de Bellevue), des Plaines, de Varennes, de Sabrevois, de Sorel, de Danville de South Stuckly, or de Rochelle’s, d’Ottawa, de Prescott, du Grand Calumet, de Merrickville, de Windsor, de Bear River, de Elsook, de French Village, de Guysborough, de Indian Island, de Tabigue, des Chènes, de Cairetchin, de Shubenacadie, de Hope River, de Lennox Island, du lot 65, de Richibouctou, de Penetanguishene, de Madawaska, de la Beauce, de Caraquet, de la Grande Rivière, de Beaumont, de la Baie Ste. Marie.”

Though I am at a loss to assign with certainty the origin of the name of this rugged, lofty promontory, I heard a very plausible theory, advanced by a R. C. clergyman, on the coast, a man deep in Gaspé lore. His Reverence suggested that as the high cape was probably the first land seen by the Basque and Breton fishermen, after crossing to the fishing grounds, the stormy Atlantic, prayers were here offered up to the patron saint, dear to Brittany, for safe deliverance from the perils of the deep ; gratitude made them confer on this cape, the name of their protector. At this juncture, Mathurin who had been standing by, ostensibly coiling a hawser, but who evidently had been listening to the conversation, approached the Antiquary respectfully, and hitching up his oil skin breeches, said, “ Sir, if you will not find it out of place for me to speak



I will tell you of the tradition, which from time immemorial exists on this coast, respecting Mont Ste. Anne. Years ago, when the pierced rock formed part of the main-land, and offered a shelter to river craft against easterly gales, during a storm, a schooner was seen, drifting helplessly past this iron-bound shore, disabled, with rudder unshipped and rent sails. A heavy fog prevailed ; the skipper, his little son and two sailors on board seemed sorely in need of help.

“Father,” said the little lad, with blanched cheeks, “shall we ever see mother again ?”

—“I fear for the worst, my son,” said the sorrowful parent, “unless Heaven comes to our relief.”

“Then, father, let us make a vow to *La Bonne Sainte Anne*.”

“Right, my boy. I vow to burn in her honor a taper as long—why—as long—” just at this moment a monstrous wave striking the disabled craft, nearly threw the schooner on her beam-ends—“as long” shouted the affrighted mariner, “as our main mast !”

His son, though much scared, still able to reflect, exclaimed : “But, father, how could you ever construct such a wax taper?”

“Oh ! my darling boy,” ejaculated the sorely perplexed parent, “let us only get out of this scrape, and we can always regulate afterwards the length of the taper.” At that moment the fog lifted and to the shattered craft, and its distressed crew, was revealed the lofty peak, looming over the tossed and troubled waters, and taking advantage of the haven created by the Percé rock, the schooner cast anchor under the lee of the land, thanked the Breton patron saint, and, out of gratitude, conferred on the mountain the name it has borne ever since—*Mont Ste. Anne*.”

The Percé skipper was more fortunate than *he* of Gloucester, sung by the poet Aldrich.

ALEC YEATON'S SON.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,  
And the white caps flecked the sea ;  
“An’ I would to God,” the skipper groaned,  
“I had not my boy with me !”

Snug in the stern sheets, little John  
Laughed as the scud swept by ;  
But the skipper’s sunburnt cheek grew wan  
As he watched the wicked sky.

“Would he were at his mother’s side !”  
And the skipper’s eyes were dim,  
“Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,  
“What would become of him !”

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,  
The folk on Gloucester shore  
Saw a little figure floating in  
Secure, on a broken oar.

Up rose the cry, “A wreck ! a wreck !  
Pull, mates, and waste no breath !”—  
They knew it, though ’t was but a speck  
Upon the edge of death !

Long did they marvel in the town  
At God his strange decree,  
That let the stalwart skipper drown  
And the little child go free ?

T. B. ALDRICH.

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“Gentlemen, said Jonathan Oldbuck, “you are aware this is the kingdom of herring and cod ; suppose we anchor under the lee of the famous Percé Rock—and send our steward ashore to replenish our larder, and add to our *menu* some of the delicious fresh cod, mackerel and young halibut, for which the great Fishing establishment of the old C. R. C.—(Chs. Robin & Co.) founded about 1766 here, and at Paspebiac—is noted.

Though the legendary log of the *Hirondelle* has obtained respectable proportions, there are yet some legendary lore which might be added.

Whilst Jean Lavoie, our steward is foregoing on the classic shore of Percé, let us have, Commodore, your sporting Legend of the Chateau-Richer swamp, and the Laird of Ravensclyffe will close the sitting, and give us Mr. DeGaspé’s exquisite tradition of the *Great Lorette Serpent*.

—Pierro, the Commodore’s secretary, immediately brought from its resting place, in the locker, the green

despatch-box with *Arcana Canadiana*, printed in gold letters on it—and with pen and ink, prepared to transcribe in short hand, the two legends :

—“ I may tell you, Mr. Oldbuck, as an introductory remark, that my Chateau-Richer tale is a true story, said the commodore :

### THE BOAT WITH THE RED SPOT.

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“T”was on the 1st Sept. 18—, a select party of Quebec sportsmen were quietly seated round the old oak table of the *Repos des Voyageurs*, a famous resort of snipe shooters, at Chateau-Richer, enjoying their pipe and social glass ; the long wished for snipe season had at last opened. Our Nimrods had had that day a barren tramp over the boundless swamp, and had despatched with more than ordinary zest, the standing dish for voyagers, in rural Canada, ham and eggs ; their appetite sharpened by their prolonged and wearisome trudge through miles of adhesive mud, mantled with meadow grass. The shades of evening had come down thick from the hills, with a bright, warm harvest moon lighting up the silvery ripples brought in by the rising tide over the surrounding flats, up to the *auberge* steps. “ What a change has overtaken the place !” sententially remarked the spokesman of the party—grim old *Portugais*, the veteran snipe shooter of Quebec. “ For the fifty years that I have shot over the Chateau-Richer swamp in September, I have never seen so few birds on it.”

“ You might add,” retorted Mr. Delisle, a promising young sportsman, “ that you have flushed for fifty years also the first woodcock in spring, and no one could challenge your word.”



These *battures* (beaches) have long since ceased yielding their 4,000 snipe in a season ; the days of Frank Forester on the Chateau-Richer swamp, in 1842 are now a memory of the past. Where are now those crack shots of fifty years ago ? Judge Elzear Bedard, Dr Chas. Fremont, Frank Austin, Wm. J. Jeffrey ? What blight has then fallen on these once famous grounds ? Are the Ste. Famille (\*) sorcerers responsible ?—Weary of their monotonous home opposite, have they crossed over and scared or bewitched the game ?

T'is certain the birds have become fewer and fewer each year, and if the sportsmen were not attracted by the big game—the *outardes* (wild geese) of *les Roches Plattes* further down—the *Côte de Beaupré* shore would be quite deserted by sportsmen.

Old Portugais looked round anxiously and then lowered his voice, as if he dreaded being overheard by the inmates of the next room, he said, "I could assign a cause for the trouble that has overtaken this favored land, but the chief actor's name I must withhold, as it is a true story. T'is now fifty years since I first drew trigger on the Chateau-Richer marsh, when I first learned of the incident I am going to relate.

"Have any of you ever heard of Gros Louison, and of his red spotted skiff ?"

"No," was the unanimous reply.

"Well," added the veteran, "a terrible tale (†) of shame and guilt was connected with the boat with the

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\* An ancient popular superstition had ascribed to the worthy, peaceable islanders, witchcraft and sorcery.

† I am indebted for this gruesome tale to Mr. P. C. Delisle, of Pointe aux Trembles, close to Quebec, who heard the particulars during one of his shooting excursions at Chateau-Richer.



red spot. Several attempts indeed had been made to obliterate the ominous, blood-red spot ; some how or other, it invariably returned deeper in hue, more mysterious, more menacing.

Gros Louison was then a lithe, active, rather handsome youth, but unscrupulous as to his acts and seemingly devoured by the thirst for gold. He had, one fall, wandered away from home and got employment across the border, where," added old Portugais, in his figurative French, "one learns many things, not to be found in *Le Petit Catéchisme*. A wild youth, when he left his native parish, he returned in the spring, a depraved, a bad man. Death had in his absence removed his father and mother, and of a once united family a young sister alone remained. Josephine had the beauty of an angel, and could have secured lovers by the score, had nature in lavishing on her the fatal gift of beauty bestowed intellect as well ; she was at times quite silly. Such as she was, she had inspired a deep attachment in a young peasant of the name of Joson Gagné, who used to sooth himself with the fallacious hope that with years her mind would get stronger, when he would make her Madame Joson Gagné. Josephine had no other protector but her bad, unscrupulous brother. Matters went on smoothly enough that summer.

Gros Louison established *Le Repos des Voyageurs* for Quebec sportsmen, and kept a skiff to cross them over to beat the marsh of Ste. Famille, opposite, with their pointers and setters, when they had exhausted the game at Chateau-Richer.

In those palmy days for foreign shipping, the Quebec port was generally studded in September with

ships, returning for timber, on their second voyage ; the vessels were handed over to the stevedores for loading, leaving a considerable leisure to the masters. A love of sport or of social intercourse occasionally showed itself among the same ; English captains of sailing ships—fifty years ago, be it said without any desire to disparage their successors, were rated higher, socially.

Some of the masters of our regular traders sought amusement in various ways.

One day, a dashing young captain, with his cabin boy only, sailed down to shoot at Chateau-Richer in a trim, light gig. It was painted green, had a bright red, round spot on the stern and the ship's name, *THE HOPE, Bristol*, painted under it; it was quite luxuriously upholstered, —splendid steel row-locks, soft, silk cushions, neat, white sails.

The gig was much admired on its arrival, especially by Gros Louison, with whom the spruce, young ship master had taken up his quarters, at the *Repos des Voyageurs*, spending his time snipe shooting, each tide.

Blooming Josephine soon attracted the attention of the youthful sportsman. Capt.— was dazzled by her graceful form, laughing eyes, and youthful freshness. He even thought of marriage, but alas ! was he not in her eyes a rank heretic ! The balmy, pensive September week was hurrying over like a rosy dream and the snipe,—why he bagged them by the score.

One starry night—such goes the report—two small boats were noticed leaving Chateau-Richer shore with the rising tide ; the green gig, her owner and the cabin boy in one ; in the other Gros Louison and the matchless Canadian belle, *la perle de la côte de Beaupré*, as she was styled.

Poor Josephine was last seen on the deck of the bark *Hope*; whilst her cruel brother, it was said—for no one saw him—retired below to receive the price of his foul deed—twenty gold guineas and the green gig with the red spot. From that day to this, no tidings ever came of the ill-fated Josephine, sold as a bride to a rank heretic. On the following morning, a sail boat with a green gig in tow left the port for Chateau-Richer. They were both subsequently used by Gros Louison to ferry sportsmen to the Island of Orléans opposite. His own boat was noticed to have a red spot in the stern. Disparaging remarks having been passed on the red-spotted boat in connection with the disappearance of his sister, the spot was painted over, but a few days later on, there it was again. Could it have been restored by Joson Gagné, out of revenge for the loss of his *fiancée*? Was it to recall the price of blood? There it was and there it remained, mysteriously restored as soon as it was obliterated.

Gros Louison never prospered after that, had a narrow escape from drowning and died poor.”

“For my part,” added old Portugais, “I always associated the falling off of game here with the terrible tragedy, though my neighbor Pierre Jean, an authority on such matters, ascribes the trouble to the unwelcome nocturnal visits of the Ste. Famille sorcerers to the grassy beaches of Chateau-Richer, to steal the meadow hay.”

“Now, Gentlemen, retorted Jonathan Oldbuck, “I shall call on the Laird of Ravensclyffe for the legend of the great Lorette Serpent, a capital Indian tradition.”

## LEGEND OF THE GREAT SERPENT

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“ Indian Lorette, like other noted Canadian villages, has its legend of old ; its Sachems have carefully preserved it, and handed it down with embellishments to the budding papooses :

“ Haouroukai, an exemplary and elderly Christian of the tribe, whilst dozing under a pine, on the banks of the St. Charles, had been favored with the vision of a radiant lady in scarlet silk. She had apprized him that his end was near, when he would for ever be admitted in the happy hunting grounds of paradise ; 'twas Our Lady of Loretto, the patroness of the village, who had vouchsafed him these consolatory tidings. Other redskins had sought rest under that identical tree, but without any such result.

About that time, lived a ne'er-do-weel, intemperate young buck, by name, Otsitot ; the white men called him Carcajou (Wolverene) from his love of mischief, mayhap ; he made light of, and railed at the story of the vision, and boastingly said that if Our Lady of Loretto would promise him a bottle of fire-water, he too, would readily go and sleep under the tree which gave such good dreams.

Christian Indians scowled at him, saying he would yet come to a bad end. Otsitot, however, was bent on having his own way, and one evening stretched himself to rest cosily under Haouroukai's magic tree. The night was dark and before “ courting the balmy ” he thought he would have a whiff whilst indulging in a sombre reverie ; All at once, far away in the north, he heard a dreadful report in the woods as if the moun-



tain itself shook. It was followed by a loud sound in the forest, as if some heavy body was forcing a passage over upturned trees and bushes crushed in its irresistible course. The soil, said the narrator, quaked just as it does in Quebec, when a heavy piece of ordnance is drawn over it. A ponderous mass fell into the river, a few feet from Carcajou, followed by a dead silence. His vision was dazzled by a shining light on the river : it seemed to proceed from the eyes of a huge serpent, whose head rose about ten feet above the surface. The reptile had a long, waving mane, like a horse, from which issued sparks of fire, like those from a burning fir tree. Its glare lit up the scaly sides of the monster ; they were seemingly encased in flakes of gold as if burnished by a mid-day sun. The serpent opened wide his jaws, bristling with teeth like bayonets, and in accents, which echoed like thunder, he roared out ; “ I hate the whole Huron race, but, you, Carcajou, I love and will befriend.”

—“ A thousand thanks,” retorted the terrified Carcajou, “ but could you not soften that fearful voice of yours ; it deafens me, I feel as if it would wrench off the very roof of my head.”

—“ I am the Little Manitou, whom the ancient Hurons adored,” replied the serpent. When crossed, my voice gets like thunder ; it can move the water of river and lake, and shake the mountains, but as I love you, I shall speak in milder tones, and my voice will become soft like the note of the nightingale.”

—“ The black-robes call the Little Manitou, the Devil of the Christians,” meekly replied Carcajou, scared at having to deal with such a redoubtable visitor, instead of with our Sweet Lady of Loretto.



—“ Hark ! my son,” hissed the serpent, “ the Little Manitou, like the Devil of the Christians, can harm his enemies, but he is harmless, like a new-born babe to those he likes. I love you, let us understand one another ! ”

—“ You frighten me,” said Carcajou, “ I am but a man, 'tis difficult for a man to hold converse with such an awful being as you.”

—“ Oh ! don't mind my looks,” said the serpent ; to facilitate our interview, I can transform you into a lizard, a toad, a snake or a bullfrog : just you choose what you would prefer to be, to speak to me.”

—“ Thanks for your great kindness,” replied Carcajou, “ I prefer to remain as I am, but could you not change yourself into something less hideous ? ”

—“ I am ever ready to oblige a friend,” rejoined the reptile : “ I can take the form of a polar bear, a wolf, a panther or a rattle-snake, and even the shape of a human being.”

—“ I would prefer this last transformation,” suggested Carcajou, and instantanèly there appeared before him, a little old man with fiery eyeballs, glaring like the orbs of a tiger-cat. The apparition began by glowing offers, to tempt Carcajou from the paths of rectitude, appealing to the worst traits in his nature.

—“ You do not like work, my friend ” ? said the little old man. “ I shall arrange matters so that you will have nothing else to do but sleep, or saunter round at your leisure, with a well filled purse in your pocket.”

—“ Good ” !

—“ You love dress and show. I will have you clad in silk and scarlet cloth, with silver ornaments, like a great chief visiting Ononthio, at Quebec.”

—“ Good ” !

—“ You love rum, there will be an everlasting self-filling flask of prime fire-water stowed in your well provided tobacco pouch.

—“ Good ! ” Good ! !

When the little old man had exhausted the series of his very tempting proposals, Carcajou, hesitatingly made bold to inquire, how he was to requite so many benefits.

—“ One thing only, a mere bagatelle, ” rejoined the mysterious old fellow, with the fiery eyeballs, “ Abjure the Christian’s faith, and pray to the Great Manitou, like the Hurons of old, ” Curiosity getting the better of the rum loving Carcajou, he suddenly asked . “ But where am I to sleep the first night after I die ?

—“ In my paradise, my son, ” replied the serpent.

—“ Is any fire-water to be had there ? ” rejoined Carcajou.

“ Why, of course ! I have so many inmates there, ” added the strange visitor, that to prevent them from causing trouble, I have to keep them dead drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning. ”

Otsitot, surnamed Carcajou, fell into the snare ; continued, nay, got deeper, in his evil ways, and the black-robe (the priest) being absent in Quebee when his hour arrived, came to a bad end : *this was why the village never increased in population ! ”*

That matchless raconteur, P. A. DeGaspé, the author of the the “ Canadians of old, ” who made the excursion to Indian Lorette, to collect the threads of the Legend of the Great Serpent, writes : “ Paul Tahourenche (Dawn of Day) related to me that he had been told that the old men of the Huron tribe, had followed in the morning, the tracks left by the Great Serpent,

winding its sinuous course at nightfall through the village, but that they had lost all trace of them, on the bank of the river St. Charles about one acre from the church.

That the furrow left on the soil, by its passage resembled the ridge which a huge pine would cleave on being dragged over the ground, but Tahourenche added "I never heard that the *population would remain stationary* because the serpent was in the habit of bathing in the St. Charles." It was not likely that a princely Huron, like this great Indian Chief, who by his industry had accumulated wealth, would admit anything derogatory to the fame of his cherished native village."

The steward having returned with a hamper of fresh mackerel, cod tongues and a young halibut, a regal feast was anticipated. Sail was set: the *Hirondelle* very soon entered the narrow, but deep channel, which lies between Plateau islet and Pointe St. Peters—left *Chien Blanc* far behind, en route to Douglastown up Gaspe Bay,—when Mac of the Isles, who had relieved J. U. G at the tiller asked whether any one of the party had any more legends to tell to kill time, else they would find the twenty miles from Pointe St. Peter to Gaspe Basin rather long and wearisome.

—"Well, replied J. O., "I think it mostly time to close the legendary log of the *Hirondelle*; but, with your permission, I will sum up as briefly as possible some recent antiquarian researches anent the mysterious ruins of an old haunted French house, at Charlesbourg, four miles from Quebec, known to Quebecers as Beau-manoir, and to tourists as Chateau-Bigot."

Chap. IX



BEAUMANOIR-1858

“There is, at Charlesbourg, a strange, crumbling ruin known to our fathers as “The “Hermitage ;”—as such, pleasantly commemorated in verse by a literary R. A. officer in Quebec—Colonel (later General), Cockburn, in 1830 ; made the subject of a charming novellette by the son of the Parliamentary leader of the period, Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau ; since his day, known to all romance-loving tourists as Chateau-Bigot. One of my earliest literary friends and *confreres* as a law-student.—Vinceslas Dupont—drowned from my yacht, the *Belle Françoise*, at Atkinson’s Wharf, Quebec, in 1847, on an excursion he meditated with me on the St. Lawrence, had, on visiting the strange ruin, dedicated to it a short poem. At his death, this poetical tribute having been found amongst his papers, was published in the *Courrier du Canada*, and made the subject of a bibelot by me, to which was added a view of Beaumanoir, copied from Col. Benson J. Lossing’s



sketch of it published in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1859. Col. Lossing's drawing exhibits the massive, old house as he saw it in 1858. When I visited it for the first time, fourteen years previous, in June, 1844, time had not borne on it so hard ; I penetrated through a rickety staircase to the second story.

I had long thought that the structure was far more ancient than the Bigot *regime*, and tried to reconcile it to the era of Talon—1672. I took some pains in tracing it back through the title-deeds of the property, which William Crawford, when proprietor, was kind enough to place at my disposal. Here is what I wrote on Christmas Eve, 1889 :

“This antique edifice (Beaumanoir), *perdu* in the forest of Charlesbourg, five miles from Quebec, is evidently of French build ; no reasonable doubt can exist on viewing the masonry and its massiveness. Was it two centuries back the seignioral manor of Jean Talon, Baron d'Orsainville, or was it a century later, the Montplaisir or shooting lodge of the boon companions of the last of the French Intendants, François Bigot ? Here is a nut that all the antiquaries of the past, and of the present have found very hard to crack. The massive—shall we say the stately—structure of other days was probably built, by Intendant Bégon ; enlarged, furnished and kept up by Estebe, \* and de Vienne † Bigot's

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\* Guillaume Estebe, *conseiller du Roi*, à Québec, left Quebec, before the crash of 1759.

† François Joseph de Vienne, *garde magasin du Roi*, was a cousin of *de Bougainville* ; both were intimately associated with the Bigot regime, at Quebec, 1748–59. The Duke de Ventadour, had granted *Notre-Dame des Anges*, to the Jesuits, 10 March, 1626. In 1659, Widow Olivier Morel purchased it from the Jesuits. In 1716, Intendant Bégon, in charge, at Quebec, from 1712 to 1725 acquired it. Guillaume Estebe was the owner in 1753 and sold it to De Vienne, in 1757. Credit is specially due for unravelling the obscure web of the CHATEAU to F. X. Maheux, archiviste, of Quebec.



fast friends, in 1757. William Grant, in 1761. Ralph Gray, in 1774, Charles Stewart. in 1776, Simon Fraser, Jean Lee, and William Wilson, in 1780, Charles Gray Stewart, in 1805, William Crawford about 1860 were proprietors. William Crawford, was kind enough to communicate to me his deed of purchase, I mentioned it in the booklet entitled "Chateau Bigot," which in 1874, I had inscribed to the eminent editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. William Dean Howells, visiting Quebec that year. I had, at his request, visited with him the spot where Wolfe escalated at Wolfesfield and had also furnished him with notes for his charming book, "A Chance Acquaintance," written in Miss Lane's boarding house, No. 65 Ste. Anne street, Quebec.

The work contained a chapter headed "A Picnic at Chateau Bigot." His volume has brought to us more than one of those sprightly tourists who come to Quebec to contemplate what they have not at home—fortifications, city gates, bastions, and a lofty citadel of an antique French town.

In 1780 the title deeds of Beaumanoir show as proprietors, distinguished merchants of Quebec : Simon Frazer, John Lees, William Wilson. In 1805 the property was transferred by notarial deed to Charles G. Stewart. Comptroller of H. M. Customs. About 1860 Mr. Crawford acquired it on account of the timber on the land, and in 1881 the ruin and 140 arpents of land were transferred to Leger Brousseau, Esq. Beaumanoir has seen many vicissitudes ; even its name being changed. In 1819, forgotten for many years, it seems to have rejoiced in the name of "The Hermitage," from whence a Mr. Stewart, son of one of its former

proprietors, wrote in the midst of the blockade of Quebec by Arnold, in 1775, the curious letter which will be found quoted at page 477 of " Picturesque Québec." Col. Cockburn and Mr. Bourne give it a special notice in the old Quebec Guide-Books and in *Reminiscences of Quebec*, 1831. A disciple of the Muses inscribed to it a pretty poem, in which the legend of the Algonquin Maid was the *pièce de résistance*.

Louis J. A. Papineau described, in 1831, the state of the manor, after visiting it with his illustrious father the late Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, and the Hon. John Neilson, his friend. The historian Ferland, mentioned to me having visited the manor in 1824, and that he recollected the venerable Joseph Demers, Superior of the Quebec Seminary, saying that the building erected by Talon, had been finished in Intendant Bigot's day.

A well-known Quebec barrister, J. P. Rheau, Esq., informed me he had penetrated into the interior of the mysterious tenement, some years after Abbé Ferland's visit there, and that though he saw large mirrors and sideboards in it, he in company with young friends thought it an unsafe place to prolong his stay—as it was reported " haunted."

My first visit there, was in 1844, described in the " Maple Leaves " for 1863. L. J. A. Papineau, Joseph Marmette, the novelist ; William Kirby, the author of " Le Chien d'Or ; " W. D. Howells, Edmund Rousseau, abbé Casgrain, abbé Trudel, F. X. Maheux and others have each lent it a romantic interest. I depicted it in " Picturesque Quebec ", and again in my French work " Monographies et Esquisses. " Such are all the traditions connected with it I have been able to collect.

It matters little whether Talon, Bégon, Bigot or other magnates of the French *regime* ever revelled

under the walls of the now mouldering ruin, so far as the poet or novelist is concerned. Though much deteriorated since the day when Col. Benson J. Lossing sketched its decayed outlines, it continues to attract crowds of tourists, though its shadow is rapidly growing less.

For Mr Papineau's legend of Caroline, I must refer readers to *Picturesque Quebec*, where it appears in full.

Mr. L. J. A. Papineau, seignior of Monte-Bello, Ottawa, still survives to enjoy the popularity of the legendary novelette, "Caroline, the Algonquin Maid, written by him—sixty odd years ago—in the dreamy days of his youth.

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## Chap. X

### GASPÉ

*Gaspé Basin — Morpheus' Domain. — Bobbing for mac-  
kerel.—Lt. Governor Cox.*

With the closing shades of evening, the *Hirondelle*, is cleaving her way, through the sparkling waters of Gaspé Bay, furrowed by Jacques Cartier, in 1535; by James Wolfe, in 1758, by our Prince of Wales, in 1860, and by scores of noted navigators and by tourists of many nations.

Our ever-watchful Commodore, is giving directions to old Carleton not to hug too closely that treacherous sandy spit on which Commander Orlebar, R. N., ran aground in August, 1860, his big ship "Hero," bearing Albert of Wales and his fortunes, much to the surprise of the old salt. Now we have shot past the light-schooner anchored on the edge of the bank ; soon we shall be in the narrows, abreast of the R. C. church and flag staff. A few minutes more our anchor will be dropped past Veit's wharf. O'er the lofty firgroves, casting on the water their dark shadow, the Queen of Night is shedding her mild radiance. It is half-past eight p. m. "Twenty and a half" suggests Mac of the Isles ? But what does that signify ? Sanford Fleming and his enlightened, new-fangled scheme be diddled ! The Gaspesians would never know when it was time for them to rise in the morning by his "thirteen and fourteen hour system."

The last cormorant, poised on his black wings, has gone to rest up the bay.

The American consul has hauled down the "stars and stripes" at sunset.

An impressive silence reigns on the deep, placid, lapsing waters, broken only by the faint tinkle of a cow bell, the bearer of which is browsing over the dewy meadows, commanded by Fort Ramsay, ready, as of yore, to belch forth a salute should Albert of Wales, or any of his royal brothers again drop anchor in Gaspé's historic bay ; its cannon, like diminutive beasts of prey crouching in the dim twilight, dot the apex of the hill, which overshadows the warehouses on the shore.

Commander Wakeham's steam cruiser is anchored in the Basin ; a Cadiz brigantine is moored at the wharf to exchange her cargo of salt, for "merchantable codfish"; her wet sails are not yet furled, a passing shower having ruffled the bay that afternoon. Let us have our cheroot and Scotch night-cap, and then off to sweet oblivion and the "balmy restorer" in our cabin, for Gaspé Basin is the kingdom *par excellence* of the drowsy God.

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At dawn, we were startled by a voice, shouting from a yawl which came alongside. "Mackerel ! Fresh, quite fresh from the bay !" whilst a flood of purple light streamed through the open skylight. It was the peerless orb of day, invading our quarters. Dressing hurriedly, I rushed on deck to witness one of the grandest sights Gaspe Bay has in store ; a sunrise on the waters, on a bright summer morning. It was truly superb. To the south-east, the long yellowish spit of Sandy Beach, stretching more than three miles down the bay ; on the opposite side, the shore trending far away, with a background of pine and fir clad hills, dim in the distance, with here and there a fisherman's hut and boats on the strand, or a farm house, in the centre



of a green meadow, or of a waving grain field, awaiting a few more warm touches of Old Sol, to don its golden mantle. Far away I could discern the diminutive black hull of the light-ship, intended to guide the mariner round the edge of the bank. I walked on shore, ascended the heights and took in, to the best of my ability, every feature of the fair landscape, and then looked round, for busy husbandmen at work, in the early morn, but Morpheus, I found, was the king of this happy land ; there were none to be seen.

What a delightful haven of rest, I thought Gaspé, must be for an overworked, sleepless, heat and malaria tormented New Yorker ! Exertion, commercial activity, seem here out of place, an anomaly, a delusion, a snare.

I met one of those distressed New Yorkers. He was just returning from *bobbing* for mackerel, in a boat, where he had been since sunrise, with an ample umbrella to intercept the rays of the sun, beating on his devoted head ; he had caught two mackerel, and was happy.

“What a glorious spot,” said he to me, “to recuperate exhausted nature ! No noise, no war telegrams, no bank troubles, no corporation frauds, no boodlers ! no presidential elections ! ! sleep, bracing, sea air, incomparable landscapes !

“The inhabitants, I admire hugely ; there indeed you have character, though some may construe it, of a negative kind. They rise when it suits ; they do not go about nervously, like us. No feverish haste with them, no rush to catch the train. They look to the sea more than to the land for their daily subsistence. I have made a special study of them. The elder folks seem

as if they could sit and smoke all day ; they gossip, pleasantly at times, about their neighbor's affairs at noon ; take a walk, or crack mild jokes when the sun is down ; above all, they retire early, sleep sound and long. Happy fellows !

Even their dumb animals, I fancy, but perhaps it is only a fancy—catch the pervading influence and get into easy ways. Our boarding house dog barks in a subdued, measured manner ; the fastest gait I have detected in their horses is a quiet shuffle between a trot and an amble ; the cows chime in with the rest, and sport in the meadows a diminutive bell, whose metallic tinkle lulls them to sleep ; roosters are objected to in the settlement, their loud crowing is calculated to awaken the old dowagers at dawn.

“ I should imagine that worthy old Lt.-Governor Cox, in 1774, instead of horses on his carriage, when he travelled from the shire town, New-Carlisle, to Gaspé Basin or Percé, had a span of sturdy, young, sober-minded oxen, like that illustrious *Roi d'Yvetot* :—

“ Quatre bœufs, d'un pas majestueux et lent,  
Promenaient dans Paris, le Monarque indolent ”

Uncle Sam's earnest, humorous theory of Gaspesians tickled me, I must confess. It brought back to my mind those dreamy personages so graphically delineated by De Quincy.

I had been told that great travellers had occasionally seen queersights, in the Kingdom of Cod and Mackerel. The very next day, I learned of a strange *modus operandi* which in times of yore obtained in the treatment of criminals : it happened some time after Confederation, and came to light in the following manner.

The Government in order to correct some abuses, which had crept into the administration of justice, and especially in the discipline of the prisons, named a commissioner. On his arrival, at one of the jails, he found the jailor, on the Court House steps, smoking a gigantic Dutch meerschaum, seated in an easy chair ; the following dialogue took place : The jailor :

“Mr. Commissioner, I am happy, to make your acquaintance ; you are sent by Government, it is said, to straighten up matters generally. Won’t you step in and see how we manage here : my turnkey is out, on the banks catching his winter supply of cod. The jail is well patronized ; I have eighteen prisoners to look after, all in capital health.”

—“Well! said the Commissioner, let us see them!”

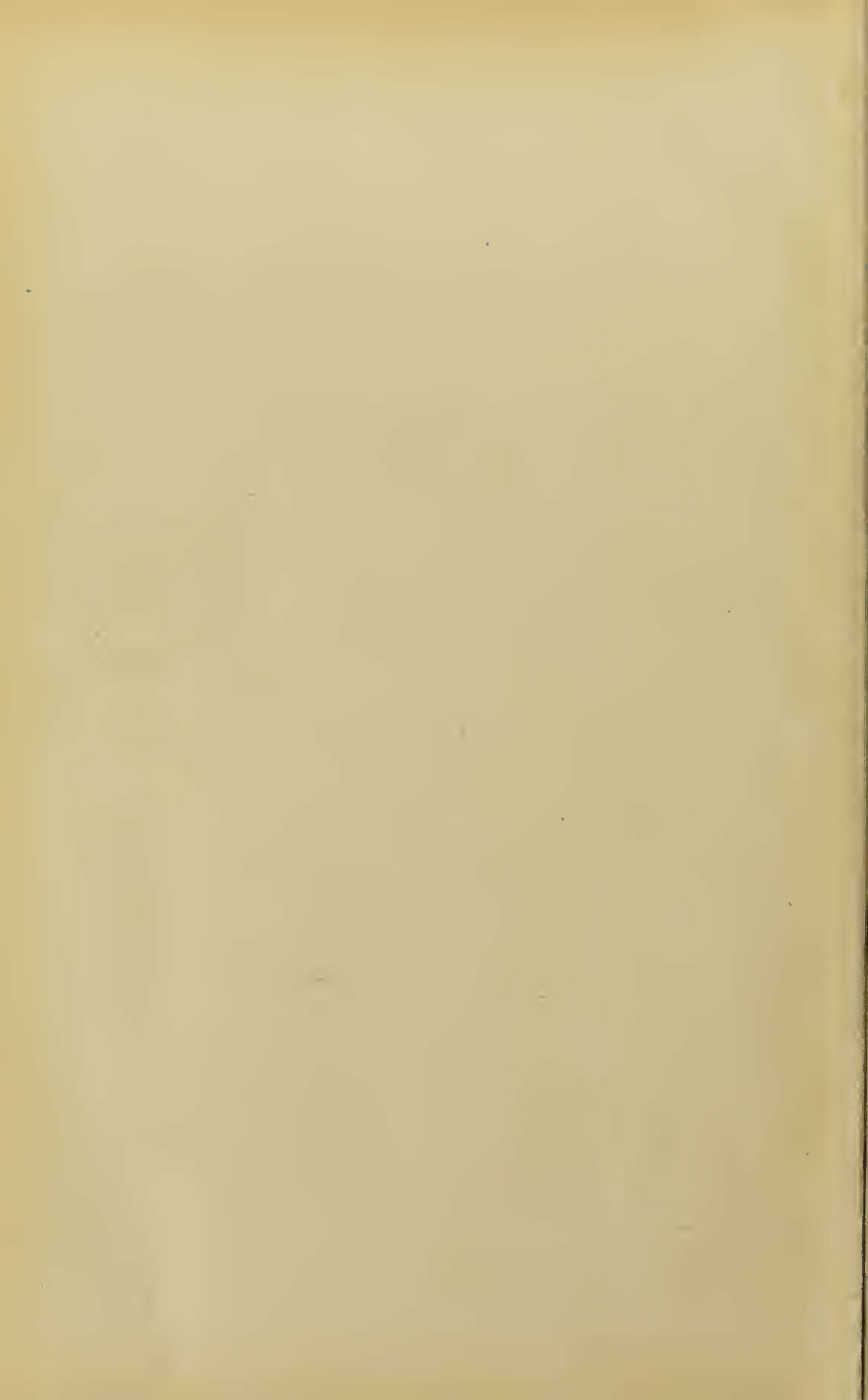
“Are you in a hurry, replied the genial janitor ? Could you not call after sunset ? and I will have them all in attendance, in apple pie order.”

—“Well, not easily : in fact I must see the jail and its inmates right off, to make up my report,” retorted the official.

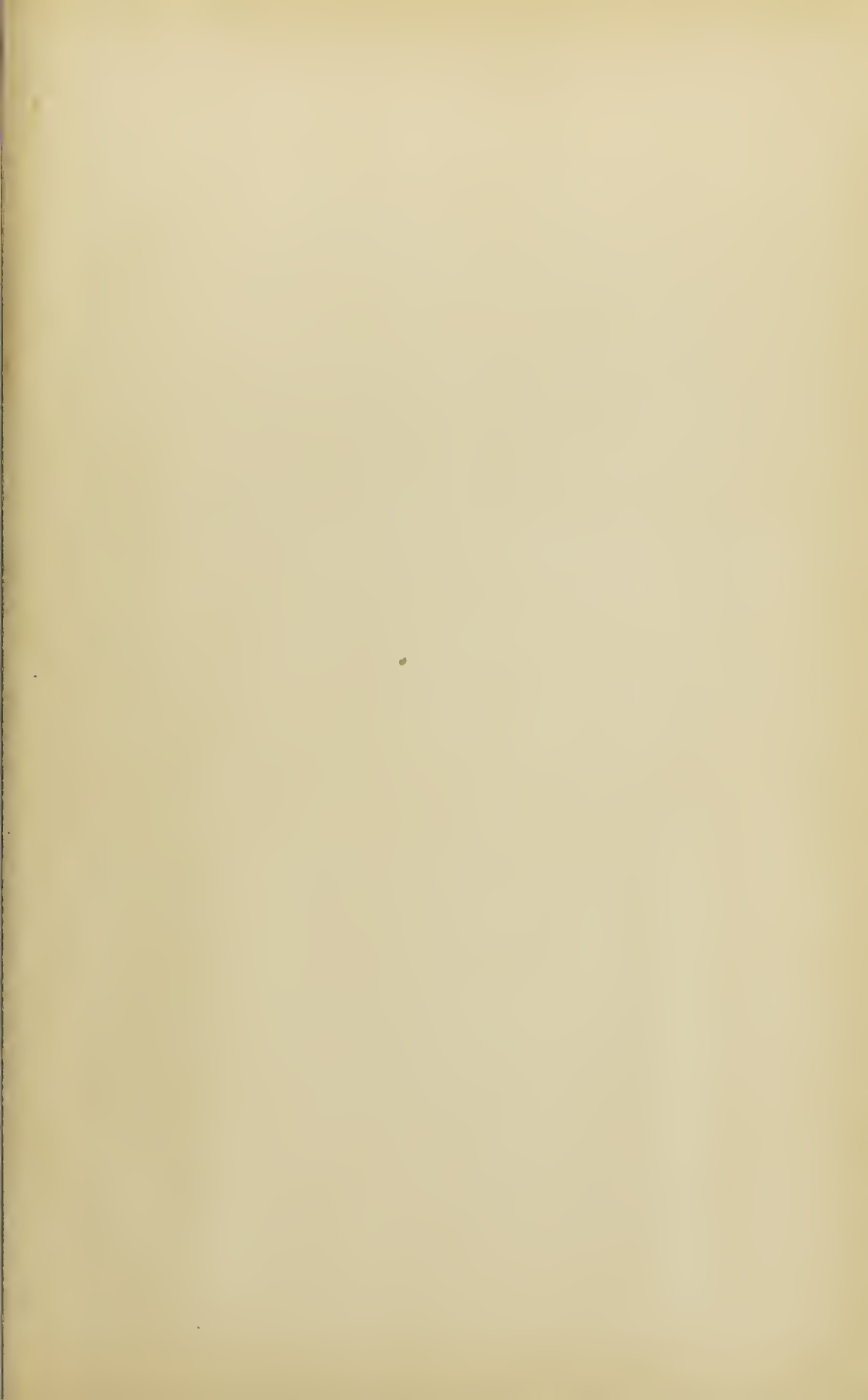
“Sorry, your Honor should have so little leisure ; the fact is, when the weather is fine, I turn out my captives at eight a. m. sharp ; they take a lounge round the country, do up my garden, catch a few fresh trout for my dinner ; at sun down, all return safe to their quarters. I treat them well, and they do not mind being deprived of their evening’s amusements. I wanted to change this practice when I was appointed, but the county member interfered, he had a friend to look after. Wait until the evening ; they are looking up my two cows which strayed away in the woods, and I promise you to trot out every man jack of the eighteen.”  
Tableau !

Here ended the pleasant, shall I say, the instructive cruise of the *Hirondelle*, from Montreal to Gaspé.

The Commodore, got the yatch under way next morning, saluted as he sailed past the *Jamboree*, Messrs Garland & Bailey Bland's trim yatch, lying at anchor, higher than Bayfield House—The *Hirondelle* then spread her white wings for Quebec, whilst Jonathan Oldbuck took passage in the Gulf Port steamer '*Campana*', for Pictou, to sail from there, to the Magdalen Islands in the *Royal mail* steamer, the *St-Olaf*., commanded by that experienced old Salt—Capt. P. LeMaitre.











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